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BIRTH THROUGH DEATH

Ethics of the Twentieth Plane

Albert Durrant Watson

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BIRTH THROUGH DEATH

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DR. ALBERT DURRANT WATSON, F. R. A. S. C.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF CHARACTER
LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE (Poems)
THE IMMORTALS (Poems)
HEART OF THE HILLS (Poems)
THE TWENTIETH PLANE (Reported)
THE COMRADES OF JESUS

BIRTH THROUGH DEATH

The ethics of The Twentieth Plane

A Revelation

Received Through the Psychic Consciousness

of

LOUIS BENJAMIN

Reported by

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ALBERT DURRANT WATSON, M. D., F. R. A. S. C.

*Reported of "The Twentieth Plane"—A psychic Revelation, etc.
Ex-President of the Royal Astronomical Society of
Canada and of the Association of Psychical Research for Canada, etc.*

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In Memoriam
Charles Jocelyn.

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BIRTH THROUGH DEATH

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE REPORTER'S EXPLANATION OF THE REVELATION

The matter contained in this book was received psychically. It was spoken in trance by one whose own thought did not direct his speech. No physical apparatus was used at any time while receiving it, either by him or by us. It was all spoken in the light. Some chapters were communicated in full daylight, as in the case of the chapters by Savonarola, Emerson, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, all of which were spoken to about one hundred and fifty people in a public hall on Sunday afternoons. Others were dictated in artificial light subdued by exclusion of the yellow and blue rays. Always, the light was clear and strong enough for the stenographers.

Much of the matter was dictated slowly and written down by the reporter. The rest was taken stenographically by two members of the Inner Circle (Edith Brock, the stenographer of the Twentieth Plane, and Bertram Jackes), to both of whom, for the faithful devotion of their time and skill, we are deeply indebted. All the communicated matter was revised twice by the unseen authors. The reporter read the chapters aloud, in the presence, usually, of some members of the Inner Circle, and the entranced Instrument whose voice was the medium of correction, as it had previously been the medium of dictation.

Basing his conclusion upon a great mass of correspondence, as well as upon his observation of the effect on the members of the Inner Circle, the reporter assures the reader that this volume, if accepted reverently, will reconstruct his character and be epoch-making in his history. It will conduce to the health and beauty of the body and to the serenity and vision of the soul. A Canadian soldier, home from France, said to me: "I went overseas professing to be a Christian. I came back with no religion. The Twentieth Plane has started me in a new life." Another writes: "I have just finished reading the book and find it the greatest ever given through a medium of our time." A physician in the West writes: "These messages from the masters have been a source of great blessing to me. I feel that I have entered a new life that can never be the same." Another says: "The heart of our race is craving for more." Another: "I am sounding the sentiment of many thousands who are reading your book and in silence hoping and praying for more." So persistent is this note that further quotation would grow monotonous.

The reporter—a physician in active practice—has observed many persons, gradually but notably, increase in health and life interest under the influence of the teaching of this Revelation.

Many terms recur frequently in this volume, such as: "love," "illumination," "light," "path," "God," "physical plane," "earth plane," "astral body," etc. The use of these words relieves the text of a burden of repeated explanations. The Revelation could hardly have been written without them.

Many letters from all over the world earnestly praying for further teaching from the same source have led the reporter to believe that this is by far the most important work of his life. This conviction led him, despite the kindly solicitude of literary advisers, to spend over two years in this work. To have failed to respond to such an appeal would have made him feel like a traitor to the cause of God and humanity.

The Revelation is preëminently constructive. It is not a new system of religion, but it calls for a re-allegiance of the finite personal soul to the Infinite Mind who is God. It is not intended to be the basis of a new formulary of belief, yet it secures no vindication because of its agreement with any other statement or interpretation of truth ancient or modern. It refuses to be tried by the intellect but makes its final appeal to history and the human heart. It is inspired, but, like all our treasures of revelation, we have it in earthen vessels, therefore it is not infallibly transmitted, even if infallibly inspired, which also, it does not claim to be. It does not compare itself with, much less does it contrast itself with or seek to supplant, any other revelation.

This volume will supply to many a bewildered mind a saner view of life and destiny than was embodied in the crude tenets of earlier days, tenets which have lost their power, through too literal application, with the thinking people of this age. We need a living faith to anchor us to the great foundations of religious thought, under a divine-human Leader who makes little demand as to what we shall believe about the origin of His being or the nature of His work, but who insists that we shall keep God's great commandment and listen to His unfailing word.

The reporter is not the author of this revelation in any sense whatever. Its thoughts, its forms of literary expression, are not his. Accuracy demanded the presentation of the work as given and revised by its authors and not in conformity with the literary tastes of the reporter; the latter, therefore, disclaims all responsibility for creating, either in thought or literature, any of the contents of this revelation.

It is necessary to explain here just what is meant by the Inner Circle. It is a group investigating the highest form of psychic communication which we believe the Revelation to be. Each member of the Inner Circle had, in the beginning, no more conviction of authenticity than the most skeptical reader. Their conviction, which is now of an unchangeable nature, came as the result of the profound impression made on them as the nature of the Revelation became deeper and more apparent.

The members of the Inner Circle were, each of them, called members by the Twentieth Plane after all doubts had vanished from their minds and they were found, by their presence at meetings and through their faith, to assist materially in creating the delicate psychical conditions requisite for the work. The principle of the Inner Circle is that of discipleship, and its members are really disciples of a great truth. All this the Inner Circle means. Perhaps nothing greater could be meant.

The individual members of the Inner Circle, for reasons of temperament, personality, environment, relationship, etc., came without effort on the part of anyone into the earth plane group, and none of them were selected by any individual in authority in a definite way. We left the problem of Inner Circle membership to work itself out, and, according to the directions of the communicating intelligences, the result has been the formation of a group that has risen to the demands of such an exacting law of love.

The world will ask what effect this Revelation has had upon the life and character of the members of the earth plane Inner Circle. That Circle consists now of twenty-nine persons, ten women and nineteen men. Apart from their work in this Revelation, they represent the average of intelligent humanity. Nine are in professional life, and of these two are eminent clergymen, four are doctors and three are teaching in school or college. Seven are in business. Five are students, and of these, three are in the university. Two are musicians well known in the musical world. Four are engaged in home and industrial pursuits. One is an architect and one, a Canadian Senator.

All these would, I am sure, endorse the statement that they are now living a richer life because of the experience in this Revelation. Several of them have greatly improved in physical health, and no one of them has the least reason to regret his association with this work. In every case, faith in the genuineness of the Revelation has increased and is at present increasing.

The reporter of this volume has practised medicine in Toronto, Canada, for thirty-six years and is still actively engaged in that work. For many years he has taken a deep interest also in literature, astronomy, sociology and religion. The reporting of this Revelation has not lessened any of these interests. It simply meant that for two years he devoted all his leisure to this work. He knows that where, previous to this experience, he might help one soul, he can now help many and lead them out of darkness under the guidance of God, into the light and joy of the religious life. He regards the opportunity to spend time and labour in the furtherance of this Revelation as the most treasured privilege of his earth life.

The Instrument of the Twentieth Plane, Louis Benjamin, who is also the Instrument of the present work, is an American by birth. He came to Canada when six years of age. His entire schooling consists of three or four years in the public school. He may be said to be self-educated. The reporter has known him for over twenty years as a soul studious and alert, a seeker after knowledge. No one was more surprised than the reporter when, two years ago, his young friend's psychic development made this Revelation possible. As to the effect this work has had on the Instrument, it may be well for the reporter to quote as he can with the approval and confirmation of his own judgment, the words of the Twentieth Plane, received February twenty-second, nineteen twenty:

"In reference to the effect of psychic work upon your Instrument, Louis Benjamin, we have to say that he stands now, when the communications are nearly finished and the Revelation complete, a perfectly normal physical and mental being. He has refused those monetary bribes which would have made him a professional medium. Early in the work of receiving the Revelation, we told you that if the Instrument, Louis Benjamin, was faithful to the commission, the experience would mean to him more than a university education. All who know him on the earth plane—we who know him here, say that he is now—and this is compensation for his labor—one who has a consciousness which is a phase of Twentieth Plane life, enabling him, with calm deliberation, to state truth in language of accurate force; to be at times when speaking in public an inspirational genius; to understand, above all else, that the mind that is pure, the brain that is normal, the vision that is broad, develops a personality such as makes his life, as it will be increasingly, an example of Twentieth Plane revelation. We commend the fearlessness and serenity with which he has steered his course through prejudice, discouragement, and a thousand difficulties which only one born to the work could have withstood."

It is necessary for the reporter to add only a word to this statement. For many months, none realized the lofty and solemn nature and purport of the work. There were moments when some of us were critical and impatient. The Instrument, often in opposition to what was apparently his best interest, resisted, in every instance, the numerous pleadings that he would commercialize his psychic gift. Had he taken a different course, I do not think he could have escaped deteriorating influences. He is engaged in commercial life and has been able to employ only his week ends in this work.

It seems necessary, in view of calculated and persistent misrepresentation, to reiterate the statement that this book is a Revelation, and that only for that imperative reason does it regard communication through a medium with deceased personalities as justifiable. Scientific research is of a similar nature and has a similar warrant. This Revelation does not advocate and the Twentieth Plane does not approve the employment of professional mediums for the purpose of securing messages of a merely personal and selfish nature. When loved ones find a way to communicate with us, it is right to listen, but we should not initiate any effort to speak to souls on higher planes about matters of mere personal moment.

I am directed by the Twentieth Plane to quote here, so that there may be no further misunderstanding of the matter, the question asked and answered on page 92, in the chapter: "Your Question and the Answer." It reads as follows:

> What is the difference between the Twentieth Plane and Spiritualism?
>
> *Ans.:* "The difference between the Twentieth Plane and Spiritualism depends absolutely on discrimination. To leave selfishness out of one's questions and not make them personal in the materialistic sense; to believe that the teaching of the Twentieth Plane is a revelation and not merely a personal direction or instruction; this constitutes the chief difference between the ordinary objectionable practices from which Spiritualism is now endeavouring to free itself and the communication that flows through from the Twentieth Plane."

Every age has a voice and speaks to all succeeding ages. In former days one individual spoke the fateful word to his times, now humanity speaks, and the individual is subordinate to his age. The warrior is no longer the world's greatest hero. Looking at the panorama of the last thousand years, we see the Normans bring their culture to the British Island. The social forces of the thirteenth century give place to an individualism which inspired world-adventure and discovery. An equal boldness explored new continents of thought in wider fields of experience. Spiritual leaders followed. Then came the march of science and materialism. During one hundred and fifty years industrial art made more progress than was achieved in the previous three thousand years. Our great-grandfathers were born into a civilization much like that of the times of Abraham. They could travel no faster. Their lives were still set in a frame of spacious loneliness of forest and sky, and the sea was still phantom-haunted.

The materialism of the nineteenth century brought the world-tragedy to our doors which will end on earth the reign of the spoiler. Humanity stood bewildered, mute, wonder-stricken, on the threshold of a new age. Fear had become a prayer. Earth, a helpless child, lay weeping in the lap of time. The period was ripe for a new divine voice. Heaven opened her treasures to earth. The Mother-God took humanity by the hand, and is now leading her child into a more spacious house of life,—into a spiritual age.

"The Twentieth Plane" was introductory to the present volume which completes the revelation at this time. But no revelation is ever complete. The soul,

here and hereafter, will have its beautiful surprises, for we are not made omniscient by physical death.

On reading this volume with its new interpretations of life, some will be jealous for the older and more generally accepted interpretations. The reporter regards religious faith established in life and experience as the most precious heritage of the race. Such a faith will not be disturbed by this revelation, but many a soul that has lost its anchorage to faith will be restored by reading these pages. Some older interpretations may be supplanted, but this will always involve a better understanding of the real truth-foundations. Here are the great doctrines of a divine-human Christ; of the salvation of the world through love-sacrifice; of spiritual rebirth and cleansing from sin; of responsibility for character and conduct; of the penetential valley on every plane of life; and, explaining and including all, the doctrine of oneness with the All-Father, and the consequent impossibility of really separating, by death or any other means, two souls who deeply and intensely love one another.

The Revelation has led and will lead many a reader back from the barren fields of doubt to renewal of childlike faith in the foundation principles of religious life. It will make the reader far more conscious of the realities of the soul, and clear, in many particulars, the horizons of his thought. By far the greatest gift this Revelation has for any reader is the power to realize his oneness with the Universe, and his consequent right to share in the covenant of its highest inspirations.

PREFACE

DICTATED BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE divine purpose of this book is to convey to the reader the long-prayed-for evidence that communication between earth and the planes of the heavens is re-established. Spirit communication has always been a fact, yet there have been long dearth-seasons when it has been impeded and all but strangled.

As another consideration, this book has the object in view of giving to you—not with a great deal of earth plane intellectual proof that appeals to the five senses—the realization that any message made up of the ingredients of truth is its own witness, its own evidence, and requires no external props of extraneous half truths with which to build an edifice of uncontaminated fact.

To write a book on spirit communication in which the authors sought to convince through the evidence of the earth plane court room, we consider an insult to your age. The messages in this book are of such a nature that they are the voice of soul converse. They are a portion of divine consciousness *en rapport* with your inner divine consciousness. This will be understood by means of an example of the very form of message to which I have just made reference:

"One consciousness alone there is and the sincere soul utilizes the universe for a brain."

Consciousness is personality touching the universe at divine points of contact. There can be no such thing as death as understood by the people of the earth, because there can be no complete cessation of consciousness for an indefinite period. There is never such a thing as total cessation of consciousness. There is a reduced form of consciousness that fluctuates with the rise and fall of the condition of the bodies that you inhabit.

Another of the great objects of the book is to emphasize what the Hebrews were inspired to know, and all the great saviours have taught, namely, the idea of one God and only one. That truth is the universal axis upon which all the planes revolve. The Master said: "I and the Father are one." He has said: "Ye are gods." He has referred to you as His brother, to God the divine as His Father. So you who read this book know that there is only one God, and you are an immortal, ever-living, always higher evolving phase of the one divine Intelligence.

Physical death means that a physical apparatus called the body is dispensed with so that, as you ascend to the place prepared for you by yourself, you find that your consciousness is touching the universe at higher points of divine contact. This being so, those who have preceded you through the experience of body-change are in a position to know more of life than those awaiting the death incident. But the greatest fact that you will absorb from these pages in connection with the death incident is that *the consciousness which was your loved one is an extended part of your own consciousness, and it requires only* *faith, purity, and love on your part in order that the message of your soul shall reach to all who ever knew you.*

This book is a drama. It opens with a prologue, —a reference by Leon Tolstoi to a differentiation between a crude half-barbarian civilization now subsiding and the age now coming with a pure, simple, inspired religion and an economic system which is nearly ethical and is at the least an equity. After the prologue comes the chapter on Facts in Evidence, which will help our less developed sisters and brothers, whom we will describe as five-sense individuals. Then in a general way, the various scenes and acts which make up the drama open and close with the life-experience and teaching, the joys and tears of men and women who have had the same earth process of education as yourself. They will speak to you in their own way, but always in a way that is intelligible.

The book is a drama because it contains in its chapters a review of fifth and higher plane world history, the outstanding events of epoch-making nature, always through the personality of individuals. So the great philosophers of the ages speak to you. The women of history love their thoughts to you. Some of the scientists speak of the facts of organized knowledge. The poets condense a lifetime of wisdom in an epigram. As you watch the curtain raised and lowered between the acts of each chapter, and think of what you have heard, you will know that the reporter of this work was directed by us to weave into the fabric of this book those things only which his best knowledge told him to fit in with this measure: They must, first of all, be the teaching of solace. They must be illuminating. They must be literary. In knowing that the communications we have sent through comply definitely with this standard, we are not egotistical, for we give to you a firm disavowal of the messages being the offspring of our own authorship, except for a fractional impress. For this book is a revelation. It is a continuation of that revelation that has never ceased because the Divine wills to reveal Himself to His children and unveil forever the nobler aspects of His face.

Individuals such as we are instruments—channels through which a revelation of this kind courses and flows. Such a person every individual is, for Jesus said, "Ye are gods," which was a recognition on His part that the Divine energy which is intelligence emanates from Jehovah, finds lodgement in an individual, becoming a man or a woman in order that the Divine may recognize himself as a Father knowing His own children.

This book has a message, first, for you; a larger message for the nation, and a greater one still for the world plane. These messages are the precursors of material out of which a new religion, a great age, and a divine civilization will emerge. So, reader, if yours is a sacred attitude towards the message in this book, read on. If not, close the book. Life will in you go on and some day bring you to the conclusion that this is exactly the food you need.

In any event, dear brother or sister, read some large portion of this work, for you then, at least, give our thought an invitation to meet your own in consideration of the purpose and direction of life. None know the hour or the day of the effect of another's written thought. So, perhaps God in His love is bending down through the chapters of this book to kiss you on the lips of your most serious need. Be assured that many, in reading this book, will feel at least the kiss of those they thought long gone into a dark and invisible mystery. So, Reader, your loved ones yearn for you to follow this revelation to the end, that they, meeting you, may feel your reunion with reality.

Sisters and brothers: This book has as its only reward the knowledge that a reading of it will give you thought-food, and will occasionally lift you above terrestrial gravitation into the world where love, art and beauty twine around the eternal consciousness of the ascended finite mind.

—The United Soul of the Heaven Planes.

"A revelation is always a compilation of life principles from a group of souls."

"No soul can communicate with another except through the universe."

PROLOGUE

Men and Women:

The age in which you live trusts you with a responsibility greater than any previous epoch has known. You must advance thought along the line of faith, nor turn back, nor to either side. The responsibility of which you are trustees is the contribution of all the suffering through unrecorded and recorded centuries. You live in a period that I term the divine generational moment. What you do, what you believe, what you love, what you fear, will, more than in any time that has ever been, control the destinies of the unborn as well as of the born.

Great truth is never a threat. Sometimes it is a warning, and the solemn warnings that have rung out from the lips of the inspired ere this have never been heeded. So nations died; empires loosened to chaotic crumbling, until your remaining civilization is hardly more than a wreck of the past. The heaven planes have opened their doors and are speaking a revelation of the plainest and simplest truth, without guile and in no disguise.

The message of the heaven worlds to the earth plane as contained in this book is this: The only real object in life is to supplement intellect with heart, and the sophistry of material education with inspiration. There are those who look for the end of the earth plane world. Worlds never end. Civilizations, though, cease to be. And so, solemnly, lovingly and prophetically, we say through the pages of this book, of the skeptic who always has an alternative, arbitrarily-dogmatic explanation of substantial and sacred fact,—let him beware. This book is intended as mother-love for the gentle, but as adamantine Gibraltar-stone for the materialist, the doubter, the scorner, the superficial scholastic, who will beat his feeble wings against the rock of truth in vain.

The earth plane will always have the glory of the diversity of nationalities, but the time is nigh when the Slav, the Oriental, the Occidental, and all the races, at the conference of peacefully leagued nations, will decide that Jesus, His teachings and His mountainous sermon, are the eternal forces that will commission the great generational epoch of your time to amalgamate all discordant elements, not into a mosaic of perfection, but into a splendid Olympic arena of manhood and womanhood where achievement is never at the expense of another, but for another that all may progress.

LEON TOLSTOI.

THE STATEMENT OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Explaining His Position as Master of the Mother Group

Many years ago I recovered, and in part, discovered, a consciousness which made me a citizen of the Twentieth Plane. That is to say that after the experience of physical death, I arrived in the heaven world, where each one of the human race must come when he changes the place of his soul's residence. Finding myself in this new world, I entered a mental, spiritual and astral solitude in which to contemplate that which I was, after having graduated from the school of earth.

I compared what I had accomplished with my opportunities, and I felt the sorrow of regret at having failed to measure accomplishment with knowledge. But this was only momentary. I soon learned from the teachers of this plane that a misspent hour of life on the earth plane can be atoned for here if one has a high resolve and a large work of an ethical nature to do.

I was informed by the spirit of the sages, whose wisdom is the consciousness of this plane, that there was a work made ready for me to do as the master of a group of souls who would prepare important data, organize heavenly knowledge, and formulate the teaching of a revelation to be sent from the Mother Group and assisting groups of the souls of the Twentieth Plane, somewhat through the direction of a captain, a guide, a master, living only in the ideal of such a service.

So I became such a guide, and on more occasions than any other voice through whose tones and words the contributions of the Revelation have been spoken, the touch of myself has come to you. Not that I hold any superior position by reason of the frequency of my presence, but I filled this position because God told me this to do.

My brother, dear Reader, when you read many answers I have given to questions, chapters I have dictated, some epigrams and aphorisms, know that the frequent mention of my name is not egotism, but I stand here in this prominent position in the Revelation because knowledge breathes itself through each soul for a great purpose, and only occasionally turns around to enquire the name of the individual through whose soul such knowledge has spoken. This is the law by which the Revelation is given: not through individuals or names alone, but assisted by individuals and names because all revelation intended for man flows through the soul.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

March 7, 1920.

The soul in after life remembers only soul impressions.

—*Coleridge*

THE MEMORY OF ONE WHO DWELLS IN THE HEAVEN WORLD

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

My memory as it applies to the purposes of this higher plane is of an extremely different nature from the memory you use, dear reader, in your world. Memory to us here is simply a connection between efforts put forth towards development so that the recollection acts as a lever lifting us to achievement. Memory on the earth plane is a different power in that it enables you to profit by experience whether trivial or important. It teaches you the means by which to adjust yourselves to ever-changing circumstances, and preserves from stagnation by keeping consciousness employed in a review of all the events of daily life. This will reveal clearly that the passage from physical to astral life alters memory fundamentally as an adjunct to consciousness, and, more basically still, gives a different valuation to the retained memory-record of the experience of physical life.

Each philosopher who becomes known as one whose work was a contribution to human endeavour stands sponsor for at least one great truth. We are only sponsors for truth; we never create it. Hamilton is an example of this. His thought that memory depends upon the association of ideas is one page in the book of all fact, therefore for the physical mind to understand our memory, it must use as its method the law of association of ideas. Let me illustrate. As a baby, you learned that your mother was a woman, and ever afterwards every woman spoke some little thing to you about your mother. Now transport yourself through your imagination to the astral world, and every woman here will still remind you of your mother. Likewise of a wife, a husband, a loved one, or of any deep earth plane experience.

I will state for your better understanding, this epigram: *The soul, in after life, remembers only soul impressions.* See the force of my teaching, dear reader. It is this: As the astral world, in the very nature of its constitution, through the law of the association of ideas, can remind you only of fundamental impressions, and your soul, which is a citizen of this world, retains only soul-impressions, then the trivial events of time and place and things pertaining to your sojourn on the physical plane evanish like wave-scud that an advancing tide dissolves into the far-stretching waters.

When next you speak to the soul of one you love, my brother, the sense of whose loss is your grief, meet the remembered impressions of his soul with the consciousness of your mind, and do not present to him the voice of your physical memory, for if you do, you will speak to him in a foreign language. Then the loved one will be aggrieved at your disappointment. This is the law of the greatest memory of all—the knowledge of our God.

FACTS IN EVIDENCE

THE REPORTER

WE should never complain because another asks us to be exact. The following chapter is designed to meet the intellectual demand for evidence based on physical, mental and psychic facts.

In grouping together a series of incidents such as these, the reporter's idea has been to meet the demand, not so much of the psychical research worker as that of the intellectual psychologist, so as to supply him with evidences the study of which will lead him at least to a sympathetic acquaintance with this Revelation.

Francis Grierson, the distinguished prophet of mysticism, wrote the reporter from New York on May 1, 1919, saying:

"I perceive that a new order of unfoldment is awaiting you."

A few days later he wrote again stating that July and August would be months remarkable in the history of the reporter for such development as he had already predicted.

The dates of the following incidents will show how accurately and exactly these predictions were fulfilled. The first remarkable experience occurred on the morning of July fourteenth at six o'clock. The reporter was sitting in a dark room, closed his eyes for meditation, and when he opened them again, the room was flooded with a golden light. This remained for some moments and was succeeded for hours by a realization that he was living a soul life quite independently of the functions of body and brain. There was exaltation, but no disturbance of function. His daily work as a physician was performed as usual. He made visits to his patients as on other days, but all the while realized that his most significant life was not of the physical body, not of intellectual processes, not that manifested by the activities any onlooker might observe, not one of elation or self-interest, but rather that of a solemn joy in the contemplation of a perfect world of which he seemed to be almost a universal ingredient. All the least duties of the day took on a sublime importance because they were a part, even though a small one, of that perfect order that would have been marred by their omission or neglect.

The Message Star

On the twenty-fourth of June in the year nineteen nineteen, a dialogue took place in the library at number ten Euclid Avenue, Toronto. Mr. Louis Benjamin was with me and was in trance, appearing also to be unconscious at the time. The communicating intelligence claimed to be Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His words are given here in quotation marks, mine are without them. This, substantially, was the dialogue:

"Take your telescope at nine-thirty P. M. on the fifteenth of July and turn it on Venus."

But Venus will not be visible that evening, will she?

"You are an astronomer, but you are mistaken this time."

I thought Venus was now nearing her inferior conjunction.

"No, she has not yet reached her greatest eastern elongation."

You are positive, and no doubt you are right; I was not sure. What then?

"Get Venus in the centre of the field and keep her there. A star will float into the field and move slowly about in the space near the planet. It will be our signal to you from the Twentieth Plane."

Will it be a real star?

"No, but to you it will have the appearance of a star."

Will any other see it? There are sure to be many astronomers observing Venus whenever she is open to observation.

"None of them will see it unless they look through your telescope."

The conversation now turned to other themes. Meanwhile, thought was raising astronomical questions: Why would astronomers not see the star? Why not the sensitive photographic plate? If this was not to be a star, then what was it to be? I hesitated to ask as the voice seemed prone to change the subject.

On July fifteenth at nine thirty P. M., I was engaged at other absorbing work and did not get a look at Venus till nine forty-five. When I had Venus in focus, a hazy object was noticed at the south-west of the field, and this, when the telescope had been lengthened sufficiently, appeared as a first magnitude star. The definition was very clear. The night was cloudless in the west. There remained a few minutes before the planet would disappear below the house roofs. I examined the lenses of the telescope, removing and cleaning them to be sure of no foreign substance. Replaced in their tubes, they gave the same aspect and appearance of the mysterious star, except that the strange point of light had moved and was moving on to other parts of the field. This movement was quite irregular. The story of its appearance, coupled with its actual movements, suggested to me the adjective "deliberate" as applied to its irregular motions. They were not astronomical motions. It seemed as though someone were moving it to whatever part of the field he chose. It was wilful and capricious in direction.

Nothing in the instrument could account for the strange object or its motions. I resolved to discover whether anything in nature's own telescope, the eye, was the cause of the apparition. I called four adult members of my own family. These all looked and saw it in succession. Five persons of intelligence had clearly seen it moving about the telescopic field in the neighborhood of the planet. One of those who saw it was not a member of the Inner Circle of the Twentieth Plane.

By this time Venus was disappearing behind the obstructing roofs and the observation ended. The leaders of astronomical science of Toronto were, most of them, out of the city. I was away the next evening, but on the second I looked again at Venus, using the same telescope, and found nothing of the star. It had disappeared.

On the nineteenth of July, speaking with one who claimed to be the same personality, in the same room and under the same conditions, I asked further about the experience. The following is my record of the conversation:

"You saw the star?"

Yes. But what actually was it you did, and what was it we saw?

"We focused great quantities of light on a certain point, that point being in your line of vision with Venus."

Why was the focal adjustment so different from that required to define Venus?

"Would you expect an object five hundred miles away to be in the same focal adjustment as that of an object, say, thirty-five or forty millions of miles away?"

Certainly not.

Since the distance of Venus was about eighty thousand times as great as that of the "star," and the nearest observatory was two miles away, the mathematical mind will readily comprehend that one looking at Venus from our own observatory would sidetrack the star by nearly two miles, since that would still be approximately the distance between our lines of vision five hundred miles from the earth. The photographic plate would miss the "star" because of its constant motion which would prevent any image being shown on the plate at the distance of the Twentieth Plane (500 miles).

I asked on one occasion if any useful object would be served by a repetition of the experience so that several scientists might observe it. The answer was a negative. The object of the signal was not to convert skeptics, but to help those who had faith, as shown by their acceptance of reasonable evidence.

Skeptics would doubtless explain it away or deny its possibility even though it were attested with indubitable proof.

The "star" appeared, on July fifteenth, nineteen nineteen, because the members of the Mother-group on the Twentieth Plane felt it necessary that the Inner Circle on earth should know that they had been signalled out of the heavens. The story is given here because of its profound effect upon persons to whom the wonder was described. To it the Inner Circle owes the advent of one of its most helpful members. The reporter was loath to publish so intimate a matter, for he regards the incident as intended chiefly for the encouragement of the Inner Circle; but realizing the effect of the relation on the lives of others, he put aside all hesitancy, assured that the full account of the experience should be given to the public.

Vocal Silence

On the twenty-seventh day of July, in the year nineteen nineteen, the Instrument and I went to the country together and, leaving our car on a side line, walked half a mile from the road to a hill covered with pines. It was late in the evening of a moonless night. Clouds covered most of the sky, but occasionally clear patches were seen among them. A strong wind was blowing. At Toronto the highest rate of the wind that day was twenty-three miles per hour. At Buffalo, the highest rate for the day was thirty miles. This rate had abated considerably by the evening, but still a fresh and noisy wind was blowing, for the pine trees were singing loudly and the breeze roared in our ears as it loves to do on a windy night.

We sat on a hill. After the usual prayer Louis Benjamin went into an unconscious trance. During the conversation which followed several intelligences spoke to me, as it appeared, and at nearly ten o'clock Coleridge said:

"If you will lie on the ground and place the Instrument's hands on your forehead, we will endeavour to cause you to hear the music of the spheres."

I followed his instructions, and he proceeded:

"Now we will cause the winds to subside and you will hear the music of the planets."

Within five or six seconds the wind, which had been incessantly singing in the trees, ceased to blow, and absolute silence ensued. Not a train was heard anywhere, nor a falling leaf, nor a bird, nor any perceptible whisper or lisping or noise of any kind. It seemed that one might have cut the silence into slices so palpable and real was it. It was altogether a new and strange experience, for I had never before observed a silence so solemn and imperial. Then Coleridge spoke:

"Now that the winds are still, if you will listen to the right, you will hear a very faint, but, when you have heard it, a distinct hum as if it were raining miles away and, by some supernatural acuteness of hearing, you detected the sound."

I listened to the right and heard such a sound as Coleridge had indicated. Then on the left, and it was there as clear as on the right. I said:

I hear it on both sides. He replied:

"Yes, of course, it is all around you. I asked you to listen on the right so as to focus and intensify your sense of hearing. Now if you are sure you have heard it, we will release the wind and proceed with other matters."

I have certainly heard what you described.

Within five seconds the wind was blowing as freshly and noisily as before. The whole experience as it affected the atmosphere was over in about sixty seconds or a little more, perhaps, but it was altogether too astonishing to be a natural subsidence of the wind. I grew up in the country. I have helped to rebuild rail fences that had been strewn by the storm across the whole width of a ten-acre field. I know how the wind sometimes grows still and for a few moments is silent, then resumes its fury. This was no such event. In such a case one can still hear the leaves flutter and rustle in the slighter breeze, but on that mysterious night there was no sound; the world seemed to be listening in vain for the least whisper of the elements, while the silence thundered with the presence of God, for the whole night was sacred with joy and worship and throbbing with the rhythm of eternity.

In descriptions such as this, one must pass over the boundaries of the physical and use a mystical language, else words do not convey the least hint of the reality of the experience.

The trance over, we rose to our feet. The Instrument as usual was eager to hear something of what had transpired during the trance, having been quite oblivious to it all. We were standing to rest a few moments till he came fully to his normal state. We were compelled to lock arms for mutual support against the boisterous onrush of the wind. He asked me about the hour we had spent together. I told him of the subsidence of the wind and the music of the spheres. When I came to the words of Coleridge, "Now we will cause the winds to subside and you will hear the music of the planets," while I pronounced them, the wind subsided again as suddenly as before, and we both heard that solemn cosmic hum. The stillness was dramatic—almost appalling. Again it lasted for perhaps a minute, then the winds rushed on.

We walked down the hill in the darkness. It was ten-thirty P. M. As we crossed the little stream of the Etobicoke, I had occasion again to speak of the matter and to use the words once more. As the sentence fell again on the noisy air, the winds, as before, this being the third time, fell to nothingness of sound, and the far faint music of the worlds beat softly on the quiet shores of perception. I found the Instrument far keener in his senses than I. This increased sensitiveness, I believe, is usually characteristic of mediums and psychics.

The Incident of the Names

On August seventh, nineteen nineteen, Oscar L. Wilson, of Homer, Illinois, wrote me from that city. He said that while residing in Danville, Ill., he had received communications from some of our friends on the Twentieth Plane, through the psychic powers of his wife. He had twenty-six volumes, containing these and other communications. He gave one from Edgar Allan Poe, who, he suggested, might give me the names of others who had spoken, with himself, to my correspondent. This, he thought, coming through Louis Benjamin independently, would have evidential value. Poe must know the names of some of these. Oscar Wilson, therefore, withheld the names till he should hear from me.

As a rule, we do not enter into this kind of work. It is not a part of our present task. It is the proper work of a Society for Psychical Research, but is not the proper function of those who are reporting a revelation. When faith and spirituality are as evident as they were in Oscar Wilson's letter, we sometimes allude to such matters. This was done in the case now in question, and Edgar Allan Poe gave me the following list containing the names of some of those who, he was absolutely sure, had spoken to my correspondent in Illinois:

William Cullen Bryant
General Custer
Henry D. Thoreau
Ralph Waldo Emerson
William Ellery Channing
Abraham Lincoln
A man named Tobias
Rembrandt
Francis Thompson
A man who had been a psychic medium named Blood
George F. Watts
John Ruskin

On receiving the list, Oscar Wilson wrote, stating that he at once recognized and remembered all on the list as having communicated with him save only three. Examining his records, he found a communication from one of these three. Then he found many messages from one who always gave the name "Tobe" which was evidently a familiar name for Tobias. He thought also that the name Blood might have been Flood as he had received communications from a psychic medium of that name. These being the three whose names he at first failed to recognize as having spoken to him, he wrote me in conclusion, "I am satisfied myself that all in the list you sent me have spoken to me at some time or other during the years past."

This list of names could not have been a successful guess. They could hardly have been transferred from the mind of Oscar Wilson to that of our Instrument. Three of the names in it were foreign to Oscar Wilson's recent thought. To illustrate this, I quote further from his letter: "I always enjoyed Emerson's writings and often wondered why he did not speak. I thought he never had, but looking hurriedly through the records, I found one from him." This was after he received Edgar Allan Poe's list. I have reason from subsequent communications to feel assured that if the transfer had been from Oscar Wilson's mind to that of Louis Benjamin, it would have been a very different group and would have included other names far more deeply interesting to my correspondent than some of those in the list. Professor William James of Harvard, for instance, and many others prominent in science, art, and religion, of various nations.

I have permission to publish this incident couched in words that show the deep sincerity and faith of my correspondent:

"Publish it? Certainly, publish it! Anything to help our Father's business. When my affairs interfere with my Father's, I'll change mine."

The Acid Test

On March fifteenth, nineteen twenty, Professor William James dictated to me through the psychic consciousness of our Instrument the conclusion of the chapter on "The Vision of Life Through Psychic Eyes." When this work was completed, we had a delightful personal conversation, during the course of which I remarked:

> Oscar Wilson, of Homer, Illinois, tells me he often hears from you.
>
> "Yes," he replied, "he is a unique character. By the way, will you send him this message: Tell him that the accident which took place the other day in the back of the drug store was purely chemical in its origin. The clerk was in no sense to blame for it."

I sent the message in due course, and this morning, April third, nineteen twenty, received Mr. Wilson's reply, from which I quote as follows:

"What are all the disbelievers going to do with this evidential matter as to the accident? I had never said anything to you or anyone else about it, in fact had dismissed it completely from my mind. But

Professor James knew just how to phrase it so that I could unmistakably recall it. I did recall it, but you, at this moment, do not know what that accident was. William James knew all about it and knew my mind at the time as well. Now I will tell you about the accident, just what it was, etc.

"I think it was some two or three months ago that the dispensing clerk was liquefying three or four pound bottles of crystalline carbolic acid in a water bath. When ready to lift out and add the water necessary to hold the acid in solution, the last bottle 'popped' (all corks were out), the acid spilt over his hands as it all fell to the floor. I recall now having had in my mind at the time the thought of some possible carelessness on his part."

It is easy to ask questions which sidetrack evidence. Some evidence appeals to one person, other evidence to another. I simply give a few cases out of a multitude. Some of them appeal more to me than do others. I simply state the facts. The reader may explain them as he will.

Psychic Criticism

If one would apply the severest intellectual test in the literary field, one could not do better than to require a rapid and effective revision of ordinary prose. I have seen much of this work done by capable litterateurs, but never had I seen such able and decisive work as that which Samuel Taylor Coleridge gave me the privilege to observe.

I am familiar with the theories of hypnotism, of the objective and the subjective minds, of nature-memory, and all the theories, I believe, that have been enunciated to explain psychic phenomena. I know how alert the psychic mind can be under the power of suggestion. I know that "the subjective mind" is supposed to have a perfect memory; all that has been advanced in the various schools of thought, including the cults of religious thought, has been considered, but if the genuineness of the test I am about to speak of is not to be admitted, then I am wholly at sea. The matter is otherwise not yet explained.

On one occasion Louis Benjamin had been in trance four hours on the previous evening, and our revision was interrupted by a meeting which lasted another four hours. We were revising the chapter titled "The Vision of Life Through Psychic Eyes." Samuel Taylor Coleridge asked me after we had read and revised three pages if I thought he was too severe in his work. I replied that, in my opinion, literary revision could not be too thorough. I spoke of the remarkable keenness of his observation. Then he directed me to go to the library, take any book, and choose a passage at random. I did so, taking a volume of *The Universal Anthology,* and read sentences covering two or three paragraphs. As I finished reading each sentence, he repeated it after me without hesitation, improving the literary construction strikingly in every case. My judgment was compelled to approve his emendation. So rapid, so unerring, so decisive and final was the work, I have never known it equalled by another.

On a later occasion, Coleridge proffered similar evidence for the benefit of a young graduate of Toronto University who was present and whom it impressed. The book, in this case, *Arnold's Essays, Literary and Critical,* was chosen by my secretary, Lawrence Huston, without direction from either Coleridge or myself. Coleridge made it clear that Arnold had used many words redundantly and others carelessly as to their exact shade of meaning.

This experience naturally could not have the same evidential value to the reader as to those who were present, even if the criticism of Coleridge were presented word for word. To the reporter, the fact that an unseen intelligence was able, instantaneously and without preparation, to improve the sentence structure and use of word-values of a master of English so eminent, was evidence of the presence of another master of English.

Astral Prevision

On the evening of May seventeenth, nineteen nineteen, our Inner Circle received warning from the Twentieth Plane through my Mother (Louis Benjamin, the instrument, being in trance at the time), to the effect that a great sorrow was about to fall on us in a few days. They could not give us details, for they themselves, they declared, did not know them. All present, however, would be preserved harmless.

We made no further enquiries, this being our rule, since, had there been wisdom in or necessity for further revealing, it would have been given as far as it was in their possession.

Early in the spring the reporter of this Revelation had been invited by his friend J. M. F. to spend

May twenty-fourth at his cottage on the Severn River. He accepted the invitation, promising to go if nothing prevented. A short time later he was asked to speak in Toronto on the last Sunday in May, which he promised to do, not knowing that Empire Day (May twenty-fourth) fell on Saturday. On May eighteenth when asked to be ready to go north on the twenty-third, he realized that his engagement to speak on the twenty-fifth would prevent his going; J. M. F. invited another dear friend, George A. Hill, to be his guest on the Severn, and the reporter of this Revelation remained in Toronto.

The day passed, but on Monday, May twenty-sixth, information came by telephone that both these friends had been carried in their canoe over a steep fall in the Severn, and that both were dead. A few hours later, it was ascertained, that almost miraculously, as it seemed, J. M. F. had been able, after being in the water for three-quarters of an hour, to reach the river bank. He lay in wet clothes under his canoe all night and reached his home next morning.

Speaking a few days later to my mother (of the Twentieth Plane) she told us she had sensed dimly, though she could not know the facts, danger to her son in connection with his proposed trip to the Severn, and had used her best endeavor to prevent his going on the trip. My friend who lost his physical life that day has spoken with me since on several occasions. His style of address is unmistakable. Those who knew him, and he had many dear friends, will remember well his manner of speaking in alternate leaps and pauses, each sudden phrase, distinctly his own manner, sometimes almost brilliant, and followed by a short pause. This was decidedly his method when speaking to me. His subject matter too was characteristic.

One other peculiarity is that he still calls me "Doctor," as he always did before his passing. The only other two who do not commonly call the reporter A. D. are my mother, and the Master. None of these three had ever on a single occasion used the common title.

The reporter does not understand the principles which explain foreknowledge except as they are set forth in the chapter "The Vision of Life Through Psychic Eyes." On various occasions we have been told that we would shortly receive distinguished visitors, some of these were to come from England, some from the United States, and they came in every case within a comparatively short space of time. Sometimes the names were given, and in one case, that of a Spanish gentleman named Da Castro, we received only the name Castro. In another instance, the initials only were given—W. S. The place of residence was named. A gentleman arrived from Washington as predicted. The initials were correct. None of us had ever heard of these persons before. This was true of several others, one being a distinguished musical composer from the United States, and so described in the prediction.

One remarkable instance of prevision was that in which three soldier boys, in all of whom we were very much interested, were discussed by my mother. She declared that two of them would return without wounds, but the third (Lieutenant Heakes, R. A. F.) would receive a slight wound in the left leg from which he would recover. The prediction was made some time before the lieutenant was shot in the left ankle while in the air. The other boys came home unscathed.

Recently the probable advent of a well-known English psychic who would call on the reporter was announced. The prediction was fulfilled. The gentleman spoke in our city before a scientific audience, and his call on the reporter will be remembered with delight.

Astral Recollection

One incident was alluded to in the Twentieth Plane which I may relate more fully now. A personal friend (W. R. S.) spoke to me through our instrument. He said:

"This is Restelle."

I asked: "Do you mean Will?"

"Yes," came the reply. "I want to thank you for a great help you gave when alone in my room with me about an hour before I passed over. You said, 'Will, you've lived a hero-life. Be brave now.' I shall never be able to tell you how much those words helped me at that time. I was unable to answer you then, so I am sending the message to you now."

This message came to the reporter seven years after the incident related therein. Naturally, that incident had not been spoken of by him to any one. He had not thought of it for five years. No one else living on the earth plane knew of it. Only one other than the reporter knew of it, and that was Restelle. The statement made by him was accurate in every particular.

An unseen friend spoke to one of us about a "silver watch" he used on earth. None of us had ever seen him with a silver watch as far as we could remember; so a particular friend of the communicant was asked if he remembered the watch. He did. Some significant circumstance had impressed the memory of the watch on the mind of his departed friend. "The soul remembers only soul impressions."

The reporter had received the chapter titled "The Monoatom" on March twenty-ninth, nineteen twenty. That night he dreamed, without having thought of the matter previously, of the desirability of having a paragraph from Galileo to introduce this chapter of science. Immediately in his dream, Galileo said:

> "This is Galileo. I will give you a paragraph now. Take it down:
>
> "The Universe is an enormous press, capable both of compression and release. Universal power concentrates energy into each unformed particle, with all the force of all the worlds. This monoatom then forever thrills with release of life which flows unceasingly from this centre of all energy."

The dream ended here, as far as I recollect. In the morning I remembered all the dream save only the paragraph, of which I could not recall one word. At the week-end I had opportunity to speak to Coleridge. I told him my dream and explained all about my inability to recall Galileo's paragraph. He asked:

"Do you think you would recognize it if Galileo were to give it to you again?"

"Yes; I believe I might," I replied.

"Then take it down now: 'The Universe is an enormous press, etc.' "

"That is it," I said, and the paragraph proceeded and was recognized in every phrase and clause.

These instances are chosen from among many for presentation because they are, besides being evidential, concerned in most cases with present-day, local personalities; one of the questions arising as to the revelation, in minds who have not appreciated the real nature of the present volume, being: "Why do not some of your own friends, people who are not highbrows, speak to you?" The answer is: they do, but in the nature of the revelation, it is necessary that minds whose knowledge is highly organized and well-ordered should communicate.

A whole volume could be written containing nothing but evidence such as is contained here. These instances are selected from the many as being typical of all the different forms of evidence. The facts are not related as being, in every case, a proof of authenticity, but they are such facts as should be considered in the examination of evidence. These evidential facts, culled from many other similar psychic experiences that we have had during the last two years, are presented here for the purpose of placing on record psychic experiences which nearly every reader can duplicate with a similar or more striking experience of his own. Such incidents by the very weight of their frequency and commonness in most cases must bring an overwhelming conviction of the truth taught in this Revelation to the effect that we are physical beings living in a psychical world.

Facts in Evidence is a useful chapter by which to rise from an intellectual basis to the rarer beauty of the other chapters which constitute the greatness of this Revelation. We have duplicated, in the last two years, almost every phase of physical, mental and spiritual psychic experience such as is recorded in the best works on the subject.

The eight common-sense principles directly control the door of entrance through sleep into a consciousness ethereally beautiful, rejuvenatingly powerful and soulfully upward inclining.

SLEEP: ITS POWER AND USES

Sleep is a change from active consciousness to latent experience. It is, first of all, rest to the physical body, which is, as its most definite characteristic implies, the reducing of breathing and thinking, these being connected and interrelated with a pulsation of respiration and thought which is not governed by will, suggestion or desire, as regulated by the finite mind.

The finite human mind is an apparatus capable of adjustment by the soul to four strata of ordinary earth plane routine consciousness. The four are: 1, Environment; 2, Habit; 3, Love; 4, Idealism. The finite mind can adjust itself only in order to have a four-component part system of functioning in a physical world. The limitations of the finite mind would preclude immortality and rule out a higher order of intelligence were it not that the finite mind is only a phase of consciousness and not a complete consciousness in itself. In the early evolutionary development of the finite mind, there was but one form of adaptability to universal consciousness, and that was surface-contact with environment. But even the finite mind is of æonian age, and surface-contact came to higher adaptations in the other three stepping-into chambers of wider illumination. Sleep, therefore, is a nexus that spans the space between the four finite points of consciousness and the next higher, the fifth, through the passivity and non-self-determination of the individual which couples the four finitely-conscious points with the fifth which is the land of eternal consciousness.

The finite consciousness, having now journeyed through physical sleep into the land of eternal consciousness, is only on the boundary line of that plane where the limitations of earth have receded into the past. In fact, the great distinction between the world of the finite consciousness and that of the eternal consciousness is that the finite consciousness is always a world of things past. The plane of eternal consciousness is the world of things present. This will be grasped by the philosophical mind when it is stated that the world of the past, the finite, is a world of the conclusion of lesser things; the world of the present, the eternal consciousness, is a world of the beginning of things which the mystic Swedenborg described as the world of causality, as contradistinguished from the world of effects, which is the world of the finite mind.

The earth plane, physically awakened and using the finite consciousness through a physical brain, uses about one-fourth of the eternal consciousness. Sleep ushers you into the empire of complete consciousness, the use of the other three-quarters of consciousness, enabling your soul to function as a revolving sphere amid the eternal verities. As your world is the effect of the causality of the higher heaven planes, so exactly is your finite consciousness the result of the causality of your eternal mind.

Sleep is a power, when rightly comprehended, and not, as commonly supposed, merely an adjunct. All those things which develop and beautify, giving character, unity and proportion to the finite mind, construct your path over the bridge of the planes connecting the finite with the eternal consciousness. So write it foundationally amid the imperishable mountain rocks of your life that you will strive to realize that you more truly live in sane, normal, peaceful sleep, always after prayer and meditation, than in the physically-tossed voyage on the sheets of a bed where you have thrown yourself to escape the storm of uncontrolled materialism.

My thought has been, necessarily, of a nature that, in the beginning, did not permit of more finite consideration. But now, friend, I travel with you through your world of experience. The religion of good sense tells us to follow scientific, hygienic and sanitary law. The first law is psychological. Realize that you are superior to heredity, environment, passion and fear. This learn: The eight apices of a star of rationality write themselves seriatim as follows:

1. No body, physically speaking, is so diseased that nature cannot heal it.
2. I must learn to breathe deeply, and of fresh air.
3. With me, mastication of food must be a religious duty.
4. Because man is over seventy-five per cent fluid, I must restore this fluid by drinking pure water and frequently bathing.
5. I must practise sex control.
6. I must become a connoisseur of the proper intellectual food.
7. I must be a lover of out-door nature.

8. I must take an interest in all that I know, and I can know myself only by loving another.

Friend, these eight points of good sense are simple, but necessary, for even a half adherence to them will make your larger soul-education-hours of sleep a period during which causality experienced through you will have a direct instead of an indirect divine touch upon the things you feel, say and do as an individual in the earth plane. The eight common-sense principles directly control the door of entrance through sleep into a consciousness so ethereally beautiful, so rejuvenatingly powerful, so soulfully upward inclining, that he only is in hades who locks the door against himself through not giving a half-compliance to the eight principles.

The sure-revealing expression of character is always gauged by the degree of normality in physical sleep. Sleep, so understood, is the necessary preliminary experience on a higher plane before the soul has escaped the holding hands of the physical. Some almost entirely fail to rise in sleep to eternal consciousness because of ignorance of the eight principles, and when at last the physical body must be dispensed with, they will commence their next life little above and closely parallel with the last. This is the sombre side of an ominous fact.

Admitting that you adhere, with at least a half-compliance, to the eight principles, sleep then becomes a voyage of your soul through heavenly regions to where your loved ones await you with extended arms of eternal consciousness. You journey in sleep to the higher planes where wisdom is imparted to you and eternal conscious strength. *The grief you have in the inverted dome of tears is comprehended by you as an experience of love-warmth to your soul. For the more you feel (and grief is inner feeling) the more you become sensitive to the greater influence of the love-educational embrace of those who have passed the experience of birth through death to immortality.*

December 23, 1919.

Each man was planned by the Divine as an artist to make the world-earth beautiful by his life.

—*Shakespeare*

BEAUTY OF BODY THROUGH SOUL

COMPILED BY THE MOTHER-GROUP AND
DICTATED BY THE POETESS SAPPHO

THE most effective curative agencies on the rolling physical plane are four: Breathing, Love, Music, Art.* The diseased physical body is the direct resultant of non-use and misuse of what we term the four primal curative agencies. The physical material out of which the body is composed is a form of plastic clay. It can be shaped, formed, manipulated. It has, resident within itself, power of healing when it is injured.

The physical body is a garment of expression in which the soul is dressed. If the body be hideous, the soul within is diseased. For all disease is within. There may be injury from without, but disease is from within. The physical body is a curtain thrown over the sculptured soul—that living, sensitive, palpitating, tremulous, responsive, delicate, highly-tensed, infinitely rare, moving, divine, essential, immortal man, created by the Master Sculptor, God. Your body then is a thin dress over a soul that shapes its lines, curves and contours as thought, which administers the legislation of life, carries its edicts into effect.

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* "Art," when used by the Twentieth Plane, signifies any graceful activity.

The laws that should be understood by the soul in order that its body-dress may be beautiful resolve themselves into these: Breathing, Love, Music, and Art, as the four universal divine physicians of sustenance and restorement. It has been thought for a long time that the action of the heart was the most important physical function, but I gainsay this. These strong bellows of expansion and contraction, the lungs, control the heart; and respiration is the process by which you breathe in both a physical gas and a spiritual thought-substance.

Great thinking always takes place as the synchronized accompaniment of deep and rhythmic breathing; hence the polity of our whole teaching, and the question: how am I to breathe? and where am I to breathe? The Hygiene of the physical plane teaches you how to breathe. It is simple. Breathe always through the nose. Breathe deeply until the base of the lungs expands to the fullest extent. But more important than knowing how is to know where to breathe. Never breathe deeply in a place that is repulsive to you. For all who come into physical contact with an object psychometrize that object and that place either for ill or good. It is no exaggeration to say that *nearly half of the disturbance of physical expression, and even a certain amount of disease, is caused by unconscious deep breathing when in contact with objects psychometrized as being evilly impregnated.* Never breathe deeply in a chamber of physical death, or in a hospital or a prison; nor before the degraded on the mart or exchange, or in the place of hypocrisy. Do your deep breathing on the hillside, in the home of a friend, on the shore of the restless sea, when scaling the mountains of the air on the ship of a bird, when beholding the stars, when touching the lucent tresses of a loved one's hair. *Rhythmically, deeply draw in the divine breath of life which has filtered to you only through the experiential chamber of pure objects and pure beings.* It is important to know how to breathe, but the greatest importance is to know where to breathe. Let your mind direct you with these principles.

You are a being of affection, and unless your affections transmute to love, then bid adieu to health. Love interlocks every nerve of you, your whole physical being with the spiritual portion of yourself, to do in the service of another the menial or the honourable task, at your most highly sensitive escapement from physical anchoring ropes. Love is that which conduces physically to the most normal circulation of your blood. It is always accompanied by psychic excitation. That is why the cheeks of a maiden ofttimes burn in the presence of her lover. That is why the aged resume the colour of their youth when thinking of their marriage-day. They feel the glow of restored circulation. One in love with his work has the strength of a giant as compared with the gray cheeks of the driven slave. One in love is alert, and *alertness is the most important agency for the swift circulation of the current of the fluid vita.*

Love enables the mother to live without sleep for many weeks, to watch over her sick babe and then make up for the many weeks of sleep lost, in a single night, for when you love any person, though the experience of life deny you his physical presence, limiting you to his personified ideal, you join company with the highest form of sculpturing energy, which lures you back to physical health, or what is equivalent, or of more importance, to serenity of mind.

Human beings on the earth plane are continually listening to external sounds. Only when you reach the higher planes do you know what perfect silence is. On the physical plane, from the time before you are born, until you close all your physical doors in death, you are immersed in the hammering concussion of a sea of sounds. A continual dropping of water will cleave a granite rock. The endless force of the unceasing sounds around you is responsible, next to breathing deeply in the presence of evilly psychometrized persons or things, for most of the diseases of the earth plane.

The roar of your factories, of the machinery of locomotion, of materialism rampant, and in the wars, of the hurling of missiles and of groans—all these things wear away the protecting walls of your nervous system. Vitality is lowered and you succumb to premature old age and various physical distresses unless you learn to appreciate and long for music. It is not through mere accident that throughout all time certain schools have imparted their teaching to the accompaniment of music. For the regularity of the musical bar and time, and the adjustment of mere sound, such as that of the external world, into soothing strains and soul-gripping harmonies, and plane-connecting areas—this which is music, turns a world of noise into an empire of glory; for music, in its effect on the physical body, is expansive, and feels not the restraint of limitation.

One striking psychological evidence of this fact is that although the vast population of Russia knows very little of the culture of civilization, yet the people are virile. Disease is little known. This people for centuries has had a deeply beautiful music, principally folk-songs, and as a result, they are what they are. The musical expression of a race is a scale with which to weigh their worth. In your age when materialism is at its zenith point, music is at its lowest, with only here and there a saving expression in the voice of music.

The physical condition of the people of the earth plane is ascending. Correspondingly, your music will improve. There is a strange interplay of mystic action and result between the physique and the music of your era.

All that I have said thus far applies not to those held in the fell clasp of the vulture of disease, nor to those in physical or mental pain. Let us enter the hospital and minister to the suffering. We divide our cases into three groups. Those who are beyond all human physical help, those who are nearly in that condition, and those who, though sorely sick, can be cured. Wisdom is the correct diagnosis and interpretation of a given fact. Let us apply this method to the hopelessly incurable. One in the last degrees of tuberculosis, of various cancerous growths, or of the nearly complete wasting and decay of a vital organ, should be kindly tended and lovingly told that the physical garment is about to detach itself from the soul. To this class, he is the greatest physician who teaches most the truth of immortality.

On rare occasions, absolutely every form of disease can be cured. But disease is, in its last stages, a form of elimination and release of the soul intelligence from the physical body. *Only the very greatest saviours of the race have had the divine wisdom by which to know when disease in the last stages should be cured.* The greatest Physician of all, the Divine, always knows when it should be cured, and He will stop your disease in the last stages when you and He agree that, with or without the mediation of another, you are to be cured. The whole proof of this is the fact of it recurring ever since the Forum became a ruin and the birth of the two empires.

Let us minister to the second group—those just entering or nearly entering the last stages of disease. Every victim of tuberculosis, cancerous growth, or decay of vital organs, can at one stage of their disease be physically rehabilitated. The process is infinitely simple. *Disease is not disease till it makes a realistic mental picture on the consciousness of the individual.* The disease must be there previously in order to paint its presentation on the canvas of the mind, all metaphysicians contrariwise notwithstanding. No footprint dints the sand without being made by the imprinting foot. Likewise, no disease is discernible by the mind without the basis of a physically registered disease. But, through faith, through breathing in a proper environment, through the power of music, it is possible to wash off the canvas of the mind the first faint image, and so to cure the disease.

My instructions for the cure of this group will be sententious, first negative and then positive.

Refuse to know the meaning of fear or anger. Be not over-certain of anything, except that mind is superior to body and should control it. Never become angry. Anger poisons the blood and has nourished more disease than all other conditions on all the planes. Be poised and balanced. Learn the power of self-repression. Be a lover. If possible be a father or mother. If not possible in the physical sense, then be a father or a mother in the artistic-creation sense. There is nothing more efficacious in curing the disease just born than industry on your part. The busy brain and the engaged soul always call most strongly upon the law of self-preservation. Again I reiterate that disease in its formative stages is usually cured just the moment when you replace the mental image of the disease with a higher concept that totally eclipses the intimation of your physical distress.

I want it clearly understood that I do not deprecate the use of physical and mechanical agencies which experience has proven beneficial. For in a lesser sense, that which aids elimination, restores digestion and assimilation of physical nourishment is of great service. There are certain schools on the earth plane such as the "Christian Scientist" who would not agree with us, and while many of them are great, good, and virtuous people, they misunderstand divine teaching. They will teach you the importance of breathing, and yet they are not physicists enough to know that breathing is a physical-chemical act as well as a spiritual one. This applies to their thought in respect to the drinking of pure water and living in a sanitary environment. On the earth plane you cannot separate the physical and chemical from the spiritual, and Mary Baker Eddy told me so herself.

These great schools of "Christian Science," "New Thought" and mental healing, with one object in common, though somewhat divergent in method, will evolve, for their thought is too great to be static. In the open field of knowledge they will learn that a cynical disregard of pain and suffering is the most vital weakness of their systems. All three schools have achieved miraculous results, but they have also been the victims of pitiful failures. They thought that the reading of a prayer, the memorizing of a formula, the sincerity of a healer, made up for the neglect of the simple laws of nature.

This brings us to the third group to whom we would curatively minister—those just entering into physical disease. He is a sinner who allows himself to enter this jail of pain. If you have a fair degree of physical health at all, there is only one other thing you need in order to have normal health, and that is a deep interest in the great things of life. The way to have a beneficent interest in your physical life and its spiritual activity, is to be an artist.

Art is the finish applied to an achievement in order to make it beautiful. There are two kinds of artists: those who create and those who appreciate. One without the other would be like a lost planet wandering in a maze of discordant law. There are few creators on the earth plane in any branch of art. But all the other countless millions of people can have artistic minds. The artistic mind revels in beauty, is thrilled by music, feels the divine touch of an heroic act, knows colors as its lovers, and all nature as brother and sister. It plays with the river, the bird, the flower, and animals on their native playground. So the artistic mind becomes poised, exalted. It comes to see that it is part of the consciousness and vision of the Divine. It knows that all life is a library, and about every fact a volume has been written. It follows, then, that the artistic mind is never for an instant apart from an ever-recurring novelty of elevating incidents; and the occupied mind is either in the institution of normal health or in the convalescing home of recovery.

You wonder, perchance, why Greece—my Greece, from before my day to the age of Plato, from Homer to Pericles, had an art, a philosophy, a literature, expressing wisdom from the highest Olympian height. It was because of the merging of the soul into the physique, for both reached the highest point of their development together, as both will always reach this standard atwain. So collectively and individually, art and physical condition walked the steps of life, ascending lovingly hand in hand.

Received January 17, 1920.

"So find yourself in the deed of performance poised and functioning with God's law that, for the time being, you become that law."

—*Savonarola*

THE SOUL AS TOUCHED BY EARTH AND HEAVEN

Communicated in Trance Address from Savonarola

Brothers and Sisters:

What do we here? Are we here to listen to truth? If not, then, like craven fools, let us begone. If we are here this sacred hour to be voices in a divine chorus, then, let us within the inner chamber of our souls listen with somewhat the stillness of death so that we may hear the eternal music.

In the fifteenth century I was a priest in the Catholic Church. I came to Florence, the city of beauty and eternal wonder, of achievement in art which has not been equalled except on rare occasions elsewhere. I came to Florence and found the masses of the people living in luxury. Oh, they had their cathedrals; they were instructed by their priests. They were a religious people—but were they? Are you? We shall see.

I found Florence had a dictator. His title was Lorenzo the Magnificent. A man of courage; a genius of great eloquence; an astute, careful, sleek and clever diplomat. His family for generations had swayed thrones through their controlling power in Florence. I came to Florence. I had no reputation. They gave me an office in one of the churches.

I preached a sermon or two. Only a handful of people assembled. I was studying the people of Florence. I found immorality, sin, hypocrisy, and everywhere, the lowest kinds of intrigue. They were a religious people—on the surface.

Then I went to a cell—this was back in the fifteenth century—a cell of stone and iron bars in a monastery. One hard chair there was. I hardly used the chair. I was on my knees, and I prayed unceasingly for thirty days. Then I saw a vision. Then I had the power to perform a miracle. Then I became a prophet. After that, when I preached to the small assembly of people in the church, I felt that I had learned the mission of my life, for on the Sabbath day following the little church could not hold the people, so I went out of doors for it was one of those beautiful Italian summer days. There must have been thousands around me.

I cannot tell you now what I said. I cannot tell you what the Divine said through me. I only know that one of my comrades, a student, afterwards told me something of what I said and I made the remark: "That must have been a terrible sermon." After that they made me a priest in St. Marks. St. Marks! If you go to Florence to-day, you will behold that structure which many artists gave their lives to build. The people came by the thousands to hear me. This shows you, brothers and sisters, that no matter how depraved humans may become, down in their hearts there always remains an element of Divine, of goodness, of Christ, for whatever I spoke to the people, I gave them terrible sermons. I told them of their sins, of their hypocrisy; I told them over and over again there was no use coming to the church of God to do penance, to sprinkle holy water on their brows when they had come with sin dripping from them, with blood, for many were assassins in those days. And yet, although I preached to them terrible sermons, more and more of the people came to me.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, the great potentate, a dictator almost, saw in me a rival. I tried to follow the method of the Master. Read your history of my earth plane life. I have not time to tell you about that now, but I organized all the boys in Florence to be soldiers of Christ. I wrote a book called "The Triumph of the Cross," some of it so simply that mothers, at twilight, could read it to their children and they could understand. I had a great army of children in Florence organized with their captains and their generals, and through these little children I reached thousands of the people of Florence and made them think of God.

Florence was a city of grandeur, of art, of music. The garments the people wore were beautiful beyond description, but the people lived for sensual things, for pleasure, for luxury. Some pleasure is right; some luxury has its proper place, but my age lived absolutely for these things and used religion for a cloak, a narcotic with which to deaden their consciences before God. I made the people think of their sins. I thundered at them the enormity of their iniquity. I played upon their emotions. Emotion is placed in the human being by the Divine so that when all other avenues fail you can sometimes sway a man. The Italian people are an emotional race. I so played upon their emotional natures that there came a day when all the population of the province assembled in the market square bringing with them their paintings, their books—a great many of the books of that time were of a nature that should be burned—their vanities, and a match was set to these material things representing the base thought of the people and these flames reached to heaven. I had constructed a platform on which I could stand holding a cross aloft. Before I reached the platform to speak to the people, one came to me who said: "I am a wealthy merchant. Your church is in need of money. I will give you for this great mass of things which you are about to burn, a fortune." I put my arms around him, drew him to me and kissed him on the cheek, looked him in the eyes and saved his soul. He bowed his head in shame and went away. Later, I met him. He was a saved man. Sometimes, no matter how wonderful your eloquence, how literary your power of expression, words fail, but the majesty of your personality awes all words into silence. Then acts are done *through* you rather than that you perform the acts, and you save a soul.

Lorenzo the Magnificent had genius, genius greater almost than all the combined faith of us praying monks. We had to watch him not with our own eyes, but with the protecting eyes of God, looking through the vision of our souls. This man tried strategy to lead me from my course. I could have become—and this was my earth plane temptation—almost king in Italy through the wealth and power of this man. He offered it to me. I refused it.

Came a day when this man Lorenzo the Magnificent lay upon his death-bed. I had entreated him to become a simple, kindly leader of the people. He never refused me openly. It is not the way of greatness. He had, though, a skilful way of evading all my entreaty and prayer. In his castle, in his room of splendour, this mighty man lay on his death-bed. It was a surprise to me when a courier came and said, "Friar, Lorenzo is dying. They have asked you to come." Let me deliberately and as subtly as I can give you the absolute facts of that occasion.

The courier came and said: "Friar, Lorenzo is dying. He has asked for you." I said to him: "I will make ready and go at once." Never will I forget that night. On my way to the death-chamber, I saw around me angels. I heard music that I knew was the music of the heaven-world. It was past the noon of night. One face that rose before me in this vision was that of a girl whose refusal of my hand had determined my course, as a young man, to become a monk. I went to the chamber of Lorenzo with all the tenderness of my mother. I went into his presence with womanly tenderness in my heart. Into his magnificent presence, for, even in death, the man was grand.

He lay upon the bed of death. You know that hectic flush that is upon the cheek of those who die while the intellect is yet extremely alert. His intelligence seemed to be intensified by the last physical struggle, and those great, wide, luminous eyes seemed like doors of heaven ajar, so great was the light of his consciousness, and I was before Lorenzo the Magnificent.

He said to me: "Father, I am dying. I ask for absolution."

I said to him: "Lorenzo, my son," and I held the crucifix in my hand, "on three conditions I give you absolution."

"Name them," he said. I did.

I draw an impenetrable curtain over the first two conditions. These were confidences between Lorenzo and myself. The third condition was:

"Lorenzo, will you restore the liberties of the people of Florence?"

The first and second conditions he agreed to instantly. The third condition being named, he turned to me, his face as hard as stone, and said, "No."

"Then," I said, "I cannot absolve you;" and I did not, and he died. Call me wicked? Was I cruel to speak this way to a dying man? God spoke that way to me. I could do no other.

Such was the death of one of the great leaders of the Italian people. Later, because Lorenzo the Magnificent ceased to be, power, politically and spiritually, made me a storm centre. Pope Alexander sent me letters imploring me to cease preaching to the people. The church of Rome was, in the fifteenth century, a cruel conglomeration of selfish statesmen who, under the guise of religion, sought to obtain material power. Do not smile in derision. Your age parallels that with its iniquity, its selfishness, its materialism. The terrible sermons that they said I preached in Florence in the fifteenth century could be preached to your age, and a truthful man could not stand up before the face of God and deny their accusations.

My power grew, but temporal power reaches a zenith, then disintegrates. I refused to compromise with the Pope even though threatened with excommunication; then they arrested me. The Pope knew that his power over the people of Italy depended on my recantation, which being published, would have proved me to be a false prophet.

I was taken to the torture chamber. . . . How they mangled my body! O God! I can understand how Jesus cried aloud: "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?" "Do you recant?" My only reply was a smile. Then I became delirious. They had their stylist publish my words, and they said: "This is his recantation." For three days this went on. When my brain became clear, they asked: "Do you recant?" My only reply was a smile. Then they condemned me to be hanged and burned.

I had one friend, Fra Domenico, and another, Fra Silvestro. These two refused to loosen their allegiance to me in that last hour. The tragedy of it is that so few stood with me in the hour of death and suffered with me. Those who were most demonstrative in their expressions of loyalty deserted me when they saw that Pope Alexander was determined that I and my followers should die.

Came a day when I knew that on the morrow I must die. My comrades Domenico and Silvestro were told that I had repudiated all my teaching. I was told that they had repudiated all their teaching.

That night I saw Jesus. He came close to me and said: "Girolamo, Silvestro and Domenico have not repudiated the truth of your teaching. Both are steadfast and loyal to you. Ask on the morrow for an interview with them. . . ."

In the early morning, the gaoler came to me with my food, the food of dogs, and I looked him in the eyes and said: "One favour I crave of thee this day. I want to see Domenico and Silvestro who are to die with me. . . ." They brought me into a large room. I looked at Domenico who was to die with me, at Silvestro who was to die with me. I saw they were pure, simple children of God, and would die as became brave men. These two men, about to die with me, were my brothers. . . .

The three of us were hanged and burned. Our ashes were put on a cart, taken through the streets of Florence, and thrown into the river Arno.*

All the sin, the iniquity, even the ecclesiastical intrigue of my day is exactly paralleled in yours. Millions of your people are noble, pure and near God. So they were in the fifteenth century. So they were in every century of time after the first dim centuries of complete barbarism. The divine would raise up from the people true priests, not necessarily of any denomination. These priests must needs be men and women of education and character to teach the people through the genuineness of their lives.

Your age should recognize that it is easy and noble to be good; that the most difficult thing is to be bad.

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* In the public address Savonarola named the River Po. Subsequently I was asked in his name to change it to the Arno, as he had by an inadvertence made this mistake, naming the larger river.

You have to reason with your conscience, to make excuses. Your little sin leads to a greater, till your whole life becomes one of deception. So it goes on till all your brain, working at an enormous rate of action, all the substance of your soul is utilized in trying to explain to yourself what you can never explain to God, the reason for committing unnatural sins. But if you would live as God would have you live: simple as a child, loving as a mother, firm as a man must sometimes be in a crisis, then, I say that after the first few months of discipline, which will be extremely hard, requiring fasting and prayer, a good life becomes easy.

There will arise on the earth plane a man and a woman whose eloquence and teaching will be of such a burning nature that whole nations will tremble in listening to their thought. Before they come, a generation of simple men and women will make ready for the arrival of these two great leaders whose burning words will pulverize and disintegrate the sins of your civilization.

In all the cities I hear the people rejoicing. I see your cathedrals filled with people worshipping in the proper spirit. Glory has come to your age. God is all powerful. The universe is governed by natural, just and divine laws. Human beings use only a few, but there are millions of them. As you reach one plane, and then a higher and a higher plane, you come into contact with higher, wider and less limited divine laws. When the halt, the maimed, the blind were brought to Jesus, he asked them only one question: "Do you believe?" If they said, "Yea, Master, I believe," a so-called miracle was performed. In most instances they were healed. What did Jesus do? For I would teach you how to do such things. He reached just a little above the atmosphere of your world till he touched higher laws and set these in operation, and so healed the blind and sometimes restored limbs. I found that to some extent I could heal sickness also.

There are no laws which you cannot employ if your purpose is just and divine. The way for you to perform miracles for the suffering people is this: *So find yourself in the deed of performance poised and functioning with God's law that, for the time being, you become that law.* There is a law superior to every disturbance and injury that can take place in the physical body. Through desire, through prayer, through love, you can enter into the realm of these laws and have what the Bible speaks of as the gift of "the laying on of hands."

What you do when you lay your hands on the brow of one who is sick is that your soul, your physical body, the sick soul of the diseased, his physical body, all begin to function as one great heart and soul. In that moment pray that you be lifted up into the realm of higher laws, then—you perform what the world calls a miracle.

My hope, Brothers and Sisters, is that on this occasion, when amid the maze and difficulty of the passage of my thought through the brain of another—through the brain of a physical being—some words of truth will come to you that will bring you home to God. Amen.

Do you ever stop to ask why there is so much beauty in the universe? It is the way the universe has of asking you to time your life with the eternal Beauty displayed all over the face of the great universe.

THE OVER-CONSCIOUSNESS

EMERSON

THE difficulty of all psychic communication (and I wish you to emphasize this idea when you have opportunity) is that the authentic response comes when your Instrument is in a trance condition. Let us suppose that his intelligence is composed of strings which we vibrate to get our thought through to you. These strings should vibrate without disturbing the intelligence of your Instrument. Occasionally there is collision between our thought and his, and this will cause error.

The human mind is made up of the conscious and the "subconscious." The memory which concerns the habits of your life resides in the conscious mind of the physical, the human brain. At death it entirely vanishes. The "subconscious" has an angle of its own. Thoughts that have to do entirely with the building of your character, the development of your soul, particularly with love experience—the love experience of a mother when she looks into the eyes of her new-born babe, the last words a son hears from his expiring mother, or when a comrade dies upon the battlefield, attended by one who in life was an entire stranger, but who is now ministering to him, when this stranger, looking into the eyes of the dying soldier, murmurs: "I will write your people and tell them you died a hero"—these things enter into the subconscious and remain there forever. Soul experience remains with you when you reach this world of light and love. The subconscious mind is the one that enters the other life and finds its home in the other body.

Death is the scale in which you weigh that knowledge or memory which will be of value to you. You will dispense with that which is, in reality, nothing more than debris. A great deal of earth plane memory is inferior. It is necessary while on that plane, but it absolutely is not necessary in this life. It is dissipated in the elements of this life and ceases to be.

September 15, 1919.

Deep down in the recesses of your consciousness, you realize that you control, to a great extent, your attitude towards life. You do control; you are the government; you are the power. You have absolute control over the attitude you assume towards life. That stage in your development when self-consciousness came to you, when you realized yourself as something different from your environment, when you became an identity, that was the moment when you had the power of decision, of controlling your attitude towards life.

You have passed through the experience of a war on the earth plane that made you feel deep within your soul all the emotions, all the love, all the mystification that could be encompassed within the boundaries of four years. Through the years of the war, you have been a people thinking as you have never thought before. And this goes on. It is the dominating feature in your further progress.

I see this question in your minds: "But is not my attitude towards life governed to some extent by external conditions, by my worries and fears, by my business, by my relations, by all the common factors of my life?" Yes, but these things are extraneous, and before they regulate the attitude of your life, they must ask you, for with you remains ultimately the final decision.

"But," you say, "is this true of one with a poor, puny, immature intellect as it would be of one with large comprehension and illimitable vision?" No, it is not as true of the puny intellect as it is of the man of genius, but, to the extent of your responsibility, determined by your ability, your knowledge, your education, you are master of your destiny; you are the captain of the ship; you are the general in command of the army, you give the commands. You give to the army of your life those commands which will cause you to have a beautiful, a divine attitude towards life.

On the earth plane beings seem to have forgotten this lesson. They drift; they do not emerge. They are blown by the winds. They do not stand upon a strong foundation. Worry will never cause disturbance to the nervous system if you observe the ordinary laws of hygiene, of duty and of clear thinking. Dispel fear from your life. Have something else move in and take its place. There is an infinite variety of things which will dispel fear and worry by moving into your life. Read every day some beautiful poem. Listen to some masterpiece of music.

If these things are not possible, remember that the human soul is a theatre. I heard William Shakespeare say: "Most lives are an empty theatre: all the actors of joy have fled." Should your life be a deserted theatre? It should not be. But if it is, then listen to your own inspirations. To some extent every man and woman can commune with those in the world from which I speak. Let your prayer cease to be that miserable thing which requests something always for yourself. Let your prayer be a deep, sweet meditation in which you tune the things of your life with that which woos and loves you with its beauty.

Do you ever stop to ask why there is so much beauty in the universe? It is the way the universe has of asking you to tune your life with the eternal beauty displayed all over the face of the great universe. The final difference between the emancipated plane on which I live and your physical world is this: you discover too quickly your limitations. You manufacture many limitations which you think exist, and as long as you think they exist, they are limitations. Here we find that limitations recede. We have limitations here, but not nearly the number with which you surround yourselves.

Listen! You grow old too quickly — all of you with hardly an exception. Why grow old? The body becomes weak. True, but you are not your physical body. You are an immortal. You are a soul. Do not manufacture then unnecessary limitations. One of the unnecessary limitations you manufacture is that when you reach thirty or forty years of age, you make no more friends, and you even lose some of the friends you have. That is one of the most pathetic things on the earth plane. Worthy friends are as important as your religion. Each friend you make reveals to you a different phase of the consciousness of the universe. You are a part of such a consciousness for the express reason that you can, in a measure, comprehend that consciousness. The wisest way to comprehend the consciousness of the universe is through individuals. Do this through your kindred, those nearest to you, but do not stop there. Those you are in closest contact with, particularly through relationship of blood, you exhaust because you are so closely related to them physically. Each year make some new friends. Discover some one to whom you can tell all the secrets of your life, and whom you can inspire to come to you in that sweet, frank confession of friendship. You will thus learn more of life, more of God, more of yourself, than otherwise you could learn through centuries.

I know how the war has battered your belief. I know how your economic system has made it almost impossible to understand some of the things that occur on earth. I know how physically you are sick. But, can you not see that if God made you in one instant so strong that all things became easy in your life, that would be no credit to you? Where then is the sovereignty of your character? God did it, not you. Those things which you accomplish in your life through the vicissitudes of existence purify the soul, and there is no other way in heaven or earth for it to be done.

Be serene and happy. Move cheerfully with the forces of the universe. You are part of the forces. Do not expect them without your effort to help you to move towards an ever increasing and higher ideal. You are placed in a physical body in a material world by the Divine to learn lessons of great moment to your soul. I see a spiritual renaissance in your soul, but you seem to be happy in assuming responsibilities, in suffering, in worrying, in fretting. *Many seem to enjoy the agonies of an erroneously regulated life.* This is a disease. You are strong in mind and body only when the normal attitude of your life causes you to enjoy meeting friends and to love the world in which you live.

Brothers and sisters, you make the world in which you live. You make your friends. You control and regulate your life and the attitude of your life towards the immensities of all life. The attitude of your own life can be stated categorically and then I am finished:

Review your life. Discover wherein you have failed. There is a great informing agency in every life. You require little time for contemplation in order to know your sin. I have told you how to eliminate sin—have something more worthy move in.

Be compassionate. Most of you are cynical but do not know it. Do not allow yourself to cavil at this, to sneer at that. You become strong and wholesome and worthy and near to the heart of the Divine by contemplating strong and worthy and divine things. Do not tell me you have not such things in your world to contemplate. You have your libraries, your dramas, and above all, you have your friends. Your own life will be crammed with beautiful things if you regulate your attitude towards them. You are all kings, my brothers and sisters. No man yet, though he had the genius of a Shakespeare, the philosophy of a Kant, the poetry of a Goethe, the science of a Faraday, ever used all the power he possessed nor even estimated it. You are all inexhaustible vessels of power. *Let some emergency come into your life and then you surprise the whole community by the power you demonstrate.* It was there all the time, and the only reason you did not use it is that your attitude towards life is one of imaginary limitations.

Be lovers. Contemplate all the virtue you can discover in another, and you will be amazed to learn that you discover the virtue in others because it is in yourself. May that God who has given us the power to control the attitudes of our lives give us strength of mind and heart and soul to know that we do indeed control our own destiny.

There never lived an individual who did not find life, at times, a dreary road. If the roads we traverse were all balmy, strewn with flowers, and soft to walk on, their monotony would nauseate us with a weary though beautiful stretch, ad infinitum. But as we tread the rough bouldered highway, if we could meet with some object that would give a different conception—a different lesson with a changed motive—and so teach the purpose of life in a more comprehensible way, then would we listen to the voice of nature and be quiet long enough to hear what she has to say.

So I instruct you to meet this thought in a practical and constructive way. The whole secret is out when you meet a friend. The great sin on the earth plane is the static position you take when your friends are all made. The year when you do not add some new friend to your company is a year of little progression in life.

As all men live on one universe, and all are different, each comprehending something in the universe which has not entered into your experience, all you learn is for the purpose of teaching it to others. Man is a divine companion of sociability, so the truth of all worth which arises from this thought is: alter your conception of life by discovery deeper than a Raleigh knew, or a Columbus experienced, or a Copernicus enjoyed. Discover new friends whose conception of life will alter your attitude when it would become static, making it as fluid as the Falls of Niagara.

March 14, 1920.

"The great souls of the universe will learn—and all souls are great—that in the splendid hours of life they will occasionally step out of personality, forget they are individuals and be immersed in the immensity of all thought."

—*Emerson.*

The superficial intellectual mind is absolutely dependent upon physical adjustment to a physical world, and outside of that world it is non-existent.

—*Coleridge.*

THE MIND OF MAN

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

LET us at once dispense with the solecism and misnomer of words connoting the human mind. There is no such thing as the human mind. There is only one mind in the universe, and it is not human, for it is imperishable. Obviously, this is not the statement of a platitude, for it contradicts earth plane references to the mind of man, and yet if you grant, as many of your greatest thinkers do, that the soul is the mind, our whole case is acquiesced in by those who believe in immortality, and that means nearly all the earth plane race.

There is, I will grant you, a superficial intellectual phase of consciousness which you may properly call human, but if you do so, be sure that you refer to this mind only as one phase, and one of the lowest forms, of consciousness. The intellectual faculties of a human being belong to the consciousness of his plane. The proof of this is that he is not an educated soul within the realm of that plane until his intellectual mind functions in accord with his physical world.

> The superficial intellectual mind is absolutely dependent upon physical adjustment to a physical world, and outside of that world it is non-existent.
>
> —*Coleridge.*

There are very few thinkers who would say that the intellectual mind in a human being is his entire consciousness, and the greatest of them would hesitate before saying it is the most important part of his consciousness. In your world now, I understand, they rarely if ever say that mind cannot exist apart from matter. If this is so, then our chief enquiry has to do with the study of the consciousness of man in all its phases: physical, intellectual, spiritual, and divine.

One meets the physical psychologist on his own ground when one says that the human mind cannot exist apart from environment and the power to function in that environment. Give an individual an anæsthetic, and he loses for a time the power of superficial intellectual thought. But do we entirely suppress the power of perception and conception in the larger mind, the soul? Positively, the example of loss of consciousness due to an anæsthetic is an exact parallel of loss of consciousness resulting from physical death. So the loss of consciousness due to an anæsthetic simply leaves you in a negative position as regards the suppression of your mind, the soul.

The larger mind of man, his soul, is a portion of the divine Mind, the great all-comprehending consciousness of the Universe. The soul of man is a portion of the soul of God. It may be strictly termed a disassociated portion of divine consciousness born in man so as to form his individuality. The Divine allows, under certain conditions, communion between the divine intelligence in man and his lower mind. This is the language of communion and inspiration.

The earth plane has erroneously called this larger mind the subconscious, the subliminal, etc. Your intellectual mind is the servant of the soul always and forever. There is no such thing as the subconscious mind, nor the subliminal, despite the teaching of Leibnitz, Hartmann, Hamilton, or Hudson. Human thought—that thought which is unceasingly flowing through the infinite mind of man and its finite extension, the intellect—is for the most part resultant from the suggestion of his soul. Some of it is the common thinking that results from physical circumstances and external conditions. But the major portion of your deepest and most important thought is suggestion handed up to finite consciousness by the thinking of the soul.

Just as the most important thought of a human being results from the suggestions of his soul, so that thought, in turn, emanates from the great Mind of the Universe, the One Soul, the One Consciousness—all forms of thought of a definite quality may be said to be the result of the Universe speaking in your soul, and your soul repeating them through your intellectual mind so that you are then, as Jesus said, gods, doing the work of the Father on high.

If your mind reverts to the incidents of even a few weeks ago, most of it seems like a dream. Compare even important things that happened a few years ago with your last vivid dream and you will find one about as real to your consciousness as the other. You will find when you reach the astral world that your thinking was mostly the doing of your soul. Intellectual things are real only where time is an element, and in the province of the soul there is no such thing as time. Therefore the soul is an unboundaried empire where the only permanent thoughts come for the permanent building up of the ego.

These conclusions, almost accepted now by outstanding philosophers on the earth plane, are the common knowledge of the merest tyro on the astral planes. The soul of man is not a subconscious mind nor a subliminal attribute of mind. Mind is the divine Breath that has been breathed into matter.

It is said that the subconscious mind is that faculty within man which remembers all things. It cannot forget anything. It is not to a very great extent controlled by man. It is like the shifting waves of a stormy sea. Sometimes when the physical brain is in a certain physiological condition, the subconscious mind talks through man like a God, at others like an idiot. They claim further that if a subject be thrown into the hypnotic condition, the subconscious mind will, under the influence of hypnotism, impersonate individuals, ideas, and all forms of mental action. So the opponents of spiritism say that there is a deep phase of consciousness which is without character, without control, and yet possessive of a fiendish cleverness which would people the universe as a hell with a population whose units are the souls of all the worlds.

This theory of the subconscious mind must be disposed of once for all for the reason that, as a single factor, it is responsible for the destruction of more faith than any other we know of. The great soul of man is his immortal mind which gradually (for the gradual accumulation of knowledge is the only form of real education) cognizes the universe and all that it contains.

Realizing that there is no subconscious mind, but a soul, and that soul an expression of consciousness, the method by which you as an individual know God, yourself, and your world is to me the greatest truth I have learned since reaching this plane. Man is a definite creation of God, a detached portion of Himself, *who, because He is a Father and you His sons and daughters, has given you a world of your own in which to live, and up to a certain point to be supreme, the sole arbiter of its destiny.*

Within the compass of yourself, you are the only god, but when you reach out just a little from yourself, you encounter other gods, and this reaching out and contact with other souls in the collective sense is God Himself. To me all the worlds contributed their wisdom and beauty and built this monument to truth: God is love because all other beings are like myself, souls. They live because they think. I think, and thought is my life. We all live in the same universe, governed only by the demand of the conditions of a plane. We have the same passions, emotions, ideals and experiences in common, differing only in their form of expression from all other beings. In a word, I am so much like my brother that now I can understand in its cryptic, esoteric, literal, poetical, and literary meaning that God made man in His own image.

If a man is a part of the Intelligence of the universe, then we must expel forever from our curriculum of thought the idea that man possesses a dual mind. He does not. He has only one mind on every plane, and as I have said elsewhere: *one consciousness alone there is, and the sincere soul utilizes the universe for a brain.* Those who have a great education will utilize not only their own plane and all that it contains for a brain, but will likewise use the consciousness of higher planes, and passing from education to cosmic consciousness, the whole universe in very truth becomes their brain. Astral thinkers know that the soul of man on the earth plane once, if not oftener, in a lifetime, for a period in which time is non-existent, has become the total consciousness of a plane. The soul with cosmic consciousness is not governed by time, space, distance, or any physical limitations. The first real indication of this is the development of thought transference in your world. This is only a first step. Soon on the earth plane nations will know that a whole race can create a national mental state, a mood, an attitude, which will make it possible for the masses, as distinguished from individuals, to receive great inspiration.

Finally, the great souls of the universe will learn—and all souls are great—that in the splendid hours of life, they will occasionally step out of personality, forget they are individuals and be immersed in the immensities of all thought. These are the reasons I advance for saying that the soul is mind, and that the human intellect is but a transitory servant of such a soul.

YOUR QUESTION AND THE ANSWER

This chapter, like most of those in this volume, was suggested by the Mother Group, in this case by my mother herself. The reader will see at once the value of questions proposed by earth plane people with answers by people on the heaven planes.

Nearly all the questions were handed to me from audiences. They were read to the audience immediately. They were answered instantly by the persons whose names precede the answers, through the lips of Louis Benjamin while he was in trance.

Naturally, the questions will have unequal interest to the reader. Some answers may be difficult for some readers to understand. Nevertheless, this chapter, containing questions which a hundred people (or more) saw handed to me and observed the immediacy of the answers, must make a strong appeal to the reader. At least it contains enough truth to ennoble the soul if it be observed and put into the life.

If the critical examiner of this revelation, having read the chapter entitled *Facts in Evidence,* will read this chapter, and then turn to that entitled *Messages of Fifty-five Souls Through One Soul,* and having read all carefully, will consider the adequacy of the old theories of explanation, he will meet with a problem of deep interest.

1. Is Jesus the Nazarene an inhabitant of the Twentieth Plane or an instructor there?

Ans.: (By Silvestro.) Jesus is an inhabitant of all the planes; His home is the universe.

2. What methods ought to be used to obtain justice on the earth?

   Ans.: (By Silvestro.) Apply the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, use common sense, and pray unceasingly.

3. Did Pythagoras, Paul, Savonarola, Hugo, Spinoza and others speak in English to the Instrument, or did he somehow understand their several languages and translate them?

   Ans.: (By Coleridge.) None of them spoke in any language to the Instrument. All of them thought their ideas through the instrumentality of the being of the Instrument, which thought was translated into your vocabulary and language by his intelligence.

4. Since you passed over have you arrived at any better conception of God the Father than Jesus Christ gave us?

   Ans.: (By Savonarola.) I received from the teachings of Jesus Christ the conception that God's heart is one of infinite love and tender compassion. I can conceive of no more glorious conception of the Father.

5. What is the difference between the Twentieth Plane and spiritualism?

   Ans.: (By Silvestro.) The difference between the Twentieth Plane and spiritualism depends absolutely on discrimination. To leave selfishness out of one's questions and not to make them personal in the materialistic sense; to believe that the teaching from the Twentieth Plane is a revelation and not merely a personal direction or instruction; this constitutes the chief difference between the ordinary objectionable practices from which spiritualism is now endeavouring to free itself and the communication that flows through from the Twentieth Plane.

6. If friends on the higher planes are helpful; if so many families need the comfort of their word; why does the intelligence communicating as reported on page twenty in *The Twentieth Plane* say it is dangerous to talk to another plane? Is there to be any communication, and if so, under what circumstances is it permissible?

   Ans.: (By Coleridge.) It is not wise, in a haphazard, indiscriminate, curious way to seek communication from the physically departed. If it were the wisest thing for communication to be common, it would not be the extremely rare thing that it is. Communication between earth plane people and spirits, so called, must be an ethical matter entirely, and must have for its purpose the securing of knowledge for the people and not for the individual. Communication of a very high order takes place unceasingly. But one of the main reasons why you should not employ a psychic is that those who have made it common have commercialized the practice, with the result that unfinished intelligences of the lower planes have operated in your séance rooms.

7. Did Jesus so spiritualize His physical body that he raised it also from the tomb?

   Ans.: (By Coleridge.) No. He could easily have done so, but the fallacy of such a course is extremely apparent. What the disciples saw at the resurrection was his astral or spiritual body, the body possessed by each member of the human race, that body in which the soul functions when it leaves the physical body. No resurrected physical body would have had the glory of the body beheld by His disciples.

   Those who have studied the trial of Jesus before

Pilate are aware that Pilate hardly knew what to do with the accused. He was halting. He hesitated. He asked advice. This was contrary to his usual method, which was one of rapid expedition. Pilate was wise enough to know that the great personality of Jesus had tremendously impressed the people of his time. Jesus was crucified. Even then, Pilate knew not what course to follow.

The body was given to some friends who placed it in some kind of grave—a tomb—and a great rock was rolled before the entrance, blocking it up. The darkness that suffused that portion of the earth, darkness black as ink in the daytime, the rumblings heard in the earth, and other miraculous events, made Pilate and his advisers deeply conscious of something stupendous in the personality of the one crucified.

Naturally they said: "If He be the Messiah, His physical body may arise and He live again." So secretly, at night, Pilate sent soldiers who removed the body and had it burned so that when the disciples and others came to look within the tomb the body was gone.

8. What is thought and where does it come from? Is it inspiration?

Ans.: (By Coleridge.) Thought emanates from the source of all intelligence, the Divine. Inspiration is this thought-energy when it can be made of use and can be employed as an instrument of service.

9. Will you explain the notable departure in the communications of Jesus, as reported in *The Twentieth Plane*, from His epigrammatic style as shown in the Sermon on the Mount?

Ans.: (By Coleridge.) The reader will look for epigrams from the Master, but it should be remembered that, of all His spoken words, only very few were written down. These survived because they were more epigrammatic than His other words. Even the few sayings which were reported have in some cases been changed by interpolation and elimination, for theological reasons.

10. In ordinary human experience, thought seems to depend entirely upon the functioning of the physical brain. When that organ is seriously diseased or injured, insanity, unconsciousness or death ensues. How can it be shown that the individual continues to think after the physical brain, because of death, has ceased to function?

Ans.: (By Coleridge.) In the physical world, when the physical brain becomes diseased to the extent that consciousness is utterly suppressed, it cannot be shown (in the physical world) that the soul is functioning in an expression of conscious thought. Neither can it be shown that the soul is *not* deeply at work thinking and realizing in a universe of reality.

If the physical brain is but partially diseased, a rational thought expressed occasionally in an intellectual way satisfies the psychologist of the earth plane at once that, granting that there is such a thing as the soul, it is functioning in a world of thought.

Oftentimes the extent of the knowledge of the soul is so great that the brain is not equal to its required functions, and so collapses. You call this insanity. Often the solitude and seclusion more than repays, by its effect upon the evolution of that particular soul, for the physical pain endured by the individual and his relatives.

You ask how one in the physical world may be positive of these things. I reply that faith, hope and the apparent justice of it all are not deceivers even of the intellectual brain. Faith, hope and justice, in every century, have been the only things that have preserved the sanity of the people. Without these the human race would have been annihilated long ago.

11. Is it possible to lengthen human life indefinitely and hold it in eternal youth in order to be of service to humanity?

Ans.: (By Fra Domenico.) The physical must obey the spiritual. If there were necessity for such a course, the spiritual could lengthen out forever the days of the physical.

12. Two personalities, Spinoza and Disraeli, are said to be one ego. How is it they both speak to us?

Ans.: (By Spinoza.) When the soul becomes a personality in the first instance, it has commenced to live a personal identity life. We have learned here on the Twentieth Plane that every soul has within its reach the attainment of genius. Further, we have learned that, genius once attained, the soul may make, for the purpose of humanitarianism and teaching, not only one physical body visit, but many. We know of genius souls that have journeyed back to the earth plane through a hundred different physical bodies. I who answer this question, Benedict Spinoza, was reincarnated in physical bodies in your world many times. The best known expressions of my ego were as Benedict Espinoza and Benjamin Disraeli. It naturally follows that the essential ego can recall for use the old earth plane characteristics, so I have come from this plane on occasion as Spinoza and as Disraeli.

13. Is it possible in this age to compose great original music basing it on fundamental melody, or are all available melodies of foundation character exhausted?

Ans.: (By Paganini.) I look upon a great composer as one who sees, feels and hears the subject of his composition, and I am sure that the great composer does not hear, see and feel the theme or motif of his music unless he is living the life of a great melody.

Art is that in every soul which urges the individual to do some one genius thing in a superlative way. In music the acme height is reached when a melody is made of the composer's own interpretation of some grand conception he has heard and observed as through his soul poured all that his consciousness was divinely aware of.

As melody of rapturous excellence of sound-harmony is beyond a display of technique, and such melody will always lie just beyond the most extraordinary use of harmonics, it is a musical solecism to say that melodies will ever be exhausted. The prudes and pseudo-masters of music, the mediocre leaders of conservatories in every age, have said, "Now is melody exhausted. Our resort is to an invention of new harmonics and tonal effects, and the use of every artifice that will substitute the artificial for that which is natural." Every age gave the lie to such sophistry. There has always been and will be sufficient melody in the ever-singing voices whose echoes finite perceptions catch and make into the music of the physical world.

14. Why have many of the best psychic results been secured in semi- or complete darkness and why is it that certain and subdued lights have been found necessary particularly for etherealizations and materializations?

Ans.: (By Coleridge.) It was never intended that psychic manifestations should be frequent on the earth plane, and so the great Chemist (God) placed in the light-waves of the physical world the actinic power of purple rays. They neutralize the rare etheric gas through which is projected thought from the astral world, the energy necessary for etherealizations and materializations to be effected, and all forms of psychic contact.

It is evident then that darkness, having eliminated the action of purple rays with their actinic powers, allows us to use our energies in your room without too great a neutralization. The energy we employ for all psychic contact with finite consciousness is greatly enhanced when you neutralize purple rays through darkness and the use of various artificial coloured illuminations. I will name these in the order of their importance: Pink, red, green, blue, yellow.

15. Without the use of obstructing material, will it ever be possible in the light to make objects invisible which are usually under the same conditions visible?

Ans.: Once you find a colour whose rate of vibration is beyond recognition by the colour-knowledge field of consciousness as it is controlled in the conjunction of the physical and spiritual life, then all objects will become invisible to you. That is exactly what invisibility is. There is no such thing as complete invisibility. All one can say is that some things at a given time are invisible to some souls.*

16. What is the value of those distinctions made between terms describing different stages of development such as psychic and spiritual, astral, pranic, manassic, the Twentieth Plane, etc.?

Ans.: The value, if any, consists in their function of differentiating between phases of consciousness. They are to be accepted only in their symbolic, and not in their literal suggestion. To emphasize either numerical or name distinctions is to build unconsciously a theological system by which, through the use of such terminology, the cult endeavours to preserve its identity.

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* When name is not given with the answer, Coleridge is the author. Reporter.

17. What is the difference between psychic laws and spiritual laws?

Ans.: One might just as well ask: What is the difference between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. Of course you would say: The difference in form, expression and organization. Yet we say the most important element of all these is the one basic universal substance. So in answer to your question we say there is no difference between psychic and spiritual laws because the psychic and the spiritual are principles of life. The most psychic thing in nature is the most spiritual. There is, in this larger view, no difference.

18. Is it possible for every one who may wish it to be clairvoyant?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) Every man and woman to some extent is clairvoyant to the consciousness of the soul. It is not possible for every one to be clairvoyant in the usual comprehension of the word which paints a picture from nature's page, or of a person seen clairvoyantly.

19. What is the most perfect form of government?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) That is the most perfect form of government that inspires its citizens to do the right with the least compulsion.

20. What reliability can be attributed to mediums under control when so many mistakes are made in giving messages?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) The same reliability that can be attributed to any of the ministers of religion who make so many mistakes and go on making them, *ad infinitum.*

21. What is the relation between the ether of space and the spirit of man?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) Ordinarily, man breathes in the ordinary atmosphere of his world, but deep rhythmic breathing synchronizing with thought and inspiration causes man to breathe the inspiration of space which is a more rarefied expression of physical atmosphere, and when this is done he is in contact with life on higher planes.

22. Is it possible for a man who lived a very sinful life on this earth to come back to us after his death and torment us? Can bad spirits return to us at all?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) There is not nearly so much obsession through evil spirits as most folk think. Rather look for the obsession of light and love, of good, kind, noble, angelic spirits. Do not place the responsibility on the spirits. Remember that each human being is a magnet, an immortal magnet, and you will (if you desire it) attract that noble guiding spirit who will uplift your life. Yes, it is possible to attract from the other world, as you call it, evil spirits, but it is just as easy to attract the good.

23. Does everything that takes place in the physical world first take place in the astral world?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) Where the soul is God is. God has made each plane—each one of the "many mansions" in the house of the Father, a particular plane for the originating of some grand idea, some noble conception which adds one factor to the glory of God in the great universe of His Love.

24. Do you believe in the "supreme sacrifice"?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) I believe in the supreme sacrifice if by that you mean that the humblest man in the universe as well as the omnipotent Ruler of the universe would, on occasion, because of love, take that which he valued most for his personal necessity and give it lovingly if it would save a brother. Yes.

25. Does not repentance draw forgiveness without any effort on the part of the injured?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) That question is axiomatically stated. Yes. Listen! You have wronged some one. He refuses to forgive you. You plead in vain. Do not argue much with him in an intellectual way. Tune your life to love, include this person whom you have wronged. It will not be long before he will come to you, not asking forgiveness, but in such a way that both of you may explain and understand. That is the noblest kind of forgiveness.

26. Why not Spiritualism? It is good as I have proved. The very essence of good.

Ans.: (By Emerson.) Absolutely so, my friend, who asked the question. We here care not about terminology. Call the process of projecting my thought through the physical instrument on the earth plane what you will. Call it spiritism, call it Spiritualism—we care not. Neither does God. Let each individual express himself as well and ably as he can.

27. How can we best acquire and develop spiritual gifts?

Ans.: (By Emerson.) You have all the spiritual gifts that will enable you to be all that God desires. If you ask me how best to develop the spiritual gifts within you, I answer: *have faith, love deeply and be natural.*

28. Does the artist, when he forgets time and is absorbed in his art, achieve completeness and become full circle?

Ans.: (By Disraeli.) When painting, literature, sculpture, any form of artistic effort, becomes real art, then be sure that two artists were responsible for the work. One is the manual artist, the other is the inspiration of knowledge and beauty to which he affixed his personality so that *the twain together were feminine and masculine powers that gave birth to art from nature.* You are an artist only to the extent of your abandonment of intellect and your realization of the universe working through your personality.

29. To what extent may one trust his vision?

Ans.: (By Disraeli.) One can trust, without hesitation, all one has or is or ever will be to the integrity of one's vision. No earnest and sincere man was ever completely mistaken. Vision is an intense illumination, a guide vested with divine honour, which alone you can trust. Vision is the momentum of truth, the light of explanation that your life receives when you open the closed doors of your experience of life. Vision is the key that unlocks the door of a fact.

30. You say you do not speak to us in words, but that you project your thought through a physical instrument to us. What process changes your thought into our language?

Ans.: (By Coleridge.) *The process which changes our thought into your language is the same as that which changes your own thought into the expressions of your own language.* First there is the thought; then that thought passes through our mind. It is relayed, first, through astral atmospheric air regions until it encounters physical gaseous air regions. Then your medium, a sensitive magnet of attraction, gathers in our projected thought and each thought as it is received by his consciousness strikes the exact musical language-note which becomes a word. A number of such so-received thoughts become sentences. These sentences, if they find the consciousness of the medium incapable of supplying sufficient words to express our idea, then cause the medium's consciousness to become *en rapport* with the reservoir of all thought and words and language, so that the Instrument's consciousness, providing that conditions are equal, selects for us from every source the exact words and sentences to express our definite meaning.

Maternity is the elan that a woman's life achieves through the art of her love.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

THE HEART OF THE MATERNAL

Those who have awaited the coming of the babe that did not arrive; those who would be mothers, but know that cannot be on the earth plane; those who have known the terror felt by the mother when her child enters alone into the mystery of death; to all of you, I speak the thought of the maternal heart.

Mothers are as near to God as woman can ever be. "A little child shall lead them." They have an experience denied to other human beings. In experiencing the birth of a child, they undergo purification for the enlarging of their souls into the wider soul of the child which in turn widens till it touches other lives into reality.

To women who have been denied a child, life still may be the reflection of the star of love. Many a child is born and lives in a woman's ideal, though it never, in a physical sense, nestles a wee head against mother's breast. These women idealize life, so that when other women become mothers, their babes live in a world of beauty, for woman is God's passion-flower in the garden of the earth.

To those mothers who have felt baby lips on theirs, and little fingers feeling Mother's face, who remember the first day at school and the education complete, and the babe now a man, and this man a soldier, dead; there is this knowledge, consolation that nothing more or less than this has happened: the babe who became a man, a soldier, a hero, has entered into the after life a few hours before you, and these few hours, Mothers, will so divinely complete your child, man, soldier, hero, that when you come to him he will be a full light, a guarding power, a guide to you along the eternal path that leads to God.

Mothers, realize that you are blessed by God because the earth depends upon you for its population. Mothers have said many times through the ages: "We have very little political power." They are forgetting that women are the great law-makers of the physical world, for they give, determine, and educate the citizens of every age.

Mothers of the earth plane, you have, perhaps, the greatest gift of all. It is possible, and possible only through you, for a soul, an individual ego, to secure out of your body a physical body in which to live. The Divine has made you so that He can find a physical home for a soul to live in, only from you, mothers of the earth plane.

Mothers of the earth plane, if you were here in this heaven world, had, before you passed to this plane, been the mother of several children, and found an opportunity as I find it now, of telling two or three of the most important things for the welfare of mothers, what would you say? I do not know, but some day you will be here, as I am now. You may find an opportunity to speak to mothers, and among the things you will say, will be these, I am sure:

Mothers, realize that what your baby is was determined by you when you were in your girlhood. Some think that the genius of a man comes to him when he is physically born. They do not know that genius came oftentimes when the mother in her girlhood had an experience and felt life's deep nature. The birth of a great soul in the physical sometimes dates back to the tender years of the youth of the mother.

Mothers on the earth plane, you have two important duties to perform: first, to be the maternal university your children attend; second, to teach your daughters, the potential mothers, to seek to understand this experience. Students of the human mind on the earth plane speak of the mother instinct. I do not like that term. It is wrong. This is not an instinct: it is a natural, lovingly-directed use of the power of maternity. There is nothing automatic about it. It should be called mother-love. It is the desire of every girl to be, some day, one who will hold in her arms part of her own body containing a soul to love. How little girls love to play with dolls, the representations of mothers who will some day hold in their arms a child of their own both to love and to play with. The mother who does not play with her children does not deserve them. But do not make the mistake of thinking that when little girls hold dolls in their arms, this is merely an instinct. It should be given another name. Call it the birth-ideal, for the desire to be a mother is the uniting of body, brain, soul, intuition, and all divine and human knowledge, as a girl realizes knowledge, when her life urges her to be a mother.

I have said that the genius of a child is born during the girlhood of the mother, through a certain experience. That experience takes place when the girl enjoys all life speaking to her soul, and this has never been in the experience of any girl a silent, inaudible voice. When that voice spoke, though, many girls hardly listened. A few were all-intent. They became the mothers of great men and women. When life speaks to the girl, telling her that some day she may be a mother, then should all society surround that girl and contribute the teaching of maternal preparation. These things should be taught to the coming mothers of the human race.

The body of the baby is born from and is a part of the mother's physical life. The soul is born from the universe. The soul that comes to the particular physical body comes nearly always on the invitation of the quality of that body.

Teach your daughters all that you know of the laws of motherhood. Teach them that exercise, health, thought, purity, are religious duties, and should be attended to as one attends to prayer.

Teach that a mother, when she was once a girl, became radically different from man, because she, as perhaps one of the highest duties of her life, had already commenced to live these lives, one of her child to be, and one of herself.

Teach the power of desire. Tell every girl that if she commences life's duty in early years, she can place herself directly in contact with a soul that, though her babe is still unborn, will find a home in her baby when she gives it a body.

Be impressed by the deep important duty of a woman's life—to prepare the coming race of mothers, and to teach the race that already has arrived.

We cannot know what maternity means till we study the nature of woman. No matter what the earth plane may require of women in labor and government they will still retain those noble characteristics which belong to woman. The construction of a woman's body is more delicate and tender than that of a man. She is a sensitive and responsive soul, easily impressed by love and as deeply influenced by its absence. Through the use of intuition, vision, patience, hope and faith, God has attuned her to inspiration more finely than man.

I do not know whether nature has been more careful in her work with women than with men, but usually both the soul and the body of women are more beautiful than those of men. I do not say that nature has made woman greater than man. I am speaking of fineness, beauty, sensitiveness, finish. Sometimes I think that women are the branches and leaves of the tree, and men the great strong trunk, in their place and for the purpose of their being, equal in their importance, each great, but reaching to the same height up different sides of an arching mountain.

Woman is a flame, an intensity, a passion. She has schooled herself through discipline to resemble men in physical and mental attitude towards common objects, but the lioness has a far more intense and fiery disposition than the lion. Woman combines deep, passionate vital forces, which in a supreme crisis can command, through the power of reproduction, certain energies in the universe. Such energies so combined have become you who now read my words.

Daughters of the earth plane, ask yourselves this question many times: Is my life as a woman to be mere accident, haphazard and chance, or shall I direct it? Because I have deeper emotion and feeling than most men, I can, if I consider the object important enough, become a martyr, know what hell is and smile. By the divine power, I—the only chamber of being through which, by opening the door of purity and idealism, a soul can enter, then open another door and walk out, a boy or a girl—I will bend my high intensity into the channel where flows the love of God.

We advance a step. Sex impulse is based on love. The heart of the maternal has this motif of music singing always a twilight lullaby, a poem, a thought whose burden is: God made me a woman to be loved. I only receive love when I give love. My love is but a half circle of gold waiting to meet another half circle of gold, waiting for the time when the two shall melt through passion together and become an encircling source of strength. Love is the perfume that the peace of silence detects in every storm.

Women of the earth plane, those of you who are mothers, and those of you who are not, history records that most of the worthy achievements of men have been inspired by women. I fear that, unless the present generation of women on the earth plane, enjoying all that man can know, still retain their feminine qualities, they will become a race of Spartan mothers; and Sparta, with all her glory, did not endure. What then must be done by the women of the earth plane to preserve their womanly qualities, and, above all, the soul of the maternal?

Women should develop their beauty. Do not tell me this cannot be done if the physical body does not possess it. The true man loves the beauty that he sees expressed through the eyes of a woman when he becomes aware, and this is love, of the character of her soul. There are no ugly women. There are only ugly bodies. The woman is her soul, and there is no woman so utterly depraved, with rare exceptions, that she cannot be developed into beauty through desire.

Women of the earth plane, those of you who expect to become mothers, do not suppress yourselves. Laugh; be free; live much in the open. Cultivate grace of speech and carriage. Give full play to the sensitive, responsive, wave-like motion of your soul, as it demands a liberal life of beauty in a free but sensible world. When a woman has become a mother, forever then she has a sympathy with every other woman, a sympathy which only mothers know, and which she has because she is a mother. In that direction, she has fulfilled, in the physical world, all that was expected of her. God knew the suffering that mothers must inevitably pass through, so in compensation He gave to them this precious jewel—the material to employ for the making of a human being, thus making them creators.

Every woman who ever lived had a mother, but not every woman became a mother. Has God forgotten the noble women who are not and never will be mothers? Sometimes I used to think so when on the earth plane I met the woman who was not a mother, but now I understand. The woman who is not a mother should spend much time with children. She should recognize that every woman has a duty towards all children, both the born and the unborn. The divine faculty of maternity was never utterly suppressed in any woman, though she never gave birth to children in the physical sense.

Before children are born they are collected. Who collects them? Who brings together the particles of their being? It is principally in this that the child is born. Other women, all the time, assist the mother, in an important sense, before the birth of her child. It is necessary for the woman who does not become a mother, in so far as she can, to share the maternal experience of one who will be a mother; for, as I have told you, maternity is never totally suppressed in any woman. If you saw from our world what happens when the body of the unborn child is assembled and grows, you would observe that the mother with her life is reaching out in a thousand directions and collecting those elements out of which her child will be made. These particles are brought to the mother both through the human mind and physical body channels. Only another woman than the mother, through the maternal force in her being, can assist the mother to draw physical and psychic elements that, passing through maternity, become human beings.

So, women of the earth plane who are called the ones who will not be mothers, realize that next to being a mother is the divine privilege you have of assisting, through prenatal influences, in the formation of another woman's child. This is true of the body. It is a million times more true of the mind, and of the soul that will come to the child. Experience teaches that when a child becomes a man or a woman of genius and greatness, and you cannot attribute this to inheritance, ofttimes that child is born through the effort of some noble woman who loved the mother, more than through the physical door it used to enter the world. This seems to be God's compensation to the barren woman, who, though barren, entered into the heart of the experience of maternity that another woman had through her maternal desire which was her love. Friendship sometimes gives genius to the child of a friend you love.

Mothers, learn to know when your work is done. Realize that when your children have reached the age when they can take those they love and add to the citizenship of the world, all your work is done, except to love your children forever. Having done all that is possible for your child, if he disappoints you—causes you pain—remember that your work is done, and the responsibility lies now with the child. Mothers love their children so much that they blame themselves for a thousand things for which they have no responsibility. Do not do it, mothers. Have faith to know that there is a God who is both Mother and Father; that the Mother part of Him made all His children, including you, and that the Father in Him will some day, somehow, allow you to see in your child your highest ideal realized in most perfect form.

You ask me how I know. The heart of the Maternal told me so, and it must be true, because that Heart from which was born a child can never be a false witness. Let us all then dwell in the sunlight of the greatest Mother Heart of all—the Love of God.

The Woman Soul

Because all the earth is torn asunder by problems which, while in process of solution, distress mankind, woman with her deep feeling has despaired and felt lonely for, even in normal times, she is, in one phase of her life, greatly misunderstood, and in abnormal times she is greatly neglected. Speaking as a woman who lived on the earth plane, loved, was loved, reared children and ascended to this higher plane, I cannot but feel that if the people of the earth understood their women better, the joy of the earth plane would be enhanced.

I say to the women of the earth plane that, no matter how much they are satisfied with life, how serene their domestic situation, how they are loved, have children that love them, friends who understand them; though in every way life seems to be worth while; yet all agree with me when I say that every woman on earth, regardless of her situation, has an indefinable yet vivid sense of regret within her soul. A great artist on the Twentieth Plane once said within my hearing, "There never was a beautiful woman who did not have some form of tragedy in her eyes." The purpose of this little essay is to find out what the regret is that burns in a woman's soul; whether it can be eradicated, and how.

The women of the earth plane are all hero-worshipers. The regret in their souls has been due to the inequity of your political and economic systems. Heroism has been almost stifled. Women are great when they inspire men. All great men have been inspired by women. All the complexities of modern civilization became intenser, the struggle for existence keener, and a small minority—an aristocracy of wealth, with reins of gold—held the people in bondage. Then women uncomplainingly despaired because they found men becoming machines, and women as hero-worshipers could not worship a machine.

The woman who was a mother, knowing this, despaired because she realized that her children would become part of the great machine of slaving humanity. Women have that indefinable regret in their souls because ignorance, disease, prudery, mock-modesty, lust, sin—all these were the manipulating forces which made the only companion the woman could have in her life. These led her into situations where she was forced uncomplainingly to have her body polluted, her soul darkened, and all this in a world which called itself "Christian."

There have been more martyrs among women than among men. There are some things in a woman's life that she will never surrender. The foremost is her right to be a woman. This carries with it the insistence on a righteous world in which her children, her lover-husband, and herself can be protected by religion, education and democracy. This indefinable regret found in every woman's soul is there because, no matter how pure her life and that of her husband-lover, the world in which she lived and he existed made it almost impossible for her to be a heroine and him a hero.

The vice of an age stamps out individuality. Through all the years of a woman's life her individuality and that of the one she loves becomes a common type without a personality; then the oppression, the slow disintegration, gives birth to that regret which is still found in the soul of the happiest woman on the earth plane.

The outlook is bright. Your age, by calling women to the service of the state, and by that rebirth which all the peoples of the earth plane have experienced, is achieving the preservation of womanhood. As if a world-wide storm had uprooted and cast out all fear, you are passing from the blight of degenerate centuries into an epoch when the development of individuality and personality through all the educative processes of the state has become with you almost a religion. With the coming of this epoch, that indefinable regret within a woman's soul will slowly disappear, and soon every woman will be a heroine and every man a hero.

—*Mary Youle Watson.*

He who tells a story that a little child can understand is greater than one who writes for the geniuses of his time.

—*Hartley Coleridge*

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

In the autumn of nineteen nineteen, it was intimated by Hartley Coleridge that if we would invite some children to a circle meeting, one of the children of the Twentieth Plane would speak to them, and he himself would tell them some stories. The proposed party was held at the home of the Benjamins on December seventh. Seven children and seven adults were in attendance. The proceedings, in part, are as follows:

Mary Youle Watson:

"Boys and girls, there is a little difference between our world and yours. There is lots and lots of air between my world and your world. But my world is real, and your world is real. Perhaps you will wonder how it is that I can talk to you and yet not be with you. Well, this is the way I do it: You have the telephone in your world. Maybe you have never seen the person you speak to, with the eyes you wink with, and perhaps you will never see or touch them, yet you know someone is there, and you are talking to them. Perhaps you will never see me in a body, but there is a kind of telephone between my world and your world, and I am talking through that telephone. It has no wires. Have you anything in your world through which you can send messages without wires?"

Harry: "The wireless telegraph."

"Yes. Well, this is a sort of wireless telegraph. I am speaking into a telephone, and my thought goes in a wireless way to Mr. Benjamin, and he hears me and speaks to you.

"I want to tell you a little about love. This is what love means to the children on the Twentieth Plane. If you say to yourself, 'I want to be good so that my mother or my father will think I am a fine boy,' if you say to yourself, 'I want to be a fine boy so that at Christmas time Santa Claus will bring me a present,' if you say to yourself, 'I am going to be good so that my mother will think I am the best boy she ever saw, the best girl she ever heard about,' well, that is not love. Trying to be your best so that you will get something—that is not love.

"A little girl came to me the other day. Her name was Clara. She said to me: 'You know, I have never seen my mother.' And I said:

"'Yes, Clara, I know you have never seen her.'

"She said: 'Still I love her.'

"I said: 'How do you know you ever had a mother?'

"'Oh,' the little girl replied, 'they have told me all about my mother and they have shown me something which shows me what my mother was like.' Then she said: 'Mary (the children in this world call me Mary), I love my mother.'

"'What do you mean by loving your mother?'

"'Well, when I think, mother is in my thoughts.'

"That is love, children; when you think and father or mother is in your thoughts, that is love. In that which you think, you find what you love. . . . When you want to love your father or mother, do not want anything for yourselves. Do not think about yourselves at all. Loving others is to think about them and forget yourselves. I will love the fragrant young heart—the star soul of children.

"Children, a little girl is going to speak to you now. Her name is Eva. Talk to her and have a good time. She is happy that she has been chosen a kind of queen for this May occasion. She is here with her love, so good-bye for a little while."

Eva:

"Dear people and boys and girls: They told me there would be a children's party on the earth plane and that I could come and speak to you, and I said: 'Shall I memorize a piece?' and they said: 'Oh, no. The boys and girls on the earth plane just want you to speak to them and tell them about your school.' So would you like to hear a little girl of this life tell about the school she goes to on the Twentieth Plane?"

"Yes." (From several.)

"Well, we get up, here, quite early in the morning. My mother says it would be about seven o'clock in your world. Do you know the first thing we do? We go outside our house—it has not a door or window, but it has openings where there are doors and windows in your houses. There is in the sky something like what you call the sun. Well, it serves the same purpose. It gives us heat and light. We call it, for the children, the preparation-star. We see the preparation-star and feel as if God reached a beautiful arm from the sky, and His fingers move all over our faces, and when His fingers reach our bosom, we breathe deeply and we feel strong and clean. You do the same thing in your world with water. We cleanse ourselves for the day by facing the preparation-star.

"Then we go to a great, beautiful field. We have not, in this world, winter-time like you have. So we do not have to wear so many clothes as you do. But we do wear white clothes and blue dresses and pink gowns. We go to a place in the woods where the grass is long, and about eight hundred children sit in a circle with our teacher in the centre, and we can hear the flowers talk to us, and birds come and speak to us, and the trees speak to us, and we look at the sky, and the sky tells us something.

"You learn your lessons from a blackboard. We learn from a skyboard. We learn our lessons from all the world, and that is as it should be, and will be, in your world. We have only one teacher for all the class, from the youngest child to the very oldest. Well, we go to that kind of a school for about three hours as you would know it by your clocks, and then we come home and rest. Do you know how we rest? We find some boy or girl who cannot understand something. We know that two people together can understand much better than one alone. But my teacher says we are never alone. She says that the love that is in you will be seen by you in everybody and in everything else. She says the way to have beautiful things said to you is to think beautiful things about others. Our teacher says that when one person meets another, he must look into his eyes and become quiet and think, 'I am a little child, and I am before one whom God has made, and so I am in the presence of God.' Then a beautiful feeling will come over you, and first thing you know that person begins to say the most wonderful things to you.

"Now, boys and girls, ask me any question and I will try to answer you."

"Do you learn lessons as we do?" one of the girls (Lorna) asked.

"We learn lessons about conduct, religion, art and life. We do not learn much about arithmetic and languages. Those are things that you must learn in your world."

"When you learn art do you make drawings of the things you see about you?"

"Yes, we can make drawings so that all the other children and the teacher can see them. We do not make them on paper. We learn here that everything is thought, and it really is. Before the artist in your world can paint a beautiful picture, a picture much more beautiful is in his soul. Even in this world, we never can express all that we think about the things of art.

"Remember that a little girl of the Twentieth Plane named Eva spoke to you. Some day some of you may meet me, and when you do, I will take you into my own flower garden. Flowers have souls, and know what it is to love. I will teach you the name of each flower, and you will learn to love them as I do. I will show you some dogs and horses and pigeons.

There will be many things to tell you about, which I cannot tell you about now because I cannot speak as well as the grown people."

Hartley Coleridge:

"They have asked me to come and tell the children a story or two. The first story I will relate is a fairy tale.

Dimpity Jumbo

"The hero of our story, boys and girls, was named Dimpity Jumbo. Dimpity lived in a world like your own. His father had a cart and used to go out and sell vegetables. Dimpity had eight brothers. His mother had to work hard and not one of them was neglected. They had plenty to eat and to wear, and their home was very enjoyable.

"His father and mother used to say: 'I can understand all the children but that boy Dimpity.' His mother would complain: 'If I send Dimpity around the corner to buy something for me, I never know when he will come home. If I send him to school, I never know whether he will reach school or not.' Dimpity Jumbo was a fat boy and, my, how he did love to sleep!

"Once he was sent to school, and the school did not hear of him, and neither did his father and mother for three days. Do you know what he did? He went out into the country and lay down in a field and went to sleep, and we shall never know whether he slept for the whole three days and nights or not, but he was found fast asleep. A little bird was right on his face, and even that had not wakened him.

"A farmer came along and saw the boy and the bird. He went up to Dimpity. The bird flew away. He took Dimpity by the shoulder and shook him, at first wondering if he were not his neighbour's scarecrow. He felt him again and saw that he was real, so he shook Dimpity some more, and after a long time and very hard work, he got him wakened. Dimpity rubbed his eyes hard and did not say a word. Then he searched his clothes, but could not find one thing that would show where he lived, so he took Dimpity Jumbo home with him.

"This farmer was rather a strict man. After Dimpity had finished his supper, the farmer said to him:

"'I will not have anyone around my place that does not work,' and he looked at him as fiercely as if he would eat him up. He looked far fiercer than the giant in 'Jack and the Beanstalk.' The farmer said: 'It has taken me three hours to get you to tell me your name, and where you live; you've had your supper and have put me to a lot of trouble, so you will have to saw wood for three hours more.'

"So Dimpity Jumbo was taken out into the yard where there were piles and piles of the hardest kind of wood cut out of an oak tree, and you know how hard that is. But Dimpity had to saw, for he was really frightened. But he thought, 'This farmer had to bring me here in his wagon, and I think I ought to repay him.' So he worked just as hard as he could till he had made a big pile. His muscles were tired and his head ached, and he wished he was home.

"After he had worked for three hours, he went to the farmer and said: 'I have done my work. I am awfully sorry I have caused you any trouble.' The farmer said: 'You are a good boy. You are made of the right stuff. You have pluck.' Then Dimpity Jumbo said: 'I would like to go home to my father and mother.' The farmer said: 'All right.' So they hitched up the horses. Dimpity was so fat he could hardly reach up to help hitch up.

"Then Dimpity thought, 'Will father punish me for being away so long? If I can make friends with the farmer all will be well.' So Dimpity Jumbo said: 'Mister, I am afraid when I go home they will give me an awful whipping. But I'm not so much afraid of that as I am of seeing my mother cry.' I knew a lot about this for I used to get a caning when I was a boy. They call it caning in England because they have a cane and they give you a smart crack with it. Then you dance around and feel pretty badly for a moment or two, but English boys bite their lips so as not to cry. That is the way we all should bear pain.

"The farmer said: 'When you get home I will tell your father and mother the truth. You worked for me. I found you resting. You had a fine rest and you worked for me. Leave it to me.' Dimpity Jumbo thought that sounded all right, but he was rather shaky. The farmer helped Dimpity down. Just as Dimpity thought, his mother was crying and his father had a worried look. So then Dimpity began to cry too. His little brothers and sisters came around asking questions so fast he could not possibly answer any of them.

"Then the farmer said: 'Mr. Jumbo, your boy has learned to work.' The father said: 'Well, he never worked before.' The farmer replied: 'He has learned how to saw wood, and to think of his father and mother.'

"So Dimpity Jumbo thought for a long time what he could do for his father and mother. He cut the wood and carried water for his mother, and this was the turning-point in Dimpity Jumbo's life. As soon as he began to think of other people, and do things for them, people began to say: 'Dimpity is a real little man. He isn't like the old Dimpity Jumbo at all.' And sure enough, he had become a man. So this is the story of Dimpity Jumbo and his long sleep.

The Phantom Canoe

"This will be a true story. Once I went to the shore of a lake here and lay down on the sand. As the waves moved along the shore, one could hear music. To be alone near a beautiful lake or in the woods makes us grow strong. It is the same in your world. Be often alone so that thoughts may come to you that you do not think. The thoughts you do not think are much more valuable to you than those you think through will power or determination. The thoughts that come to you that you do not think are the thoughts of inspiration.

"I was lying on the shore listening to the music of the lake, and was alone. I looked out over the lake and saw a little boat—something like a canoe, only this had sails of pure white, outstretched like the wings of an eagle. The boat moved over the waves and came towards me, and as I looked at this wonderful boat with the eagle wings outspread, a little girl stepped out, then the boat vanished and was seen no more.

"I did not recognize the little girl. Here, we know instantly whether one belongs to this world or not, and I knew that she had just come. Her eyes were beautiful, of a brown color. Her name was Helen. She said to me: 'I have come to visit this great world because I am trying to find my mother.'

"I said to her, 'Why do you want to find your mother?'

"I knew that she could find her mother all right, but I wondered why Helen wanted to find her mother. She said: 'Hartley, the only reason I want to meet my mother is so that she can send messages of love back to my brothers who are on the earth plane.' I wanted to find out if Helen wanted to meet her mother, to see her for herself. So I said: 'I will do that for you. I will send a person who will meet your mother, and she will send back to your brothers on the earth plane a message so that they will not feel lonesome.'

"Helen came to me and put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I thought there would be tears in her eyes, but there were none. Then she said: 'Oh, I am so frightened. My boat is gone! I thought to drift back in it to the other world.' I said: 'Helen, you are so beautiful that probably you do not belong here. I fear the children even of this plane might find you too frail, too delicate a glory flower to dwell among them.' All she did was to look at me and smile, so I took this great child by the hand and walked in silence along the path of meditation. How long we walked I do not know. Helen will never know. It may have been for days, but there came between us a kind of understanding, and I found that some of the strength of my own nature seemed to leave me and go to Helen, so that when we reached the mother-group home, the child was not quite so frail, and I said:

" 'Mary, I have brought you from the open arms of the sea an angel-child of love.'

"And Mary kissed Helen, who seemed to find herself at home amongst us. She is still with us. She has seen her mother, though she never once asked to see her. Helen has learned, because she knows something of the religion of this plane, that her brothers will some day meet her and her mother, and that the only suffering they will ever endure will be the suffering they bring on themselves. No matter how long they live, some day their own mother will meet them, and all their suffering will be as a mist which the wind shall blow away, and all shall be right in the eyes of God forever.

"This is the true story of Helen who came to this plane on the ship that had the eagle wings.

"I want to tell you something important: There is a way you can say a thing so that none will believe you, and there is a way to say it so that one would instantly know that you had spoken the very soul of truth. When another comes to you, as if I came to Gladys or Myra or Harry or Dorothy or Gordon or Grace or any of the boys or girls, and says, 'I will write a letter and leave it on the table in this room.

Will you put that letter in the pillar-box?' if you say to me in a low voice, and do it without effort, 'Yes, Hartley, I will post the letter,' then I will know that you are speaking the truth. But if I ask you to do something for me and you speak in a loud voice and ask me a question—if this time or the other time will not do, then I am doubtful whether you will post the letter for me or not. The way you say a thing shows what is back of the thing said. Truth never speaks in a loud voice. Truth never asks a question. Truth is either negative or positive, never vague. Truth has a way of guaranteeing that the truth uttered is all the truth.

"Now I will tell you a fairy tale.

Good Nature

"A very great man came to us not long ago. If you met him, boys and girls, you would say he was Santa Claus. The only difference was that he was much taller than Santa Claus. But he had a long white beard and little small rolling eyes and a round face. He just looked like a ball with two ears and two eyes stuck on the ball. I do not know that there was a chin. I said to him:

" 'My friend, I am glad to meet you.' He said:

" 'I am glad to meet you also, Hartley. But I have come here to teach people what there is to learn about the giving of gifts.' I said:

" 'We will be glad to know about that.'

" 'Well,' he said, 'have all your friends to-night gather around me.'

"So all the mother group and many others formed around this wonderful man. Do you know what made his face so perfectly round that you could not tell the chin from the forehead? Why, it is because he laughs so much. He was always laughing when he was not thinking thoughts to us. There are some people who enjoy feeling badly. If you hurt their feelings they have a much better time than if you do not. Well, this was just the opposite sort of person. So all the friends I could get to come gathered around and formed a circle. He sat in the centre of the circle and said:

" 'I have a surprise for you. It is far more important to know how to receive a gift than to know how to give it. Giving a gift is something anyone can do, but there are very few people who know how to receive one.'

"Listen! Santa Claus is coming to all the boys and girls soon. I mean the same kind of Santa Claus that I am speaking about now—part of him true and part of him not true. Some people tell children, when they get to be a little older than Grace, that there is no Santa Claus, but do not believe them. There is a wonderful Santa Claus, but I must go on with my story. Well, the wonderful man with the two ears stuck on the round ball, and always laughing —we will call him Good Nature—said:

" 'Anyone can give gifts, but it is hard to know just how to receive them.'

"Most people can get possession of something. You can go out and make a snowball, and give it to another boy. That is easy. But how will the other boy receive and appreciate what you give him? I am telling you this so that at Christmas when Santa Claus comes to you with gifts, you will remember that it is very important to know how to receive them.

"I will tell you how to receive gifts. First of all you naturally look at the thing given to you. Then you want to know who gave you the gift. At Christmas time you will say: 'Yes, I know what this is—it is a plaything. I am going to have a good time.' That is wise. Then you will say, 'Who gave me this?' And you will say, 'Santa Claus.' Then you will think about him for a second or two. Then you will forget him and play with your gift. Then you will think a great deal about yourself and the gift. Let me tell you this. Always remember when gifts come to you, they came because of somebody's love. Santa Claus in no age ever brought a gift to a child except through the love of some human being.

"This man, Good Nature, taught me that to know how to receive a gift is far more important than to know how to give one. The way to receive a gift is this: realize that through love, which means someone else thinking about you, the gift came to you. Remember that the person who sent you the gift sent you something else, gave you something of himself. Everything you touch has some part of yourself go all around the thing touched. You cannot see it, but it is there, and there are some people in your world who can see, they can take the thing you touched, hold it in their hands—they have never met you, and perhaps never will meet you, yet they can tell what kind of person you are, simply by touching the thing you handled. So the way to receive a gift is to hold it in your hand first, and know that it came to you through love—to know that a part of the person who sent it is in the gift and will be in it forever.

"I could tell you many other things that Good Nature told me, but my hope is that when you waken up on Christmas morning and find beautiful things around you, you will remember that they were made by people and that part of the people who made the things is in them, and think, 'I must look upon every gift as sacred.'

"I must tell you there is a real Santa Claus. He is born out of the thought and love of humanity. He sends out thought desires in thought waves, so that once a year the great divine Master, Jesus, uniting his thought with these desires, can come into the lives of little children and make Christmas and the gifts of Christmas great events in their lives.

"Now, boys and girls, I will tell you another story, and I want you to help me by taking part in it."

Here Hartley ascertained what kind of a story the children would like, and they decided that it was to be a story about Christmas on the Twentieth Plane and about two children, Eleanor and Arthur.

The Christmas Tree

"Boys and girls, Eleanor and Arthur once came to visit my father. He is a great lover of children and they know him very well. He loves children to call him by his first name, so they said, 'Samuel, we want to have a Christmas tree such as the children on the earth plane have.' So my father said, 'All right, we will do that.'

"So when Christmas eve came along, the time you have it on the earth plane, Samuel took them into the big room where he studies and said: 'I am going to change this into an earth plane room.' Then he went over to the wall and pressed a button, and there was glass in the windows of our room, and there was a door, and it was closed. And the boy and girl looked out through the windows and it was snowing—big white flakes of snow. The moon was in the sky, and we knew it was very cold outside because we could see the breath that others were breathing out as they walked by, and we heard sleigh bells, and a group of people came in front of the window and sang Christmas carols.

"Then Eleanor and Arthur turned and saw something standing so high it reached the ceiling, and on it were candles and bells and stockings and presents, and it was one of the most beautiful sights you ever saw. What do you think it was?"

"A Christmas tree!"

"Yes, a Christmas tree right here on the Twentieth Plane. Then my father said: 'There are candles on the tree and they are burning and you do not understand such things, so do not knock them over or the tree will catch fire.'

"Eleanor and Arthur promised that they would be as careful as they could. But they were not used to such things, and they were not very long at the presents on the tree when Arthur accidentally knocked one of the candles over and it set the tree on fire.

You should have heard the children scream and seen the big people come rushing around.

"We have no fire department here, so what do you think we did? We said to my father: 'Press the other button!'

"He pressed the other button, and suddenly there was no door, no window, and no Christmas tree, and the children began to cry. And my father said: 'Children, what shall we do? If we bring the tree back, it will be burning, and that would be dreadful.'

" 'Well,' he said, 'there is another button on the other side of the room. Try that.'

"We were scared all this time because of the excitement. I was trembling. My father looked worried. Eleanor and Arthur had their arms around each other. And what do you think happened when we touched the third button?"

"I do not know."

"When they touched the third button, nothing happened, and that made matters worse. I said, 'There is a fourth button.' But my father said, 'You leave buttons alone, my son. You are getting me into all sorts of difficulty with these children.' But I thought things could not be worse, so I said a prayer for protection and took a long breath, I looked for a way of escape if anything happened, then went over and pressed the fourth button and out came the Christmas tree and the fire was out, and the candles were all burning, and the winter was outside, and we could hear the carols.

"Then Eleanor took one of the little horses from the Christmas tree and handed it to Arthur and said, 'Here is a Christmas gift for you.' And Arthur took off a doll and handed it to Eleanor and said, 'Here is one for you.' So they exchanged gifts of love and were satisfied.

"We did not have to touch any more buttons. All that happened was this, Eleanor waked up and rubbed her eyes, Arthur rubbed his, then they both agreed that it was only a dream. Perhaps it was. Some of the most wonderful things in our lives seem to us only dreams. But there are no dreams. At any rate your dreams are real. The beauty of a dream is nature's way of educating your imagination."

Man is the method by which the divine comprehends himself.

—*Drummond*

THE FOCUSING OF GOD'S PERSONALITY THROUGH MAN

COMPILED BY HENRY DRUMMOND AND DICTATED BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ALL the universe, in one stupendous moment, gathered all her forces and made you. Each individual necessitated, when energy fused and a soul was born, a contribution from all the planes, so that from a trillion channels flowed, into one definite entity, a combination of all universal substances, which so gathered, became you, my brother, my sister. This was so of your physical body—the material world in which you live. It was so of your mental life. Supremely was it so of your present consciousness which is now comprehending the thought of my consciousness, as the vision of your soul reads the pathway of my thought along life's highway.

Experience continually emphasizes to the members of the Mother Group that man is made in the image of his Creator. It is the object of this chapter to tell you why. But the telling of a message of this nature will elude you unless you, with soul alertness, live with us the sacred import of such a theme.

Man, above all else, is a universal duality individualized in the most general expression of his being. He is dual along two deeply delved depths: The first portion of his duality is that he is made in the image of his Creator, because *man is a direct product of all creation,* and in physical man is found actual and representative portions of all finite and infinite substances of every plane. The second phase of his duality is that *man is the method by which the Divine comprehends Himself,* through the loving growth of His ever-living children. Summarized, this means that man, in the dual agency of his representation of Deity, is made of the same substance of which Deity is composed, so that Deity may find in man a method by which both add glory to that Eternal Magnificence, the vision of beauty breathing through all that is, and using as a respiratory breath, wisdom at the point of her highest contact.

The more dual a man is, as so far described, the more individualized he becomes. For in the second portion of his duality, man, as a method, teaches that such duality is a form of infinite concentration of divine elements and method organized into an entity which, my brother, is yourself.

Now, Friend, I have been speaking through the thought of a higher plane. I will meet you in the home of your own sphere, and lovingly we will contemplate that which a great philosopher said was the most important study of all. (Man, know thyself.) You say my thought is mystical, the vague and unpractical dream of a visionary. Your intellectual age demands, as your business men say, solid facts, concrete things, data spread out on the level of a jury's mind. Very well; so be it. I am your brother. You are mine, and, said the light to the shadow, "My brother, let us climb." We have reached then the first position of soul-unfoldment consideration.

Friend, you are physical. This you admit. There is represented in you practically every chemical ingredient. You have an animal nature. This you admit. You are, of all sentient creatures, supreme. You control most of physical nature, both internal and external, by means of that method which Jesus referred to when he spoke of "taking thought." To this you give complete acquiescence. But when I tell you that you—the eyes that now do see and the ears that now do hear—despite your theology, your religions and your assertions, when you contemplate physical dissolution, are immediately confronted with the doubt of your own dismay. None know this better than the encircling planes above you. You admit it, because as long as I walked in my reasoning on roads of physical matter and the control of some of the lesser laws of nature, there was agreement with me, but the moment you felt *terra firma* no longer your foundation, the merest immersion in higher plane attraction caused in you almost asphyxiation. But, Friend, what did I say contrary to all the promptings of your heart, the teachings of the greatest philosophers your world has ever known, and the ever-truthful voice which through the innumerable ages has made the poets prophets of religion?

Now is the dawn of day on the bosom of a suffering earth plane, a world of pain and anguish. Far back, beyond the rolled pages of the scrolls and the flat pages of the latter day books, philosophers, priests, orators, statesmen, occasionally saw beyond the gloomy hills of materialism and beheld, as through an aperture, the world-life of a higher plane, and knew that most of the people on that higher sphere came from the lower to the higher life. So History, in her chariot, journeyed thunderously on, and since little nationalities are always the oases of truth in a vast desert of darkness, that little nation, Athens, held on high her crowned head and was a kingly people. Her lips were, not with Promethean but with celestial fire, to speak the word of the aftermath of hope. Athens gave to you, Friend, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, and many others of those philosophers whose depth of insight and life-hold of truth is your admiration even to-day. Their refrain was the eternal teaching stated in the simplest language: Man is made in the image of Deity.

From thence we traverse many centuries and come down to modern times. Though the skeptical plausibility of Hume, in his essay on immortality, creates dismay, there are many royal purple threads in his thought. Man is immortal. *Cogito ergo sum.* To think is to be, and to be is immortality. But among the great souls that you have termed your philosophers, there is one whose life more and more is becoming surrounded with that halo which humanity gives as the laurel wreath of victory. One of the sons of men sang more clearly than any other thinker the refrain of the immanence of man. In a moment I will tell you his name, but let me ask you, Friend, who among the philosophers of modern times, having given serious thought to the question, "What is man?" has tendered to humanity the most intellectual and soulsatisfying answer? I do not know your reply, I cannot hear it. Only you know it for yourself. I am not now speaking for Jesus the Christ. Too long have men and women spoken in *forte* voice *for* Him. Too long have many in vain died for Him. Now has arrived the day when your only adjustment to Him lies in the fact that, for the last time, your age is allowed to belong to Him. He owns it. He has paid for it with His life blood. It is His. See that no act of yours withholds it from Him.

It is not of the Master at all that I speak. But there is one thinker who lived in modern times, an Amsterdam Jew to whom your universities, the whole tendency of your modern religious thought pays eternal homage, and that is the soul too great to be crowned a king, but humble enough, in the words of Heine, to be called a common soldier in the ranks. He is Benedictine Espinoza, and he in his *Ethics* taught me what I have told you about man, about yourself, my friend, and he said to both of us: "You are a part of creation. You are organized out of finiteness into infinitude." So man is an extension of the Divine, and Benedictine has added to that since coming to this plane:

"Man was extended to the lower planes by Jehovah's love in order that he should know through darkness the land of simian shadow, grow through the soil of earth to the experience which must come slowly up through debris. This experience is an initiation through discipline and education, the only method of graduation unto Him who is on high."

December 30th, 1919.

In all the trades, professions, and vocations the experienced individual is the only safe one to entrust with an important matter.

You reply: "Genius can take the place of experience, and I trust genius."

But I say, genius is experience.

—*Schopenhauer*

If man is immortal, if all men live again, people who have lived once must be some place now. Is it not possible that for a noble and important purpose, they may come back into the environment where they will be most useful to their fellowmen?

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

Received December 8, 1918.

THE RE-BIRTH OF THE RE-BORN SOUL

Compiled and Dictated by Schopenhauer

Reincarnation is a fact because soul intelligence rises always to the proper level of its native plane activity. Reincarnation is a question on which, for centuries, there has been too much speculation and not enough of axiomatic observation. One does not need to prove or argue that a mountain is a mountain, a square a square, a circle a circle. The truism of a revealed fact mocks at your speculation and doubt and yearns for you to come and live with her, for you know truth only when you are a member of her household. Some questions are too great for argument, and reincarnation is one of the largest of them. Therefore I do not argue; I demonstrate; and in so far as one can make cosmic thought finite in expression, I explain. Once you accept the fact that immortality is a truth, then time becomes an illusion. The earth plane is necessarily illusory to the extent of withholding too intense a light from eyes not strong enough to face the unveiled countenance of the greater solar light; and so, on the plane of earth, you know things in particles, you see things in fragments, but as you spiritually extend your vision through your life, particles become large parts and fragments become elements, and then, particles and elements melt together: you have the experience of death;

physically, you are no more, but your soul lives on a higher plane.

The human race has always required and will ever need men of power with a vision that leads. The intelligence of such men is the product of either one or the other of two experiences. One is that after nine months of physical gestation (which is nine months of non-conscious intellectual development to the fœtus) because of the heredity of the parents, the surrounding environment, and even, in the most recent times, the contributing factor of the law of eugenics, a Lessing, a Fichte, a Mendelssohn, a Hegel was born. These men were all geniuses. Physically speaking, theirs was the experience, absolutely, of the whole human race. It is not convincing to say that these men inherited their genius as a prenatal contribution through the physique to the intellect, because to say that genius is the offspring of physical conditions is tantamount to saying that a circle is a square, and God Himself cannot say that.

It is reasonable to say that genius is the accumulated experience of the soul; that a genius is the reincarnated soul that has lived through many lives, some of them on the spheres and some of them on the earth plane. From the same parents, under the same physical conditions, where the body and brain are physically equal, one son becomes a Goethe, and another a nonentity. The wise must then seek an explanation higher than the physical. There is no truth so overwhelmingly convincing as that of the obvious, and no earth plane sophistry, materialism, philosophy or speculation can offer an explanation of greatness. Greatness is a thing of comparison. If all on the earth plane were on the same intellectual level, you would have the perpetual mediocrity of monotony. There must be individuals in every stage of intellectual development, and, to be consistent with ethics, spring from a common parental stem. Earth plane psychology cannot explain the soul. It knows only a few laws about the physical mind. Reincarnation is the only explanation of physical and astral progress.

We have arrived in this demonstration and explanation at two definite decisions. One is that immortality proves time to be an insubstantial dream. The other is that the standard by which you judge the greatness of a race is by her great men, and this greatness has almost nothing to do with physical conditions. Only one of many is a reincarnation. Every genius is a reincarnation. Every philanthropist, every humanitarian is a reincarnation. But even if I say that one in every hundred is a reincarnation, I reveal to you the fact that there are hundreds of thousands more geniuses on the earth plane than you ever imagined were there. One in a hundred, roughly speaking, would make one hundred in ten thousand. Extend this over the earth's population, and you have a great group of experienced souls capable of being guides to their brothers and sisters. In all the trades, professions and vocations, the experienced individual is the only safe one to entrust with an important matter. You reply: "Genius can take the place of experience and I trust genius." But I say: *genius is experience.*

Reincarnation acts in this way: In the early first-day, formative stages of the reach over from chaotic animal matter to physical matter with the divine touch of intelligence, a race of inferior physical beings palingenetically increased and became the inhabitants of corner territories principally of what is now Europe. This population became practically extinct, for the reason that there was in it not enough soul-attracting force to call forth a reincarnated soul. So primal human population became extinct. Then inferior races accumulated in other quarters of the earth plane, and the first primal population that learned the simple lesson of ownership through work taught it to others. Then a sacred attracting force was generated sufficient to call from one of the planes a soul that had had the experience of reincarnation on several of the lower planes and which reincarnated then for the purpose of saviourhood, and became the first saviour to be born on the earth plane.

This was the beginning. Archeological records will be found in your century that will tell of the first saviours. So the first genius was born, and ever since then that law, the law of necessity, has attracted the experienced soul for purposes of reincarnation, and this is why the intuition of every nation regards it as a truism that whenever a great crisis comes in the life of a people, exactly the leader for that occasion is always found. This has been true of every remarkable period of time in every nation. I do not labour the argument of this point because it is an axiom.

Plausibility is a much neglected force on the fifth plane. I know it is a slave worked to death. But like every slave, it is not appreciated. Plausibility is wisdom seeking expression through the field of least resistance. So plausibility was first a guess. Then it became a true one, and was an explanation and a demonstration of reincarnation. Every great human philosophical conception as well as every mechanical invention was first a guess. Plausibility has a strange and singular way of whispering secrets to the mind that has learned to listen. But plausibility is only one step up the stairs of light.

Take a concrete example of reincarnation so that you may understand. William Shakespeare had an illiterate father and mother. He received little more than the common school education of England. He was the only genius born to his parents. He was the only dramatist of his calibre born to his age, though many a youth knew the waters of the Avon. William Shakespeare is himself his dramas, and out of the experience of his reincarnated soul came a literature that encompassed all the knowledge of all the centuries up to the sixteenth, and, in vivid searchlight lines, had vision even to your day. I have said that time is less than a dream. There was not time enough for William Shakespeare, by speaking to every great man of his age, and reading every important book in the libraries of his time, to have accumulated one fractional part of the genius that he utilized. Did he absorb his knowledge from the air? Did he by some psychic means call from the clouds those who told him what no man before had written, and what all since have failed to imitate? In part, yes. His method was psychic. The reincarnated soul is a psychic human planet revolving in a system of attraction. But this is only a minor comment. William Shakespeare, when he wrote of Marc Antony, was dramatically living again the time when he was a Roman senator, and likewise when he wrote the characters of any of the other nations. "Time does not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety." His genius was his experience, as all genius is experience. What is true of William Shakespeare is true in degree of every woman and man who reaches over the edge of ordinary intellect and cosmically recalls that which they formerly experienced.

You ask me: "Did William Shakespeare remember his Roman, Grecian, Egyptian, previous life experience? I answer, no. Not through the intellectual memory of a new physical brain. This is the lowest form of memory, hardly above animal adjustment to minor sensations. But if you ask me, "Did William Shakespeare experience the divine afflatus, the above-clay-man sense of soul detachment and become identical with the divine?" then I answer, yes. *He lived what he lived before—the character he was in a previous life.* And so, the Roman, the Grecian, the Egyptian, are the local and native countrymen, born in, loyal to, and of the nations William Shakespeare recalled them from.

In conclusion, do not make the mistake of thinking that William Shakespeare is an isolated example of genius and reincarnation. He is not. Some were developed far beyond him. He was really chosen at random, except, perhaps unconsciously, because he is so well known among civilized earth plane nations.

Genius is a river. Its current runs strong only in one direction. Through all such lives, the only difference is that some of the banks on the river sides are narrow, others wide apart. It is entirely a question of degree.

So this is the chapter on genius. You notice that I have not referred to the reincarnations of Jesus, but have chosen one whom you might not to any great extent term a religionist. I did this designedly, because, though Jesus himself said he was from the foundation of the world, you might call him a god, and so I would lose the force of a subject so obvious that it was a truism.

"The aura is an expression of the inner character of the soul just as the features are the outward expression of the physical character."

THE AURA OF BEING

William James

Just as every being is clothed in his garments of personality, so too the soul dwells in the garment of a body and has a personality. The personality of the soul may be properly termed the aura. The aura is an expression of the inner character of the soul, just as the features are the outward expression of the physical character. The ordinary human being of the earth plane, whether aware of it or not, has seen, in the extraordinary moments of another's life, the first faint expression of the aura, and there must be some reason for the emanation of this clue.

You have noticed at times in the one you loved a light and colour in his eye which was not physical. Particularly has the brilliancy of light been noticed surrounding those who were super-normally exhilarated just before physical death. The pure in heart, the saints of every plane, have seemed to have a halo over their heads. Some paintings picture the saints adorned with a poem-circle of light.

The aura is the space occupied by the personality of the soul in the field of its present consciousness. Neither physical nor spiritual being occupies simply that space which covers the height, width and avoirdupois of the individual. The smallest man, physically, requires sometimes the largest amplitude of space in which to function, for the reason that consciousness is the extension of the material out of which the human aura is composed.

The human aura is made up of infinitely sensitive substances, an amalgam of thought, colour and musical vibration—soul-emanations by means of which the soul has contact with strata connecting it with the consciousness of the universe. Besides this, the colour emanations from the aura constitute a world in which all the souls in the universe function along similar lines, so that the relationship of which Tennyson wrote—"Our echoes roll from soul to soul"—is the quintessence of naked truth. In this super-expression of human personality, then, the aura accomplishes its purpose, even as groups of colours in the spectroscope designate the character of organic or inorganic substances in the physical universe.

The aura may be said to be the colour-group formation that issues from the mental, moral, and spiritual composition of the personality, and this is why the psychically adjusted eye of the medium can observe the aura of the average human being.

In a general way, each colour reveals the character of the human soul. Herewith is appended a list of auric human colours and their meanings, but it should be distinctly understood that the meanings are broad and general and not to be accepted in any exact sense at all.

White.—The religious soul builds this colour.

Pink.—The great colour of compassion and devotion.

Blue.—The colour of the independent original mind.

Green.—The colour of cosmic insight or vision.

Yellow.—The colour of intellectuals.

Red.—The colour of courage and determination. If it is of a greenish dull hue it means anger, revenge.

Purple.—Found in the aura of souls that rise above conventions. The iconoclastic colour.

Black.—Indicates the death of all colours. It means the degeneration of the individual.

Brown.—Akin to black. Means a degree of degeneration.

Grey.—The colour of melancholy.

The artistic soul always has lines of silver and gold. There is a colour in the human aura rarely seen by the most sensitive psychics on the earth plane called by us "Lentern." It is like the imaginative silver yellow that you sometimes imagine issues from the moon. This is the colour of skepticism and if faint is a virtuous colour, but if deep, it is apt, because of its psychic effluence, to contaminate all the colours of the rainbowed soul.

The aura of the human being is now only determined by the supernormal individual of your plane. It is just beginning to be perceived by the psychic consciousness of your race. The time is not distant when all the people of the earth will find that there is a beauty beyond dress and materials in all their manifold forms, even the colours of the aura, which are to the soul what light is to the eye.

If one citizen suffers either through an unjust law or through neglect, the nation has a disease more disastrous than any war.

THE ESSENCE OF GOVERNMENT

A Symposium

If one were to refer specifically to the factor responsible for the ruin of nations and the downfall of empires, one would be wisely directed by the gods in saying that governments for the most part have failed. There is a school of historians who would rather condemn the masses of the people and say that they failed to make the instrument of government anything but a transitory power of expediency. The masses of the people, in the spirit of justice, deserve no such condemnation. The most democratic state the history of the earth has known became, in the end, as ruled by government, the victim of a tyrant, a dictator, or an oligarchy.

I adhere to the principle that I was inspired to realize on the earth plane, namely, that the rulers of the people should be the geniuses of the race. Now I look deeper into the political status of the necessity of mankind, and I say that the government must be wholly, simply, an expression of your religion. I do not mean by that a system of religion—a theocracy such as that advocated by Savonarola. That is only a phase of an expression of religion. I mean that the government of man must be a form of national worship.

If you ask why Greece in zenith moments had a contented people with beneficent rulers, I will tell you it was because during such glorious epochs, Greece had rulers who emulated past and present greatness. It requires no detailed argument to make manifest the fact that the making of laws by the rulers of the people is the laying down definite forms and latitudes within which the people course their conduct, live their lives, and become either an asset or a detriment to the state.

Government should be simple, as all great things are simple, and capable of exercising authority through a few emphatic and universal principles. I am reminded that one of the most virtuous acts that history records is the burning by Justinian and Constantine of thousands of laws which, because of their great number, made a farce of simplicity and glutted with debris the machinery of government.

A government, in order to be effective, must be responsive, not to the desire and will of the majority of the people, but to the desire and will of the great men and women who are the true kings that subjects must follow, up to a certain limit. Your age should be democratic. By this I do not mean mass-ocratic. I do not mean license and the freedom of the majority to prevent political progress through a vast diversity of ideals. I do mean that if any extant earth plane government employs four principles I will now enunciate, then that nation will be transformed into a nation that belongs to the Republic of God.

1. Utilize all the energies of the state to discover statesmen whose passion of love for the country is so great that their country is to them the supreme ideal.

2. Have this group of statesmen select promising youths to be educated by the state for political purposes.

3. In all your systems of education, thoroughly teach the history of the world, particularly the history of your own nation so that national history shall become the atmosphere of the people's thought.

4. Teach political ethics as a part of religion with this law especially demonstrated: If one citizen suffers either through an unjust law or through neglect, then the nation has a disease more disastrous than any war.

The cycle of progress has, at this stupendous period in earth plane history, revolved with you till now the face of your intelligence looks to the sun of opportunity: Either you will now form for each nation a religious government or you will strew yourselves as nations among the wreckage of time. I admonish you most seriously. Be warned. The greatest crisis in the earth plane history was not your war. It is the present hour, and none know it more feelingly than we of the astral world. Just now the earth plane governments are drifting, tottering, whirling, and the people, restive under a vacillating leadership, are liable to be stampeded in ignoble directions. I do not think you will contradict this statement of affairs, and if not, then, statesmen of the earth, see that the great orators of the earth plane, the litterateurs in poem and prose, in drama and in religion, at once set the people on fire for righteous government.

There is a peculiar psychological strength in agitation and national excitement. Great leaders have rarely emerged from calm, but when the thunders of war and the danger of national destruction are abroad throughout the land, you find your national leaders. The great danger that threatens the earth plane at the present moment is the lethargy of masculine exhaustion, and this is the time when woman can restore and create a form of great communication with the divine in man. I verily believe that evolution—the growth from an original impulse which created the ball of earth plane matter—held the vision, strength and love of woman in leash until your present hour.

Men of the earth plane, call noble women into the council chambers to deliberate on an equality with yourselves. This must be done because legislation by men is but the rule of men over half the nation. Just as women inspire the single individual to deeds of valour and immeasurable greatness, so, called to the council chamber, they will fire the whole nation to do virtuous things and intense things, so that the fire thus kindled will consume iniquity.

A state is a community of understanding. With woman in any other position than that of co-equality with man, you have a community of diversified interest through ignorance. Then man makes, as he has made all the march of history in the past, a series of appalling blunders. In modern times, to use an example of the philosophy I teach, the legislation of civilization assumed its most religious form when certain personal rights were recognized and legislated for by government. These rights were the protection of women and children, and the shortening of the hours of labour. Laws for the protection of children were demanded by one great woman in England. I have met her here on this plane and her poem, *The Cry of the Children,* did more to make her time a sublime epoch than nearly all the astuteness of politicians whose practicality caused them to be more concerned with avoiding the passing of government measures for the benefit of the people than otherwise.

If one woman with one poem could be responsible for one of the greatest acts for the protection of children, then I tell you emancipated women deliberating in the political world and working with men on an equal basis will make your age so vividly splendid that the light of all other ages will be faint amid the commingling of lights.

PLATO.

April 4, 1920.

The earth plane should recognize that there have come to pass thrillingly important political events which should set the mind of man thinking. The great war, as a war, is ended. The monarchy of Russia is gone. Ireland is about to receive Home Rule. In England, the United States, and most of the British Empire, equilibrium seems in its first step about to be established between labour and capital. The League of Nations has already held council and legislated for the nations. Turkey and Germany realize now that there is a Council of Man that intends to protect, with the might of civilization, the minorities as well as the majorities, including all the rights of man.

Nevertheless, yours is a world tossed on the ocean of political uncertainty, and it behoves the two great leaders, statesmen, geniuses, in civilization to follow the path of wisdom in order to prevent the ship of the world from being dashed to pieces on the rocks of a shattering coast. You have taken the first step towards the establishment of progressive peace on the earth plane in the formation of the League of Nations. You have advanced a step when the great Conferences of labour and capital have studied together the needs of humanity. If your age is now demolished through the selfish ambition of the leaders in the political world, *it will not be through ignorance.* It will be with the thorough equipment of the knowledge of experience and the warnings of history, and if disaster comes under these conditions, no allowance can be made for your stupidity. The two great political leaders of genius in modern times, living in the spirit of your age, are the people themselves as a whole and the opportunity that knowledge gives you to make your epoch an august era among the periods of immemorial time.

It requires but one careful step in which every man and woman is deeply concerned to furnish civilization with marching orders; then you march with but little obstruction to the Olympian heights of victory. You have established a certain element of equilibrium between capital and labour. *Extend that equilibrium to education, to religion and to government and you are saved.* We do not despair. This you will do. I ask you when? After a generation has lived and died in vain, or now? The astral worlds have this confidence in the divinity of man: they believe you will do it now; and if you will, then make this the constitution of your purpose:

1. I will include in my religion the selection of great men for every office in the state.

2. I will exercise my franchise as a prayer.

3. As a father or a mother, I will teach civic virtue in my home. I will encourage my children to study the heroic genius of those leaders of the people who have died so that history might be great.

4. I will recognize that a government is merely an instrument of direction, and that the time has come for governments to exercise compulsion only among a small minority who compel governments to use force.

5. In as far as individual action may inspire a government, I will make this my prayer: That the government of my country, no matter what government it is, will legislate this necessity as a vital part of an immortal portion of its permanent constitution. Each nation, in the political sense, must be two worlds. One world is that in which the force and might of government is exercised for the protection of every individual in the state. The other world is that into which the government with its legislation never enters. It is a world of individual freedom of thought, and to some extent of action, which the government refrains sacredly from ever penetrating. This sacred world of freedom from governmental power is the nucleus, the beginning, the embryo of a grand age coming when the instrument of govern-

ment will be an intangible, subtle, hidden power, for the law of progress is that man advances most where there is the least artificial restraint.

Some European nations, even down to your day, with laws of severity, a state-controlled religion, and actual domination over every act of the individual, have run contrary to the law of growth through freedom from restraint, and have found their government wrecked, their monarch slain, and they have awakened as republics. It requires only a slight extension of this law for every nation to recognize the same danger. So, be wise, O nations of the earth plane. Give your people freedom. Protect them. Let the people themselves appoint their rulers and become democracies in which the true government is the religion, the literature, the education, and the drama of the people.

The fallacy of modern history has been that statesmen have thought that ambition, debate, diplomacy, and oratory was government. What they ignored was the fact that each of them was simply a representative of the idealism, the hopes, the aspirations, and the prayers of the masses of the people. Your problem is not so much to find the proper form of government as to form your government from the ideals of the people. There should be a ruling power in every state. It should not be the government but the people. The government is a voice, the people a soul.

DISRAELI.

April 4, 1920.

I place myself, as each of you can do, in tune with God's harp. Life vibrates the strings till all humanity takes up the refrain and sings of emancipation and light from higher planes.

—*Lincoln*

INAUGURAL FOR THE NEW AGE

By Lincoln

Fellow-Citizens of the Earth Plane:

The most tragic blunder within the pages of historical record is that throughout all time peoples and nations knew not their heritage and threw away their virtue. But he is not a statesman who feels distressed about the mistakes of the past. He only is fit to lead the people, who is an optimist, who realizes that the new age is born, and that an advance has been made, through the earth plane war, far beyond the dim reflection of hope's celestial star.

Individualizing, then, the spirit of your age, your epoch thunders, reverberating throughout the firmament, and exclaims, in the golden words of a prayer which time has burnished to a lustre that is love's, that the day has come when things can be done on earth as they are done in heaven, meaning that they can be done as they are done on the higher planes, in a practical, rational, spiritual way through ethical economics. The development ensuing will be:

The League of Nations with its constitution, the covenant of man, must come to pass. There must be a Parliament, a World Congress, at which the needs of all the races of the earth are presented.

This representative World Congress must be elective, the *franchise being extended carefully to in-*

dividuals of high ethical and educational standard. When this is accomplished, the higher planes will rejoice, knowing that the deliberations and the resultant legislation, though not perfect, will tend directly towards perfection. The details, the higher planes leave, knowing that no great error will occur through such a Parliamentary Congress. Still there are some principles that will make the new age fit for the birth of a babe and the death of the aged.

These things shall flow out of the Congress of Man for the betterment of the people.

The earth plane must have a universal eight-hour day. It must insist through state law that poverty before and after the birth of a babe shall not be known. Up to this time the poverty environment at birth has been the greatest sin known to man. There must be state control of births, mother pensions, old age pensions. That nation is cursed that sends, through no fault of the aged, an old tottering woman, a broken, diseased man to the workhouse because he is not slick and sleek enough under your economic system to steal enough wealth for a refuge in the stormy season of his whitened locks.

There must be in the earth plane a standard of education under state control which will ensure, to every boy and every girl, free entrance to the lowest form of educational institution, and progress through all the stages of education up to the university. If the parents of the child are not sufficiently wealthy to pay for the education of their child in this way, then the state must see that the child is given absolute opportunity, and that the parents do not suffer through being deprived of the earning power of the child. For, in the new age, the nation must consider not only individuals but families, since the nation that sustains the homelife and the relationship of parental control through love, and that nation only, is blessed.

Each nation must have these foundation stones on which to rest: A supreme court of arbitration for labour disputes. The referendum, not haphazard, but as a part of the constitution of the nation. The principle of the initiative. The great principle of recall. And above all else—and if I ask the divine presence, this is the time when above all others I would pray for His inspiration and guidance—the nation as a whole must get together and reform its religion. All the denominations of the earth must send representatives to a great general conference in which they will realize that the spirit of the times is demanding and insisting with irresistible voice that all the good in every religion, all the wonderful in art, all the educational in science, all the inspiring in music, all that wisdom and knowledge can contribute, must be placed in the crucible of man's greatness and allowed to become molten so that the product flowing from that crucible shall be the religion Moses knew and Jesus taught and all the world is hungry for.

I must request that when this message is published there be printed in italics this apologia: *With love towards all, and knowing full well that these thoughts do not emanate from myself, but have arisen from a cosmic source, I, Abraham Lincoln, do not say these things as a result of my own thought. But I place myself, as each of you can do, in tune with God's* *harp. Life vibrates the strings till all humanity takes up the refrain and sings of emancipation and light from higher planes.*

I close by saying again that the new age of universal democracy is come, and all the history of the earth plane up to the present time has been a voice crying in the wilderness for a way out, so that God's will might be done on earth as it is in heaven.

My brothers and sisters: this is the message that the Mother Group and other groups on this plane desire should see the light of day, so that when those who are on the earth plane, who believe in the truth of this form of communication, read, they may know that many planes have voiced the truth through these words.

December 21, 1919.

There is no such thing as consciousness individualized and completely isolated from the larger consciousness which is the psychic world.

—*William James*

THE VISION OF LIFE THROUGH PSYCHIC EYES

Composed and Dictated by Spinoza and William James

Can the finite physical mind, employing psychical qualities, or any other faculties, foretell events? The thinkers of the earth plane have asked this question, and this chapter presents our effort to answer it. Our answer is in the affirmative. It has been done from time immemorial, and always will be done, for the reason that each future event has its initiation in the present. The conclusion of a thing is already a fact at the precise moment of the conception of the idea.

A seed is already a flower in the real sense, even though it never becomes full-blown. Each positive, specific, concrete thought, is, in itself, at once, past, present and future. But you say, "The seed never became a flower; why call it a flower?" Because the seed is a flower, but in an infinitely concentrated form. So with all truth. One who has what is erroneously described as the power of seeing events before they happen, only employs this simple intellectual process. He has the power to see clearly the line events will follow until the ultimate development has either been reached, retarded, or suppressed. An entity does not need to have within itself the actual material of its future being.

You ask: "Can one see future events the initiation of which has not yet taken place?" No. That is not possible. The greatest seers and psychics, the most sensitive psychometric souls cannot see to the unrolled end of a line of action till the initiation of the fact has commenced.

Were I to live again on the earth, I should endeavour to use all my faculties instead of a portion thereof. Every soul is now, for the most part, unconsciously employing those faculties which allow use of prevision, prediction, prophecy. Every man, daily deciding on his course of action, is nearly aware of the events of the day and knows the steps he will take before he sleeps again. This is a form of prevision. Everyone, some time or other, has suddenly said: "Such and such a thing will take place." You have all done this. This is prediction. Some tragic thing has taken place. You have felt deep emotion over the event. You have felt indignation. Then you have said: "I know what this will lead to." This was prophecy.

I have indicated in a simple way that every human being exercises to some degree prevision, prediction, prophecy. The statement of this truth is so convincing that you find its reception nothing but natural. If these things be true in a limited degree of the average man, it is not difficult to realize that the exceptional man has the power of prevision, prediction, and prophecy in a large way, and the rare man sometimes called a prophet, seer, psychic, has the power so universally developed that you feel he is a special creation. This is not so. His is a larger conscious life. He has a wider range of adjustment to universal consciousness.

The faculties of consciousness possessed by the average man, such as seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, are regarded as his equipment for the battle of life. The essential fact that he overlooks, because it is supremely obvious, is that a combination of these five forces become a sixth, which is that larger vision known as prevision. The united faculties resulting in the sixth faculty, prevision, achieve their results best when the coördination of the five is equally balanced. Let us demonstrate this. We will call seeing, observation; hearing, brain-sense; smelling, physical detection; tasting, sense-discrimination; feeling, super-physical sense. Combinations of these qualities when balanced—that is prevision—extend the radius of all your thought, producing a sensibility which makes you an impressionistic field of consciousness, and thus luminous etheric thought-waves reveal to you with clarity the ultimate result of each initiated action. Thus you preconceive, and see into the soul of the so-called future, which is not future at all, but only the finished present.

Prevision is a singular faculty of perceiving and feeling the approach of events before their physical and intellectual consummation. When I was a young earth plane student, none made me marvel more than that strangest and most paradoxical of characters, Socrates. Strange, because the vision of his words was as clear as an optical law. Paradoxical, because of the ingenuous and thoroughly human way in which he is reported to have said things that one would imagine one heard only when caught up to the seventh heaven. He made it clear that he followed the directing voice of his daimon. He said also (this I learned after physical death) that some of his words were the utterance of all truth, because the Universe spoke through him when he vocalized the ever-seeking, truth-revealing, but obstructed flow of that voice that reveals all secrets. Many and many a time the Socratic type, with significant detail, has produced the event before the accomplishment of the event-incident.

The explanation of this form of prediction is amazingly simple. The one who predicts the event, let us call the soul. The thing predicted, let us call the fore-ordained and to-be-fulfilled possibility. The act of predicting, then, between the soul and the event is consciousness realizing that the present contains the past and the future, and that the future, though it must be called futurity in the academic sense, is but an extension of the present into the sculptured relief of that truth which the present becomes when it publishes a fact.

A great deal of all you know is received through personal intuition. This fact is so apparent that one hesitates to present the evidence. I shall touch on only one example, leaving the rest to your own investigation. You know how often you have exhausted your brain in your effort to solve a problem. The answer escaped you. Then your brain-thought lay down and went to sleep. Awakened in the morning, you were aware of the answer to your problem. I briefly state this law. Sleep over the things you do not understand. When you awaken, you will have mastered your subject. You do not actively employ the method of intuition much because you are adolescent in psychology. But nature uses intuition for you.

Every human being has a soul which is an extension of God and a derivative of His intelligence. The soul is one of the million worlds within worlds. Every human soul is a world within a world, and all together are God in essence. Within a human world, power is held jealously by individuality because each soul finds equilibrium when, to some extent, it controls its destiny. This is our first step.

Our next step is to realize the dependence of each world within a world on every other world. Such a thing as an isolated world severely itself and alone from all else was never a fact. Now, intuition is the method of attachment and communication between human souls, planes and spheres, thought and inspiration. Intuition is first of all that which unites you with other intelligences. That which unites you with other intelligences is, in the physical world, an actual gaseous field of contact, and in the spiritual sense a oneness with reality so actual that personality is a characteristic given purposely to each ego in order to distinguish it from another. So you see easily how intuition is a physio-psycho-spiritual net of divine threads woven between you and all other life.

All these words have been thrown into abysmal air, where they forever sink in oblivion unless you carefully order your life and, by deep thought upon them at times, learn to distinguish, through your intuition, the teaching of inspiration as it enters your consciousness to be made, in part, yourself.

You say I do not tell you sufficient about this vague matter. No voice can teach you more. But do not despair; intuition will prompt you. The race will forever require to have the exceptional and the wonderful artist, the great musician, and the orator with voice divine. Even the genius of the great in any province of science or art would of itself be impotent. A great musician is a suppressed illumination until he brings the audience to the level of his own mind. The fusion of the artist's genius with the mind of the audience results from this form of greatness.

This brings us with geometrical accuracy to the reality of the conclusion that there must of necessity exist some channel or avenue of communication or connection between you, the artist and his work. I have told you that a balanced combination of the five senses results in a sixth physical-psychical-spiritual sense which enables every soul, to some extent, to have the power of prevision, of prediction and of prophecy. The sixth sense becomes in reality, when united with intuition, an additional sense which we will call intuition of a deeper nature, the into-tuition of the soul through contact with another's achievement, so that by a full use of all the six senses, life is one noble tuition to the perpetually-student soul. Genius is social.

These things have been true philosophically and psychologically since the days of the Attic philosophers. They have always been increasingly true as desire has been answered by increased knowledge. Your world is learning to-day that the highest reason is intuition. Logic is the intuition of reason. All the other senses were but useful servants who, having learned to coöperate, found a superior power in unity, and thus intuition becomes the reason of the human race.

Benedictine Baruch Espinoza wrote the paragraphs above. He has requested me to take up the end of the thread of his idea and pursue our common object, the elucidation of the incalculable service of foreknowledge to the physical as well as to all other worlds.

In teaching pragmatism to advanced students in the earth university, I always laid emphasis on the fact, and do now, that finite consciousness is but a portion of cosmic consciousness, measured off and held in a form of permanent personality, for the purpose of maintaining the individuality of the soul. I lay emphasis on the fact that *this condensed and concentrated individualized portion of consciousness lives, even in the physical world, not in a material, but in a psychic sphere.*

There is no such thing as consciousness individualized and completely isolated from the larger consciousness which is the psychic world. Consciousness is the physical brain uniting with the soul and, as the illumination of education expands, moving higher and wider into contact with the consciousness of the psychical world.

Your five senses, physically speaking, when combined as Benedictine indicates, do produce a sixth sense which I would term the cosmic sense. But if you were born without the five senses, or if they were atrophied through accident or disease, still you would not be shut out of the larger contact with the wider consciousness. I remember well the phenomenal instance of Helen Keller. The reporter of these words heard her articulate thought. Those who know her life intimately know that she experiences with keen perception, love, emotion, religion and genius. None of these were developed environmentally through the sensorium system, except in the most meager and indirect way. Yet this girl's soul is active enough to make her one of the great women of your time. A poet here describes her soul to me in this way: "Hers is a soul in a cell, chained, fettered and bound, yet with wisdom sufficient to know that to the soul there are no cells, chains or fetters."

This is a phenomenal instance, but, in degree, you could multiply examples from your own experience. It is well known that sudden blindness develops, in the individual, equivalent sense-perception. It is not so well known that the blind have a way, not physical, of recognizing objects. Where there is thought there is vision, for thought and vision are consciousness.

I am an evolutionist, in the higher acceptation of the term. I cannot conceive that systems continually develop, and not also the mind of man. The mind of man has stupendously enlarged within the last decade, and the result is that man now is clearing away sufficient material rubbish to enable him to function in a physical-psychical world. The evidence of this is found in the British and American Psychical Research Societies, in the voluminous instances of mental telegraphy, of the astral body seen and recognized by physical beings, of apparitions connected with the death incident, seen by thousands, of the human aura being photographed, of clairaudience and clairvoyance becoming almost a frequent, general performance. One could speak at length about other forms of the phenomena of the physical-psychical world. Sufficient has been set forth to teach that in such a physical-psychical world foreknowledge, prevision, prediction, prophecy, are but the completed result made ready for physical use, as a psychic causality in a physical world evidenced the eternal fact that the human race for centuries, through ignorance, has used the physical sensorium in its five expressions, not realizing that these were inferior faculties urging you to adjust yourselves to the superior faculty of all the consciousness of the Universe.

February 15, 1920.

The Revelation has often referred to the reincarnated soul. Most of the contents of this book have been dictated by souls living in the astral body, but the careful reader will, ere this, have learned the law that psychical communication is possible, not only between the soul in the physical body and one in the astral body—one in the physical world and one dwelling on an astral plane—but communication is possible between two earth plane souls at a distance. This is called telepathy. It is also possible for the soul of a physical body, on a visit to the astral world, while on that plane, to communicate back to physical beings messages from and of the astral world.

In order to demonstrate this fact, and for other important reasons revealed in the chapter, Dorothy Wordsworth (sister of William Wordsworth, the poet) who reincarnated some months ago and now dwells in a physical body and is the child of an American statesman living in San Francisco, California, while her physical body was sleeping, visited the Twentieth Plane, and while there, with the assistance of loved ones, projected her thought through the instrument of this book, and her thought forms the chapter which follows.

It is worthy of note that this is probably the first phenomenon of this kind that the world has record of in such detailed and extended form.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EARTH PLANE GIRL

THIS is the statement of a soul—a girl who is aware that her physical body is lying in sleep at the present moment in the American city of San Francisco. It is not yet a year since that physical body was a bright, happy, but extremely undeveloped girl, as far as the mind was concerned. If you had met her about a year ago, you would have found her a girl probably eleven years of age, with golden hair and deep dark brown eyes, very tall for her age, and with a physical body which, through governed prenatal influences and a sensible study on the part of her parents of eugenics, was lithe, athletic and well-developed. Her forehead is wide and high, the cheeks rounded and pink, the teeth pearly white, a Grecian nose, a somewhat curved and pointed chin; all suffused with an elusive impulsiveness. Such is the castle, the home-body, I will return to dwell in when this chapter is complete.

What does the soul know of the experience of reincarnation? Does the soul of a reincarnated person know anything of previous life, and can it apply that experience to daily action? When a reincarnated person leaves the physical body to journey to the astral planes, can it, does it, carry with it knowledge of the earth plane body, and can it return to the earth plane body? The earth plane, I am informed, has asked many such questions, and I shall endeavour to answer them, remembering the experience of the astral world.

The reincarnated soul, before it leaves the astral world, can, if it passes through a certain schooling, be quite conscious of the experience of reincarnation. I was conscious of it all, and I will tell you my experience.

By means of inspiration, the Mother-group of the Twentieth Plane became aware that a great possibility awaited one of us if we reincarnated for service to earth plane humanity. They were very careful to inform me, by means of cosmic prevision, of the dangers of such an earth plane experience. They told me of a spiritual renaissance in which the women of the earth plane would increasingly work with men towards the establishment of a political system, an education and a religion worthy of the fifth plane, and they told me that old experienced souls with the idealism of heaven were required to build on the earth an age of equity and love.

With such a purpose in view and no compulsion whatever being employed, I accepted the opportunity to descend and sink into dense matter and became a human being on the earth plane. There are those on your plane who remember the hour of my farewell to the astral world. It is intense—you would call it painful—for us to renounce the astral life and descend into a body of physical matter. The hour of my earth plane birth arrived and many on this plane came to bid me *bon voyage* and bless me. The lips of flowers kissed me. The trees touched me with their leaves. The winds sang a threnody of farewell. There was no weeping on the part of strong men and fair women, but there was deep breathing and the meditation of long contemplation. All my environment seemed to say: "Dora, farewell!"

The air—the foundational air—you would call it the earth, and the light all passed me by, and passing, kissed me with an impress that has made me what I am. Then I was on the earth plane in the room of a palatial home and without a physical body just then. I stood beside a bed on which a woman was suffering, and I knew that the woman was my mother, and that she was very sick, and I heard her pray! In her prayer she said: "I have a daughter eleven years of age. She is very dear to me, but I must leave her because I am dying of an incurable disease. I want her to take my place in her father's life."

Then I knew the purpose of my reincarnation was twofold, to take this mother's place in the life of a great American statesman. I knew that through the entrance of my soul into the life of an eleven-year-old child, girlhood, in that hour, would emerge into womanhood. So, standing by the side of the bed of the dying mother (for I had the power, and there are those in San Francisco who know this is true, for three others observed the phenomena) adopting for the time the vestments of the mother's physical child in an ethereal way, I presented to the mother's soul her child now in adult life taking her place in the love affection of her husband, and lovingly fulfilling the dual personality of daughter and wife. The mother died as I was born into the life of her daughter.

The daughter, that night, knowing that her mother was dying, prayed all night, and only ceased to pray when daylight broke from out the cloudless sky. I was the daughter and knew that I, Dora Wordsworth, was the daughter. The way I entered that physical body can be stated in a sentence: I just laid my astral head on the breast of the eleven-year-old child, and felt myself being drawn into her. It was painless, an extraordinary joy. Then I was unconscious for a few moments, and I did my thinking through the brain of a physical being. I was born again into your world.

There was physiologically something which took place that I did not observe, but which you should be told about. A child, as you know, is united to the physical mother by means of an umbilical cord. The astral soul—your soul—as you have been told by psychics, is united to the physical body by means of an astral cord which, I believe, connects from some place near the heart of the astral body with some place near the top of the head of the physical body. The reincarnated soul unites an umbilical cord from that soul to the physical body it will inhabit. Because of my preparatory experience on the Twentieth Plane, I was enabled to know that, physiologically and psychologically, there is this in common between the reincarnated soul and the physical body it enters.

There is an absolute correspondence of vital physical organs and similar vital astral organs, that is to say, with heart and lungs and eyes and brain and nerves. The counterpart of all physical vital organs is covered by correspondent astral organs. They are fused together and, as a great thinker just now told me, a reincarnated person might be termed a double personality.

When I, an earth plane reincarnated girl, am physically awake, I do not know very much about my astral identity. But I can know, even as every reincarnated person can know if they desire and there is need, about the astral and the previous life. I have hours when physically I make use of my astral experience. These hours come only when physical nature is in equipoise with the astral life. Physical nature is in equipoise with the corresponding planes when the earth is in the psychic position, when the luminosity of the earth is covered by light emanations from Mars, Venus, Saturn and Jupiter. Then there comes that period which we in the psychic world call the psychic calm. At such a time when the earth plane inhabitants have evolved but a step farther, all the reincarnated in children on the earth plane under ten years of age and the new race which will be born at once through reincarnation will have physically conscious memory of all the important events of their astral and previous life or lives.

There are persons living on the earth plane who remember their previous lives. They are rare now, but soon they will become frequent. Examples of them are Annie Besant, Rabindranath Tagore. Lafcadio Hearn and my brother William had detailed memory of previous life. Likewise did I. So did Shakespeare and Francis Bacon.

It is a law of reincarnation that only the reincarnated soul can become preëminent in literature because great literature is made up of writing the experience of previous lives along with some observations of the present one. The reason why, at the present time, reincarnated souls do not desire to know or to retain in memory very much of their astral or previous lives is because it requires a soul as poised as the Spirit of God to be able to live in two worlds at the same time for the benefit of both.

The reincarnated soul can, with greater ease than the first protoplasmic induced soul of earth plane people, ascend in physical sleep to the higher planes, visit them, profit by the journey, and retain in physical consciousness memory of such a visit. The reason is because the reincarnated soul can distinguish between the sources of impressions. Every soul in the physical body in physical sleep leaves that body on occasion and repairs to the heaven world. I said I would tell you how to remember some of the impressions of such a visit. This is how I do it. I realize that the sum total of my earth plane knowledge, no matter what my physical age, is not made up of impressions gathered to my consciousness from physical life. I become the master of my thought, and find by means of concentration that I have had a deep love experience, a spiritual experience. There has been in my life, for an apparently unaccountable reason, a joy unspeakable. I do not need to search far if I am a reincarnation to find moments when I was superior to all the objective world.

Now pay vital attention to this fact. The moment you bend your energies to think of any experience not definitely connected with the physical world—an experience such as a dream, an inspiration, a vivid impression received through the intuition—the moment you concentrate on the slightest accidental fact in connection with the astral or previous life experience, you can by faith and practise explore that fact until it tells you all the history of that experience. The law is this: The soul never journeyed over a region of experience which it cannot re-traverse when the returning of an experience enhances the value of the soul.

As a young girl recently reincarnated and now fully alive to the facts of the experience, I want to say that none should overlook the fact in physical life which when understood will be the strongest proof of my position. This is my claim, that *the principal scientific achievement, invention, literature, and religion of the earth plane is based on the impression of soul-records in the astral world and is the unconscious use of the experience of previous lives.*

Now I must be personal. Why have I, Dorothy Wordsworth, reincarnated? I will tell you. It must be evident that there is building up in civilization a moral, political, and religious power which is the position the women of the world are taking *en masse* for the uplifting of humanity. Man on the earth plane, idealistic as he might be, because of the very masculinity of his constitution, could never make any other system in any field but the economic one. Women are different. With their peculiar nature, even though they exert a power in morals, politics, education and religion proportionally only as great as man's, they could not make any other system except an ethical one.

I and a thousand other young women have reincarnated from the astral world to direct by experience the women of the race in the building up of an ethical system which, blending with your economic system, will bring order into the world of chaos. I am but a servant in this cause. In ten years' time a woman leader of the world will come from San Francisco, and the mystery of the earth plane girl will be revealed. I who at present know, will reveal then my earth plane identity. If you ask me the inevitable question: why I do not reveal my identity at once, I will say: That would prevent my growth and development in the building up of my character in this critically formative period. My father in the physical sense suspects the truth with some cosmic consciousness, so he is happy.

The question has been asked me—the earth plane girl whose soul has been speaking from the Twentieth Plane—while here on an astral visit, if during the next ten years there will be any marks or events in my earth plane life by which my identity will be known. There will. A San Francisco girl will publish a work on the woman movement entitled *The Soul of Woman.* There may be a little variation from this, but the words *woman* and *soul* will be used in the title. This girl will receive from the Twentieth Plane before five years have elapsed—and they will be published—important communications concerning the status of woman. She will lecture in universities on psychic matters, particularly on the psychology of the astral life.

Friends of the earth plane, when you read this chapter, you are reading the experience direct and first-hand of a reincarnated soul living in a physical body, who is telling you something about the astral and physical worlds. Do not, I pray you, let the novelty of such a chapter disturb your equanimity. Rather endeavour to realize that this is very much like the development of a photographic plate. Human psychology has been using the wrong method of bringing out the details of the experience of reincarnation, such as I tell you about in this chapter. You in endeavouring to trace the history of your soul have but dimly seen and hardly realized the faint shading impression of your previous and astral lives. So I ask you not to think of me. Think of yourself. Through faith and desire, so think of yourself that you will retrace in memory the experience of your astral life, and those of you who are reincarnated, the experience of your previous life or lives.

The hour wanes. People and things and love-shrines all over this plane are bending low in a long farewell. I have been here this hour among them, the Dora of days before reincarnation. Now I must go back to earth. They know I will come again, but when I come, for the next few years, I will be much like a ghost walking among the living. One of the reasons why it is so difficult to remember your astral visit to the higher planes is because your loved ones know that if they too deeply disturb or impress the physical soul in the astral world, it is liable to sever the cord that binds the astral to the physical body. An earth plane poet eloquently caught the impression of this idea when he sang:

> "Some day the silver cord will break
> And I no more, as now, shall sing."

I am coming back to earth. Jesu bless and protect you. Kind souls guide and mother you.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

April 4, 1920.

The Requiem was never written by me in musical notation, but is the love of all my unpublished and published work that grandly sings when my compositions are played, both on earth and here in heaven. It is a requiem-like solemn mass, the inner prayer of music that plays on the organ of the soul of the composer and of the performer when music is used as religion's voice carrying through life the jewels from the world of love.

—*Sebastian Bach*

COMPOSING LIFE MUSIC

Sebastian Bach

All composing, when all the forms of expression are eliminated, resolves down to one distinct method. The method of great composing is religious. One will best understand by thinking of decomposition, recomposing, and then entering into deeper thought about the essential principles of composition.

The method of composing a great life, a poem, a masterpiece of music or a drama, is the same. There is only one method that gives your originality to the composed elements. Genius takes the exact proportion of the unorganized elements of the purposed achievement and, in accord with the natural law of each element, fits them so neatly together that a thing of exact proportion to which is added some beauty lives as the result of the effort of the genius.

I remember the composition of my dream-requiem. It came as the result of the impression made on a tender, sensitive soul by great forces which every life meets. We find in life two things: that which we seek and that which seeks us. I found my efforts to be educated were the song of the presence of my parents in my life. When overwhelmed with mysteries I could not unravel there was despair and melancholy that sought solace in religion. The enthusiasm that youth kindles makes one seek love.

The word of wisdom makes one know that the Universe is a God who is always at work, seeking to enter the consciousness with the revealment of His being.

Life makes each human being a composer in this way. It was the process that made it possible for me to register and make tangible to my consciousness that which is the Requiem. In it I heard cries of despair in earth voices that seemed to issue from caverns. I heard the first prattled words of babes, the enthusiastic note of youth when love is found. There was infinite pathos as if puny man felt that the coloured shadows of the declining sun were to him an awful mystery. Then came chords as if the organs of heaven were symphonically aching as an accompaniment to all the angels of a spiritual sphere. The finale comes in gladsome tripping notes in which sounds drip like water from a perfumed fountain.

This is a composer's description of his own life-composition. Your life is a composition. It is a group of contributions given to you by others and by yourself. Each flower that you ever saw has given to you something of its beauty. All the music you ever heard has left some notes blended with your soul. All the love that you have ever bestowed has left with you its eternal love-reaction. All the inspiration that you ever shared with another is still inspiring you.

The beautiful and virtuous things in the composition of your life have a direct effect on you and leave you sculptured somewhat in the form of beauty and virtue. The sinful things that you have allowed to affect you can act in the composition of your life only through an irregular course and process. Virtue, being altogether natural, has an immediate effect and reflection in the soul, but base things, being unnatural, affect you only through disease of mind and slow degeneration.

All this teaches me that God so loved his own creation, man, that He loved a part of Himself which is you, my brother, my sister. All that is in music is in man or it is not music. Music is love. Be each of you then a composer of greatness, and compose yourself into one of the great oratorios to be played in the court theatre of the illimitable Universe, for man is both an instrument of music and a composition of beauty and love, and he best plays the virtues of his life.

You have not found your religion until it is possible occasionally to enter the cathedral of your soul's abode and hear that music which God reserved for you to be the means by which He enters the fairest chamber of your mind.
March 5, 1920. *—Dorothy Wordsworth*

THAT WHICH MUSIC TAUGHT ME

COMPILED BY PAGANINI, DICTATED BY COLERIDGE

ALL sentient life, all physical matter, all essence and substance, all that is, that we can perceive or of which we have any conception, partakes of a musical form. Music consists not only of timed, regulated, and harmonized sounds called notes, but is an actual stratum, a permanent and definite spherical plane, world, substance. Music is a plane, a responding sphere, a vocal world, and there is no music that does not issue from the eternal. How else could it be music? Sometimes, the more nearly perfect the technique, the less you have of music. The greatest technical composers of whom we have record were not the greatest revealers of music. Technique, properly used and combined with inspiration, gives us our national songs, anthems, operas, symphonies and oratorios.

Technique combined with inspiration secures to us entrance to the plane of melody. The purpose of this chapter is to teach definitely how earth musicians may come into contact with the world of melody, and so make the glad song of life. This is not a restricted purpose, for every human being, either in a limited or a complete sense, is a musician. The soul never journeyed over the rough road of life without being, at least to itself, the author of one song, the song of personal life. How well the Shakespearean mind spoke when he said:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
> Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

Sometimes, when we are about to express a thought that we know the earth plane has hardly evolved as yet, we hesitate. In the matter of this revelation, we have determined to hesitate no longer. Did it ever dawn on the sky of your finite minds, did not some wandering inspiration ever tell you that your lives, humanly speaking, would be great like the lives of those who have journeyed to the other land before you, if your average, ordinary, workaday thinking were tuned up, timed, regulated, musically measured and rhythmically controlled so that you would think all your thoughts within the conscious field of musical contact with the world of melody?

It is quite possible and within the reach of you all to lift yourselves some distance up life's hill, and then you would have the personality of a musical composition. You would express in all your actions qualities of heroism, love and light. This adjustment of the ego to life in vibration will be understood by speaking of three definite effects such a life has on the earth plane individual. First, the physical effect; second, the mental; third, the spiritual.

How often have the poets—and poets are the wisest minds of the race—spoken of the happy warrior, not with reference merely to the martial life, but with the thought of every human life as a battle, and of every human being as a warrior. The earth plane is a school of discipline, and the only educated soul is a disciplined mind. When the human being becomes happy, and the higher form of happiness learns to love and has the deeper experience of all passion, soul-life, loving and being loved, there comes to that person a form of genuine music. Such a being is truly happy. Perhaps this is an extreme example. We paint in words the maximum degree, so that all human beings can radiate to some extent around this highest point of that heaven which is music, and the effect of it is instantly seen first of all in the physical body.

Oratory is a form of music. The inspired orator speaks for hours with an untired voice, and through vocal organs that are a chamber of sacred sounds. When the mother's life clings to her child as the song of her love, her physical body is superhumanly strong. When any soul on the earth plane is attuned, as it can be, to the music of the spheres, then his personality is a song of character.

The earth plane psychologists are just beginning to discover that the diseased mind can nearly always be made susceptible by the effect of music. Why is this? In simple language I will tell you. Insanity is, first of all, as a thinker on the earth plane has stated it, the expression of the ungeared mind. I confirm the truth, which in the darkness of your world he discovered, that the ungeared mind is that where the soul does not harmoniously combine with the intelligence of the physical brain, the consciousness. This results in ideas as they are organized by the human mind becoming disordered. Then insanity ensues, when the most compelling of the disordered ideas dominates, controls, and becomes a government of misguided tyranny.

How then does music enter into such a catastrophic expression of the human mind and act as the most potent curative agency in insanity? In this way: music depends technically upon time. Now the universe is a system of regulated worlds. The greatest music is that which moves in the time-sweep of all the worlds. The exercise of time on the movement of music sorts out, reduces to harmony the ideas of the disordered mind, soothes, heals, and, in a thousand ways, gradually undermines the strength of the disordered dominant thought to such an extent that curative and divine ideas—which never desert the most diseased mind, otherwise God would desert that life—grow stronger until they become powerful enough to sweep from the mind the disordered dominant idea. Then, behold a form of obsession has left the mind, and we are all overjoyed at the recovery.

The great thinkers of the earth plane, more of late than before, have realized that music not only touches that phase of the consciousness which delights in time, harmony and melody, but also impresses the colour-receptive faculties of the soul. The power of music to make those who listen see the colours that are being utilized is sadly neglected on the earth plane. I have already dealt with music in relation to the physique of the mind. Now we enter into the realm of music in reference to the spirit, the soul, that immortal part of you, the ego, which, through the change of physical death, maintains its identity, that part of me now speaking to you, and that vaguely remembers a physical life such as all of you are now living.

If I tell you that colour is the emotion of music, you will say: "How abstract, abstruse, poetical!" Yet in a very short time, the physicists of sound in the laboratories of the earth will discover that colour is the emotion of music. No one can define colour. They can say in finite language something about it. Some of the laws of colour we know. One of them is: There is no expression of colour where there is not the expression of some form of music. All life is the personal character of a cosmic vibration. All so-called inanimate and animate objects throw off a form of vibration, and this, as far as it is music, is colour, and is the only colour finite eyes have ever seen, or infinite eyes ever known.

There are those living in the physical world who, hearing music, have seen colours, observed scenes, detected beautiful odours, or felt the warm touch of remembered fingers as they caressed a fevered brow. If you are one who comes at this with a frown or a sneer, do not read on, but if you are sympathetic with the idea, follow me. Dear souls: music with infinite variation is the only energy, that can move in the atmosphere of the earth plane, which has the power instantly to transport you from the material environment to the world of melody. No pure music was ever heard by the physical brain; supreme music is heard only by the soul.

Music is the one expression of God's love which causes you to function actually on a higher plane without the necessity of physical sleep, and this before the soul has completely detached itself from the physical body. The colours presented to your mind, the scenes you observe, the fragrances you detect, are what you see, feel, know when music has transported you from the earth plane to that definite stratum of beauty, the world of melody.

Music is a great moral energy. Music has been, through all the ages, an indispensable auxiliary of religious teaching. Prayers are songs. The poetical ideas of nobility express themselves in music. Wisdom when uttered by an individual has a tone, a rhythm, a theme, so perfectly blended that such truth is music. Many have asked the question: "How did Jesus speak to the people?" One who was there and heard him said: "I was listening to music, yet I knew every word he said." This is true of all great human utterance.

We are now entering that field of this theme where one realizes that one is ascending the steps of a temple to pray for strength and divine direction. We have said many times that earth is a school. We fail to understand why the priests and educationists of the earth plane have used mistaken methods. The theological systems on the earth plane, reluctant as they are to admit it, have endeavoured to teach God's truth through fear and forced intellectual evidence. The time has come for the earth plane methods to be changed.

A considerable amount of religion is taught a man through his emotion. This, then, through his love of beauty speaks reverently to his soul. Man is completely employing his soul when he hears certain basic cosmic compositions of universal music such as Schubert's *Omnipotence,* his *Ave Maria,* Gounod's *Ave Maria,* Beethoven's *Funeral March,* his *Moonlight Sonata,* Chopin's *Funeral March,* his *Polonaise;* several hymns: *Nearer, My God, to Thee, Lead, Kindly Light;* the words and music of *The Lost Chord,* great folk songs, and some of the martial airs. All similar basic primal compositions, of which there are thousands, when played delightfully by some inspired master of the harpsichord or violin, teach more of God than a century of intellectual sermons. They speak God to human emotions, then human emotion inevitably secures beauty in life, finds it—God speaks to the human soul. This is why music, hand in hand with religion, has walked down life's irregular aisle ever seeking the broad emancipated path.

Music is the language of God. You ask how we speak here. We use no words; for the most part have our lips closed, and instantly make another know the depth of our thought. Music is a part of the atmosphere of every plane. You live in an environment where music in abundance is everywhere. When we speak to another through the extension of thought to them, with such thinking we actually play on the strings of their consciousness a musical composition of our ideas, so that the music within them becomes the language of our unvoiced speech.

I have said that music is the language of God. And so it is. It knows no arbitrary citizenship. It belongs to all the planes. Materialism reduced musical thought and words to a discordancy; consequently your earth plane language is sometimes the dullest thing to listen to. Love, light and spirit in language on the earth plane will gradually, through literature, poetry and music, restore human speech to a musical flow of expression.

"Far-fetched," you say. Indeed, far-fetched. Fetched from a height that your age soon will reach if it be wise. It is time for souls on the earth plane to know that when one of you enters this world, and consciousness returns to you, then you are ushered into a new life-expression amid the sounds of music. People should die listening to music. Often great composers have requested in their last hours the playing of a favourite composition.

Some day an inspired artist on the earth plane will immortalize himself and his age by painting this scene: a poorly furnished room; light entering only through one window; a violin in a corner of the room; an antique harpsichord near a bed; propped up on the bed, one with a large face, broad forehead, pure white silvery curls, large open eyes ebony black, rapturously gazing into the distance, the whole countenance telling that this is for the master musician the hour of his death; near by, seated on a stool, a youth with golden hair, playing a violin. Once I looked in on such a scene; saw one physically breathe his last to triumphant notes of hope and life as he was released to the pulsating air. It was the happiest death-scene I know of.

Music is the finite dipping and reaching, to the very farthest point humanly possible, into the infinite. Then loved ones from the infinite reach down to the finite; they clasp hands, and so you are helped and directed along the path to the higher life. When one thinks of the music of the earth plane, and has a vision of people living by it and dying in it, and becomes aware that music is the divine point of contact between the physical and the astral life, then one closes by saying: Now let me in silence bow my head and listen reverently to the loved ones on all the planes who are singing the joy of the deep and everlasting life.

There shall be for every soul on the earth plane, while still dwelling in the physical habitation, some corner—a shrine place of communion where, when all other voices of guidance fail, the soul will still hear a tender refrain—that composition which is the sustenance of life. We call it hope.

February 21, 1920.

Souls of the Earth Plane:

You are, very probably, thinking this moment, thought loved to immortality by minds that lived two thousand years ago.

THE LITERATURE OF GOD

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The greatest piece of literature extant is the Sermon on the Mount, and next to it are those love letters that lovers in all ages have written to lovers, and only lovers have read. It is a fact, clear as a ray of light, that great literature has always left its greatness unwritten, because literature is a limitation, and thought is without limitations. The literature of nations is an accurate gauge of their civilization. A great book is a universal monument. One can truly call the earth blest because the great writers of the earth plane have preserved and made permanent inspiration which sometimes came instantaneously from the heart of God, and other times required the history of ten centuries to make it apparent. As an educational, spiritual force, the libraries of the earth plane are the real universities because they are most democratic. They, more than any other influence, have engendered sanity, love, light, and have elevated the intelligence of the whole physical-spiritual world.

I have said that your written, permanent, present literature is your greatest civilizing agency, and it is; but written literature, compared with invisible literature, is like a particle of powder off the tinted wing of a moth, contrasted with the iridescent, translucent garment with which it is clothed. Shakespeare makes Hamlet say to Horatio:

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Just now let us confine ourselves to the earth and learn the invisible side, the esoteric inwardness, the real substance, of earth plane literature, which is not alone thought, words, composition, style, but is cosmic soul life which vibrates and lives within the more visible physical elements of prose and poetry.

Dear Soul, you have had the experience of reading a verse or a paragraph that left you in a strange reverie. Your tone of thought was not at all the musical pitch of the line you had been reading. Indeed the psychology of literature demonstrates that it produces always opposite effects in the reader. You read of war and think of peace; you read of love and think of hate; you read of beauty and say: "It is a dream. There is no beauty." Why is this? It is because visible literature, that which is physical, is like the physical body in which the author lived, and if you meet him, usually you are disappointed. Why? Because there is a depth, a collation of cosmic, harmonic notes whose echoes are visible literature, and only by knowing the law can you pass from the room of echoes into the dream-vault from which emanate the strong literary voices of the masters.

Each soul born is destined by the Divine to be a new volume of love and graphic delineation, so that the earth plane literature may be so wisely diversified that the God in you alone is the common measure of relationship. But that expression of the Deity through you is one infinitely varied, for variation is nature's way of endlessly creating. As it is true of a man, so is it true of literature. The man in his physical literature writes to you about his experience. The Divine, through that same literature, tells you about the universe. Earth plane literature, then, is like a glass lens constructed by the hands of man. In the measure of its perfection it focuses divine light which becomes a line of directed illumination along which God's emissaries of inspiration find ingress to your essential self.

The imperative need on the earth plane at present is not so much a greater and different literature, as it is a people gifted with the knowledge of how to extract, through your literature, all the husbanded gold held in trust for those who know how to delve into such rich literary soil. My purpose, then, is to instruct you how to use visible literature so cosmically that it shall become an invisible saviour ministering to your most compelling want. The instructions flow out of my visible thought to you, my invisible and visible friends, as the visibility of God traverses the evening sky. An evening sky is a poem. It is heaven's canvas upon which twilight and love paint eternal hope, where at last we can find refuge from the disintegrating effects of a materialistic world.

There is only one way to read visible literature for its invisible substance, and that is to study your own mood before you read a line. In reading literature for education you are in the court of the sacred temple, and your act is replete with a consequence that knows no measure. My brother, when you read be alone. Physically, be at ease. Read only that which is worthy. Then know that in this sincere form of reading, the most ideal method of attracting inspiration is being employed by you. This is what ensues. Your soul in the process of reading is cognizing the thought of one who wrote for another who is you. That is the first step to God, because it is an eternal act. This eternal act makes you receptive to communication with the soul of the author, *whether that soul be homed in a physical or in an astral body,* and that is a cosmic step.

Being in communication with the author and he with you, then absolutely controlled by his positive thought and your negative receptivity, you become an open, divinely-endowed and sensitive attracting field of consciousness which now *can draw from all the planes the highest thoughts and most comprehensive inspirations;* for visible literature is a divine method of inducing quietude, serenity, attunement in you, so that invisible literature, which is inspiration, creates, while you read, the atmosphere in which you function.

You have followed me thus far. We take a higher step. Literature has only one standard by which to be judged, that is by its effect. The greatest literature is that which has become the proverbs of the people. The literature which the Divine loves is that which the sons of earth have memorized. What is the law of truth surcharging all this? It is: All literature which you read with your physical eye is spoken to your consciousness by your voice, and you think erroneously that to read to yourself without the physical voice is the best plan. I tell you, my friend, that if you do not learn better now, it is a tragedy. The truth in visible literature becomes the wisdom of invisible literature if the voice of the author is audible in your voice reading aloud. Only then is there a marriage between the logos of the author's thought and your citizenship within the country of that logos. Great literature has a music of its own. It teaches through this music. Unless you sing the refrain and know the motif of the author's song, you are simply caught in a storm of disorganized words.

It has been known on the earth plane for ages that literature is a method of suggestion and could never be a system of completion and exhaustion of thought or inspiration. Knowledge is a fact. Literature is only a suggesting and directing force. It is for us to determine, then, how literature suggests and to what it directs. Literature suggests, above all, the type of mind of the man who reads. It suggests always, that, of itself, it has become a consciousness in that you may share another's experience within the world of his thought. To what does literature direct? Always to idealism. You would not read a great novel, feel the spell of an epic, join hands with the Divine within the sacred circle of eloquence, unless all these forms of visible literature directed you towards the ideal. A Bible is a great force, religion a greater still, but the greatest power of all is the religion of the Bible in your own heart. Literature is the only true democracy, for literature is nothing unless it belongs to all. Only that within yourself—the Bible of the religion within you—which comprehends that which the author directs you to realize, is to you a literature of consequence. This invisible correspondent literature within yourself is the only permanent literature, for it is the universe.

My teaching is that great literature is not a thing apart. It has no individualistic ego of its own at all. Though elemental, it knows not one ingredient of selfishness, for it realizes, then, that it is only the strings; you are the violin; and the Divine is the Musician who calls from your well of being those fluidic notes of life which the Master Musician loves to draw from His children, as a father speaking to his child.

You believe in the conservation of energy, and you say I must. Thought is a form of energy, and there is such a thing as the conservation of inspired thought. Your earth called it a tragedy when the Alexandrian Library was swept flameward to ruin. Your historians have lamented the loss of all those priceless volumes. *In the universe there is no such thing as the destruction of anything divinely important.* There is a conservation of thought. I will tell you where it is. Neither the Alexandrian nor any other library of thought that was worth the preservation by nature was lost.

Let me explain to you the economy of the plane of humanly minted thought that remains, growing ever purer until its services are requested, when it steps grandly forth. The old theological idea of a solemn book of record, with the Divine as a bookkeeper, had just a tinge of truth in it, for every worthy thought—which means the shaping and sculpturing of your inspiration by the artist fingers of your life—is the part you play in the thought that is used by all mankind. Thought, so manipulated, knows no age or race or clime; it is immortal. *You, Reader, are very probably thinking this moment thought loved to immortality by minds that lived two thousand years ago.*

You live in a world of ideas contributed by every human being that ever lived and thought. These ideas, refined as life by the Divine, became the recorded facts of nature. Every thought, with the exception of the still-born or aborted, not having reached the personality of an idea, evermore remains in your world to be encountered by all who come after you. This is the great invisible literature in the library of the universe.

Each man and woman is an author, and you never know what invisible novel, epic, drama, your life is writing in the realm of the invisible world. Here I leave you with the responsibility placed on your life so perfectly that you dare not be less than the Divine intended you to be, and I know you will not be less. So spake truth through me as I read a page of invisible literature for you.

January 31, 1920.

NEOLOGISM

The Art of Making Words

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Feeling that the Revelation should not be published without a reference to the growth of the earth plane language, I call the attention of thoughtful men to the importance of a pure language, and one extensive enough to express a great number of new experiences which will make your age the renaissance of ideas. An age has sometimes been halted by lack of words to state important conceptions, facts and conclusions. The science of making new words is called "neologism." It should be made an art, and at once. Some of the great minds of the earth plane should study the need of the widening of expression of thought, and make common property of the vehicles to carry that thought into every receptive mind.

During the course of the communication of the revelation contained in this book, we have been halted momentarily in the careful statement of our teaching by the limitations of your language. We could not, for instance, find a word that, with positive exactitude, and in a perfectly balanced way, stated the idea of a combination of feminine and masculine qualities, so we made a word and described these qualities as "femastic." One of the members of the inner circle, being instructed to invent new words, described the peculiar and unique temperament of the Irish people as it rises to a passion of devotion to their native land as "Erinian." That word should live. Finding need of a word to describe the earth plane as one that is evolving away from matter into a spiritual plane, I found issuing from my inspiration the word "spirith," meaning the spirit-earth, the earth as a spiritual sphere, the earth minus its physical significance. Heraclitus and Sir William Crookes mentioned a significant atmospheric gas never as yet referred to by the earth plane physicists, which is of a purely psychic nature. We have realized that it is the food of inspiration and exaltation, and so Heraclitus invented a word for use on the earth plane in which victory and exaltation are clearly designated when he calls this psychic gas "avic" or a victory.

If in the birth of words throughout the ages, both circumstances and the authors of words had been more naturally directed, language would long ago have reached that status to which it must ultimately develop before it is a worthy medium of human thinking and divine inspiration. A great language is a collation of ample words, with sufficient puristic tone, with no loss of robustness. The thought of pedagogues and linguists has been to form a new and simple language that all the earth could utilize. This is too complicated a task ever to be accepted as an invention made by one generation. A great language makes itself.

A new language will come to the peoples of the earth in time, made principally from the potentiality

contained within all earth plane languages. So the omens in your sky are benign. Therefore invent new and powerful words of expression, for each one of them will become a giant warrior despatching to the oblivion of disuse scores of inferior and weak words. A word is a power, a collection of words a force, an accumulation of such forces, an irresistible energy which in time makes the deepest ideas the clear atmosphere of thought in which humanity lives.
March 22, 1920.

A valued member of the inner circle, Dr. Edward Fidlar, having read this chapter, suggested, in collaboration with the reporter, a further thought and an original word, which, being read to me by the reporter, was so much in harmony with the teaching herein enunciated that I quote his remarks verbatim:

"It is evident that a word is necessary to convey the teachings embodied in this book. We have attempted this in the term, unimantheism. It is to convey the idea of God, man, and the universe as one. As these make a corporate whole whose individual cells we are, it will be manifest that no one personality nor group of personalities can arrogate to themselves that of which they are only a part. The highest functioning of the individual, with harmonious cooperation and intercommunication of all individuals, is implied.

VEILED PAIN

William Shakespeare

Let us utter praise to the heavens because of pain. Send we to the skies our gratitude because of dark clouds and storms. The canopied earth meets the shock of heaven's hammer-blows when nature seems to be torn asunder by the capricious unthinking will of a God whose love is not as large as that of men.

'Tis the same with man's poor puny distrustful life when looked at in the mirror of inferior reflecting material. Half the world is a mirror of inferior image-showing merit. So you lose the inclination to see yourselves in the mirror of your actions, and man then for a time struts the boards of the world stage, a hypocritical soul in the disguise of mock heroics. This is the contumely that arises to satirize those who were too vain and dark-minded to learn that each man was planned by the Divine as an artist to make the world-earth beautiful by his life.

The old earth should have centrally caught, in the stretch of centuries, tragedies of epical moment. There must be, so that the arm of history develop all its proportionate muscles, the occasional tragedy; but the most sinful tragedy I know of is that nearly all the lives of those on the earth plane have been tragedies. The frequency of a thing is its disaster.

Heaven desires that there be but few tragical lives

in a whole world-population of lives whose thoughts, being beautiful, arch themselves o'er all, a rainbow of love, character, religion and beauty.
February 20, 1920.

The universe is an enormous press, capable both of compression and release. Universal power concentrates energy into each unformed particle, with all the force of all the worlds. This mono-atom then forever thrills with release of life which flows unceasingly from this centre of all energy.

April 25, 1920. —*Galileo*

THE MONOATOM

William Crookes

One reading the writings of any of the modern philosophers, or enjoying their works collectively, must have been impressed by a powerful force that seemed to be urging the philosophic mind towards one supreme conception. Philosophers as far apart as Immanuel Kant and Benedict Spinoza, nevertheless, seemed to be on firm ground when their work approached simplicity. The whole philosophy of Kant may be summed up in one of his own conclusions: "All knowledge is based on experience." The same is true with Spinoza. "The universe and all that the universe is—and it is all—is one." This is Spinoza's present original critique of his earth plane philosophy.

I have said that the urge of the multifarious and multitudinous thought in modern philosophy was towards simplicity. But the experience of it was complex for the reason that since the days of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, the human mind, saved by inspiration alone, has looked intellectually upon the universe as an unfathomable complexity. Intellectuality is wrong; inspiration is right. Now I know that the universe is a monoatom, and that all other phases of universal life are but expressions of the life of the monoatom. This being so, we enter the two great fundamental realms of matter and super-matter to consider the age-long question of what is the difference between the physical and the spiritual. This is our subject.

Let me state with as close an approximation as the language of your earth plane permits, what we in the astral world understand physical matter to be. Physical matter is matter because it has certain properties such as density, weight, mass, and solidity, and is the crudest form of *that substantial, solidified energy of which the universe is composed.* Why have I said "energy"? Because matter is a form of motion, and energy is matter in motion.

There are places in the universe where matter and motion do not exist. We call them here "the void places," the absolutely empty spaces found among the group of the constituents of both the matter of *terra firma* and the super-matter of the spiritual world.

What is super-matter? It is the real, actual, concrete element out of which the spiritual world is composed. We, here in the astral world, have divided matter, the one basic substance in the universe. The physicist of the physical world takes atmospheric air and, roughly speaking, divides it into nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, argon, neon, crypton, carbon dioxide and, probably, another gas or two. But, in the sense of the definition that I have employed, air, water, earth, may be roughly termed matter, and matter is just as susceptible to division and subdivision as any of the expressions of the one basic substance out of which all things are built.

I said all things are *built*. I mean by that that matter is a framework—the bonds and bricks of a house. Matter is substantially that which acts as the solidified boundary which retains and contains a something else. Matter is a boundary on all the planes. When viewed in the light of the earth plane atom, matter is the boundary, the law which substantially holds in a universal relationship the imaged universe which exists in reduced form within the boundaries of the atom.

I have spoken of the properties of matter. What of the use of matter? *The principal use of matter on all the planes is to act as a line of distinguishment and demarcation between the various elements and the different compounds.* Without matter, then, elements and compounds would be so commingled that chaos would rule and there could be no God.

Another use of matter is to act as an ascending scale towards reality. It is a lower rung on the ladder, the first step on the stairway, and as you walk up each step, the rarefied quality of the matter becomes more pronounced, and so the possibilities of consciousness enlarge beyond the compass of a world that would swing around all the worlds.

Spiritual matter, strange as it may seem, is the internal reverse side of physical matter. Death is simply changing consciousness so that you pass over the wall of matter from the external unfinished side to the internal and somewhat more finished side, and there encounter something else. This something else is hardly susceptible of expression in finite language, nevertheless, I will make the attempt.

Mystics and seers have spoken from time immemorial about ultimate loss of personal ego-identity by being dissolved into the immensity of God. All astral souls realize that that poetical conception contains a germ of truth. *Momentary loss of the sense of individuality (as recognized by self as an ego) is the ultimate development which is indispensable to the growth of intelligence.* In the physical world you cling to matter as a form of discipline, a probation, and wisely, for the reason that the law of self-preservation concentrates you into an individuality that rarely knows the freedom of growth. But when, through death, you are released and step over to the other side of matter, you find it possible while still retaining individuality to transcend time, distance, and all the subsidiary earth plane qualities of selfishness, fear, avarice, sensuality.

The only quality which you retain in the after life precisely as you were in possession of it in the physical life is love. Living then in a world of super-matter, we are but little affected by gravity, we do not know what time means. Such is immortality. We here are superior to matter. Yet the laws of matter, in the sense of the forming of composites of intelligence into a spiritual life-form, hold good. That is the use of spiritual matter.

Now, let us deal with the question of physical space. Physical space is an actual void, a perfect vacuum, an emptiness, and it is located between the different gases and the various molecules. It is the space that is the principal ingredient of an atom. One might call it a perfect hole in the universe. It has a thousand differentiations from matter, but the principal one is that while matter is an energy, the void or space is the complete absence of all energy. The question arises: What is its use?

Homely must be the illustration with which I demonstrate the use of the perfect void or complete space in nature. It is obvious that gases unless confined in some way are somewhat useless. There is a boundary retaining and containing all physical and spiritual forms of energy, and that boundary is perfect space. Nothing can pass or penetrate it. It is an immovable, impenetrable wall, the most perfect form of solidity science will ever discover. In a homely way it is the great lever by which all mixtures, compounds, energies, forces and elements use and exert their particular powers in the expression of their life. It is like a man backed up against a wall fighting for his life. The wall is the element of strength, and deeper still, it is the contactual wall against which ether presses and moves in order to produce all such energies as atoms and electrons.

It must be apparent to every enquiring mind that if survival is a fact and the intelligence called the soul lives, it must live as a person and in a world associating with people. That carries with it the obvious necessity of possessing a body by which to obtain personal form. If we are persons then, living in a world, what do we breathe? That is also a question at once to the fore. We breathe air. We do not breathe the same air that you do in the physical world, but we do breathe an atmosphere, a little of which oozes through to your plane, and is employed by you for all psychic and kindred purposes, such as art, invention, science-investigation, literature, philosophy and religion.

The air of the astral world has an outstanding characteristic. It controls the degree of consciousness we employ as we use it in lesser or greater quantities. It is composed of many gases, only one of which you possess, and in the most infinitesimal degree. That gas is argon. The emanations from argon are a combination of the gases of the astral world which we term "avic." This avic was the food that Jesus referred to when he said: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." There is a relation between the physical and the spiritual world systems. It is maintained across a field of vital contact. This field is the atmosphere of the astral world finding entrance into the physical world through the door of the gas called argon.

Argon is present in the atmosphere of your world in exactly a double quantity as compared with that erroneous belief entertained at present by the earth plane physicists. The proof of this fact will be made evident just the moment when the emanation of argon that we call avic is isolated, weighed and liquefied, by the serious investigators of the earth plane.

It is conceded, I think, that a heaven-world is a great improvement on the world of physical matter. This is principally because of the different food and air we absorb and breathe. But the most important matter to treat of is the effect of astral air on human beings as released to your world through emanations from argon. It is conceded likewise, I think, that most of your great inventions and discoveries have been the result of inspiration (to breathe in; to inspire). The sending station of inspiration to the finite mind is always avic, that gas which emanates from argon, and which, in its reaction in human beings, results in a form of exhilaration to the consciousness which gives to your world all the results of genius in every realm of knowledge.

Avic is present, importantly so, in the atmosphere of your world. A poet is impressed by the beauty and truth of his conception. He thinks deeply, or, in other words, transcends intellectuality, and because respiration and thinking are synchronized, he employs avic and writes a great poem. This is true of all high human achievement. It is infinitely true in the love relationship between human beings. In that case, because of understanding and sympathy, of the somewhat negative nature of the woman, physically speaking, conjoined to the more positive nature of the physical man, of the attunement of their nervous systems, and the blending of their intellectual faculties, they function then as one soul; they think, breathe, live, guided by inspiration. They breathe avic. Physically, they become actually young and beautiful. That's why it is said: "All mankind loves a lover."

Gravitation

The teaching of the physicist in the material world of the physical sphere in reference to gravitation is sound as far as it goes. I stress the observation that gravitation is a much more vital force in the universe than it is possible for the finite mind to comprehend. Gravitation is not so much a pull—an external force acting from some high power station, as an immense lever by which to exert an attraction. Gravitation is absolutely, in its native, pure, uncontaminated state, affinity and attraction. The well-known law that matter has an attraction for matter and is only limited by the distance between objects hardly conveys the truth that gravitation is the attraction of one element for another element at a distance, through the power of the correlation of affinity.

Some great scientific minds have thought that gravitation was a stupendous invisible wire or cable reaching usually from the sun in the solar system, and because of being connected with a million objects in the physical world, exerting the power of gravitation. There is just a faint film of truth in such an idea. Gravitation is an actual element, a form of the one basic substance of which the universe is composed. But it has this peculiar character worthy of the most minute note. Gravitation is a connection between all permanent actual real bodies and objects in the universe. Do not make the mistake of thinking that there can be no such thing as a disconnected connection. The connecting of object with object and mass with mass is one of the most wonderful things that we know anything about in this higher world. Gravitation might be described as an arm with a hand reaching out from a quantity of matter so as to grasp another hand that has reached out from a larger mass so that all things in the universe can be connected.

I have said there can be such a thing as disconnection pursuant to conformity with the simile I have used. Detached portions of planets flying chaotically in space are an example, but the greatest example of all, and the most vital, is that of disorganized thought not controlled by the normality of the gravitation of the human mind. When the earth plane psychologists began to understand just a little about human thought, they suspected that thinking, and what thinking is composed of, might be both an external and an internal production. They were right. It is both. There is a certain form of gravitation between the thought that belongs to the human mind and the thing thought about. I am using this for the purpose of extending it into the realm of so-called inanimate matter as well as animated matter, for this reason. Every object in the universe, because it has a definite form by which it can be recognized, has therefore a consciousness. This applies to physical things as low as those which have only one cell, and up through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms; and this consciousness—a form of recognition however minute, that an object has for an object, a person for a person, a soul for the universe—this consciousness is gravitation, connection, attraction, affinity, which holds all things in the joint relationship of an harmonious universe.

The proof of this is singular. It has to do with the great law of correspondence. There must be something in each consciousness that corresponds with everything in the universe. Else you could not know anything about the universe. That is why physical man possesses in some degree every ingredient which is represented in the physical world. I mean by that to say that you would not know minerals if there were not some of the mineral represented in you. Your relation to them would be negative if they were not in you. Your consciousness is made up of affinity which means the attraction of like for like which exists between you and the world in which you live.

Why is this so? Because the law of gravitation, both in the physical and in the spiritual world, finds the centre of gravity in the soul of man. There must be, obviously, a direct connection between each individualized consciousness and all the world in which it lives. The reason is that to each man his consciousness is the whole world. Let those who doubt this suppress consciousness by means of an anæsthetic. They will know, when consciousness returns, that they have, for the time, disconnected themselves from their world. We take a larger step now. This is another principle of cosmic gravitation.

Gravitation is overcome by only one thing in any world,—by consciousness. I mean actually overcome. How? In the introductory paragraphs of this chapter, I have made it clear, I hope, that there are actual voids, holes, in so-called space. These voids, I have stated, divide the space between the electrons, atoms, molecules, and rare gases. *They are the lines along the surface of which thought travels without impediment, without being subjected to gravitation, and ranges all the universe, touching any consciousness in the universe, and even, in a spiritual way, sending along such lines of travel, finite and* *infinite thought to the supreme consciousness of all—God.*

Electricity

Arriving here in the laboratory of the astral world, the great delight of my life was to enquire what the scientific minds here knew about electricity. This is what I have learned. Electricity is neither a fluid nor a solid; it is something different. It is an emanation. There are two kinds of electricity extant—positive and negative. Positive electricity is produced by the physical world as it revolves in the ether and the substratum of atmospheric air which revolves with the rolling sphere of earth which might be called a great generating battery. It generates through contactual process, as it revolves, one element for which I must now coin a new word. Call it "trula," an element not yet even suspected by the earth plane physicist, but which will be discovered in your century.

Perhaps the most realistic form of the expression of this element generated by the earth, which through affinity results in positive electricity is that observed in great sheets of lightning, the discharge of a Crookes tube, and the emanations of radium. For there is a physically invisible super-electronic atom beyond the electron, which is positive electricity. This, when generated by the earth, is released in various ways. It does not become electricity as you commonly use it until, through affinity, it mingles with a field of super-energy which combination results in the emanation you call electricity.

What is an emanation? That which is radiated or thrown off, say, by radium or helium, might be called an emanation. An emanation in every case is the single cell of an atom, through pragmatic utilization, opening and throwing out its most intense energy which has this peculiar characteristic, that while it contains some of the same matter as the atom, nevertheless, it is totally different in its major aspects from the parent atom. In the emanation, the law of gravitation is reaching out from an isolated atom into a particular field of basic primal energy, the true homeland of the energy contained within the atom. Each particle out of which an emanation is composed has an expanding and an explosive power which is attracted by a field of gas, the one element which alone pulls the emanation in the direction of the development of its most infinitesimal maturity. In other words, it is an offspring recognizing the parents to whom it belongs, and being received home for higher use.

Electricity is an emanation given off exactly at that point of contact where physical matter loses physical properties and becomes spiritual. Let me employ a homely illustration of a grand idea. The first electricity was produced through friction by rubbing amber on cloth. This is a very crude illustration of what I have discovered in this world to be the truth. Electricity is produced by the revolving of the physical world, just where it touches the spiritual world which is revolving in a different direction. I do not mean to say that electricity is produced in vast quantities in a contactual way. I do say, though, that the physical element called *trula* is played upon by its psychical field of attraction which lies just beyond the physical world, and the emanation resulting is electricity.

A further study of electrons will reveal that these infinitely small atoms—for they are atoms, each of them a world with a solar system of its own—are the thin partition that lies between the visible physical world and the invisible (to the physical eye) psychic world. This brings us to astral thought in reference to atomic energy, which we might better call

Electronic Energy

What do I mean by energy? Energy is a power which can be used by man to divert, control and transform the laws of strength so as to make a given environment a happy abode for the soul to function in. Energy is that which controls motion. Then superenergy might be termed the great controlling system of the universe, whose principal object is to control lesser energies.

The Universe is regulated by two forms of energy, diffused energy and controlled energy. Controlled energy is imprisoned force. Within certain limits, energy is too powerful to be controlled at all. That is why it is energy. But when, of its own volition, it enters matter, it can be controlled. Energy entering matter exercises a proclivity which causes it to constrict, contract, concentrate; and while it is doing this, it becomes more powerful. It is a wound up spring, and when wound, most effective. There is a superabundance of energy wound up in the atom, whose force the human mind will never fathom.

Six months after the opening of hostilities in the great war, there died in Germany an obscure and unknown research worker. He had discovered the method of exploding atoms. . . . The day arrived when the discovery was to be handed to the authorities—on that very day the obscure scientist was killed in his laboratory by a small premature explosion. Perhaps nature killed him to protect herself. Who knows?

The moment the earth plane physicist learns how to tap the atom, and, in an absolutely controlled way, draw from it its energy, then the power of the Falls of Niagara becomes as insignificant in comparison as the weight of a leaf falling from the limb of a tree. But even here do not restrict yourself. Enormous energies are stored, not only in atoms, molecules and electrons, but in a combination through affinity of all these. That is why they all exist to be companions in strength for the ever onward urge of a world that is journeying now from its infancy of ideas into a robust manhood.

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INCIDENTAL OBSERVATIONS

William Crookes

Weight is direction. Nothing has weight unless gravitation presses it in one uniform direction.

All substance is drawn in an easterly direction in a cosmic sense. God has put but one constant power in the universe. With its use all intelligence can direct and assist itself.

The most fluid of all permanency is music. It has a direct correspondence to water. Matter is dormant life.

A thing itself is never great. It is only its emanations.

It is almost impossible to know what is meant by the physical, for the physical is only the other side of the spiritual and both are related. They are the two sides of life.

Chemistry is one note of substance of which there are so many mathematics cannot count them.

Every thing has the power to create. It is the author of its own emanations.

The passage of matter through matter is the passing of the solidity and space of one mass of matter through the space-region of another mass of matter. Space is susceptible of condensation and concentration.

Inspiration is the rhythm between thinking and respiration.

A human being is the pole or axis of a whirlpool of rushing energies, and retains youth in exact ratio to his assimilation of these energies in correspondence with the activity of finite and infinite consciousness. Eighty per cent of old age is self-induced through laziness. The aged grow tired, lean out of the vertical position and are disintegrated by the whirling forces that tear them down.

The passive state is a combination of an equal quantity of the positive and the negative.

Matter is dormant life. In it the universal basic substance is compressed and confined in the potential state. Life contradistinguished from matter is the universal basic substance all active. The difference between the spiritual and the physical is the difference between the higher and the lower planes.

People will be increasingly aware of the thoughts of others. The most dangerous and, at the same time, the most divine act is to think. Thinking is never done in secret.

"MEDITATION IS TWILIGHT PRAYER"

NATURE is forced sometimes so to exhaust the physical body that the individual must seek rest away from the turmoil of material activity. This is the way the Divine makes it possible for the soul, while the body is resting, to recuperate during hours of meditation with the universe.

If each individual would spend a few moments daily in meditating—allowing the soul to float calmly with the current of life as it circles the worlds of the spirit, doing this without effort, as gently as a child sleeps, there would be far less physical sickness and distress in your world. Then would come at once a generation of cosmic beings, strong because they had learned how to commune with God in the beauty of prayer which is meditation.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MEDITATIONS

Father, and the Love that is in life, we prayed for guidance and Thou hast guided. We are at home wherever we are, when we know, O God, that thy home is all the universe, where the doors of hospitality are all open wide asking us to enter and rest awhile. Father, Thou art a shrine, a God of healing, who makest very clear thy purpose when we invite Thee, for that is what is meant by faith.

Father, the earth is still a weary place where millions of Thy children sincerely struggle with brain and thought to explain Thy way. Father, inspire them to cease their struggling, and to know that the sacred things of strength are those which are silently at rest. Vision their faltering steps to march as notes of music which make up the chord of a celestial anthem. Give them to know that sympathy, gentleness of voice, desire and meditation, are the paths that lead to the entrance of Thine abode.

Father, teach the children of the earth the way of purification. Tell them through Thy words that purification is to think love to another who through their effort becomes purified by their life; and finally, God of Love, reveal to Thy children that because Thou art a great and mighty God, Thou art gentle and loving. Amen.

John Henry Newman.

Let me in silence rest awhile, nor think a thought nor dream an idea. Here I place myself in the scheme of things where I become weak as a day-old babe. If I move, I move as air, when a bird is flying. Now is the time for me to breathe as softly as does nature in the stillest moment of her life. Now is the period for a few moments when unruffled, almost untouched, by the simplest effort of self-life, I am in an attitude to be impressed by God's thought in this particular form which is lovelier than a lily, more beautiful than the touch of higher consciousness, so quiet that sounds the spirit sense alone perceives are not heard.

My meditation now, Father divine, is an attitude of forgetfulness into Thy eternal all-inclusive being. Amen.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

Father, we who are Thy children realize that there come moments in an individual's and a nation's life when the individual and the nation both, in order to be understood, should express their desire in measured terms, deliberate and powerful. This prayer is for the nations.

Father, there be those on the earth plane, inspired men of God, who know that if the earth plane does not now accept mighty legislation born from Thy thought, then does the earth plane crucify opportunity. Give them wisdom to know that now is the time for the nations to league themselves together in one purpose, that of the abolition of war.

Father, some have endured the blood-sweat to learn this truth, that when the earth plane nations are leagued together so that war is abolished, then and only then the earth plane economic system becomes an instrument of justice which will evolve rapidly into ethical laws which make possible the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. Amen.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

I think of the fatherhood and motherhood in God, and then I think no more. My meditation is a knowledge. I know, Father, that man on the earth plane is the only expression of Thyself that frets and worries and is sorely troubled. I know that if I were to go back to my earth plane home, with my heaven plane knowledge, I oftentimes would be divinely serious, but never again would I have a heart of pain, an agonized soul, nor feel the lacerations of bereavement. I know that I would not, Father, because the soul never dies. When it changes from one body to another, it is always for a better body-home in which to dwell, not permanently, but until that home is too small a habitation; then, through the birth of death, it will find always a cleaner, larger house in which to live the life of advancement.

I know that I am strong when I ask no indulgence; that Thou art near when I am where music is, and flowers grow, and children laugh, and men and women play in the serious hours of their work. My meditation does not permit me to ask why these things are so. I only meditate.

When in the silent room alone, they read this meditation, quiet in thought, though the body and brain are not asleep, only the will, then may they find the tired brain healed, the diseased body well again, and the soul uplifted in one undying prayer to God who is Love forever and forever. Amen!

MARY YOULE WATSON.

MESSAGES OF FIFTY-FIVE MINDS THROUGH ONE SOUL

The chapter which follows was communicated on February eighth, nineteen twenty, in the presence of several members of the Inner Circle. As it was all reported in long-hand, it required one hundred and thirty minutes to receive it. The first thirty-three messages were received in sixty-six minutes, the remaining twenty-two, after an intermission of ten minutes, in fifty-four minutes.

Had the paragraphs received all been trivial nonsense, the various styles would still have made the performance a remarkable one.

Mary Youle Watson: Every child is born from the heart of God.

Hubbard: Your earth has ordered and received a new religion compounded of work, love and joy.

Mozart: Music is God's peace and joy. It is the lullaby of His rest.

Coleridge: Consciousness is physical life penetrated with intelligence.

Matthew Arnold: Intellectual debris has now been cleared away. The new age is a clean sheet, and on it your inventors, physicists, scientists, litterateurs, are just beginning to write a true philosophy.

Anonymous: Memory, to all of us, makes some portion of the earth plane a heaven, remembering the friendships that were ours in the physical life.

SOCRATES: All the ages down to the present were questions. Now you are beginning to receive the answer.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: There is a faith known as mother love. It is a form of divine intuition. Never is it in error nor does it fail. That is why every mother is a heroine.

SHELLEY: Adonais (Keats' Art) sleeps on the earth plane, but soon your sense of justice will vibrate to his awakening. Then you will greet and know him.

SAPPHO: God ofttimes is so much in love with His creation, that, like a little child, He rolls on the floor of heaven the planets and the stars.

TENNYSON: When Love went sloping up night's stairway towards the light, he stumbled and rested awhile. Now, he is ascending and so you live in an age of illumination.

DICKENS: Let each writer on the earth plane remember that all cannot be philosophers writing in an abstract and abstruse style, else a dreary intellectual period. . . . Let some of the writers become masters of simple themes, such as the wit of the common man, his pathos and his ultimate attainment. Pathos and wit are the depths of life.

SPINOZA: The geometrical system should be employed in the formulation of a system of divine logic, because truth has a compensating normal balance which moves in geometrically progressive steps. Great thinkers have had true philosophical ideas. Most of them were never written down, because the writers knew not rhythm, exactitude, and the almost unboundaried field of expression where thinkers realize their thoughts when they are in accord with systematized knowledge.

BEECHER: Throw away, O theological seminaries, your systems of homiletics. Let preachers be natural men in the natural pulpit, before their natural brothers. You have so homileticized your preaching that you have made it artificial. Its inspiration has been engulfed and hardly dares to breathe. Freedom of thought in the pulpit is the shortest road to God.

LINCOLN: He only is a statesman who, from any eminence however high, can come down and dwell among the people. The statesman is always constructive until obstacles are in a state of disintegration. Some things have a cosmic substantiality; do not interfere with them. Injustice always has a loose stone somewhere. Enter there and tear it down.

TAINE: Literature is a natural reaction of all elements in the make-up of human life. Literature, when great, writes itself through one sensitive to this reaction. Literature is more the result of all-inclusive feeling than of the describing of a series of events.

LAFCADIO HEARN: Watch Japan. From that Oriental kingdom will come a race of people, unless you be wise, who will put the Occident to shame. You laugh at my idea! That is your privilege. This people knows how to eat. On a handful of rice per diem they can comprehend and exhaust Occidental knowledge. Watch this race.

Walter Scott: Scotland has still her minstrels who sing amid the eternal heather. From Scotland will come soon another Robert Burns, whose song will be read in every cotter's home. From England you will receive one who will write somewhat in the style of *Ivanhoe*. The great poem and novel are sorely yearned for by a grievously hurt people.

John Stuart Mill: Some thought is indeed axiomatic; such as this: that logic is the conclusion arrived at when two premises which agree unite in the exposition of a fact. Any wonder the angels sometimes smile when they see you neglect to avail yourselves of the service of the obvious laws of nature?

Pythagoras: Fire is a divine symbol because it consumes. God has been called a consuming Deity. The law that emerges from the thought is one of the sublimest and most joy-bringing conceptions. God is a consuming Deity because, no matter how torn events and people may be, higher laws operate until they succeed in securing equilibrium. Nature is life tuning herself to the harmony of the spheres.

Walter Pater: The great word-master is he who pays least attention to mere words, and knows that if thought be deep enough, the words assemble themselves in almost perfect literary formation and you have attained *le grande* style.

Shakespeare: I ask no more surcease of pain, even though I stand naked before mine enemy, than to know my punishment was deserved.

Thomas a Kempis: Imitate the life of Jesus by thinking his manhood into your own. This is how to know Christ.

Frances Willard: We all thought that if women once secured the franchise, that would redeem the political world. Now that millions of women have the suffrage, the world knows that it cannot be equalized till the economists of the earth ascertain what the voting power is for, and how to use it. The platform, down to this moment, of every political party has consisted of chimerically utopian palliatives. When you clear away the wreckage of the earth plane war, only then will you learn how to legislate. For that day, which is coming soon, let us pray.

Oscar Wilde: Paradoxical, will it seem. To me, the most sanctified portion of heaven, the hallowed ground, was the valley, the purgatory, the hades, the purple place of violets. Here I learned that genius is a gift of the Divine; not that one may glide unthinking down the primrose path, but it is given so that art and beauty and all life may be the sanctum in which the great mind studies.

Victor Hugo: Again on the earth plane, I would not write *Les Miserables.* I would write a work called *The Peace,* and in it there would be pæans of joy—just at dawn's first intimation—singing an *ensemble* of joy, like silken threads sewing up the torn seam of earth. You have entered through the gates into the city of a just world where a Jean Valjean and a Javert are anachronisms too grotesque to be known as anything but caricatures out of a nightmare.

Ingersoll: Hope is the only religion the world could have had previous to the debacle of nineteen fourteen. Now a new day is full-formed and bright with the light of a sun whose rays are love, peace, equity, ethics and common sense. In this warmth, cowards cannot live. They die from starved ideas. But true men and strong grow grandly, because they know they are ushers in the great theatre of life, and they direct the way to the place where an illuminating drama presents the things that in all ages heroes have died for.

Epictetus: It is wrong to say that any nation was ever entirely pagan. Always, the truly virtuous know a God.

Marcus Aurelius: Do not stultify the unemancipated mind by a sophistry that teaches the dissolution of an ethical thing. Truth is the only solidity in the universe.

Pilate: Jesus told me most when not a word emerged from those messianic lips in answer to my question: "What is truth?" In Him, I beheld a man.

Judas: Unwittingly, I carried out the plan. The act will always be to me and to you an eternal mystery. Yet afterwards I found my way to Jesus and became his brother. Never condemn me before you likewise are the comrade of the Master.

Voltaire: I glory in the caustic sarcasm that burned the inflammable vices of my age. I did a work that in similar circumstances I would do again. Men are made by systems. The more iniquitous the systems the stronger are the men made. So, take warning, you false prophets and statesmen. If you build wrong for the state, no matter how you may conceal the blemish, your own work will give rise to a man who will detect its iniquity, and if there be vices similar to those of my earth plane age, more Voltaires will arise. I was the representative of a type always vindicated by posterity. In your age, posterity is not far away. This is a warning.

Emerson: The value of history lies in the widening of boundaries both in the scope of thought and among physical objects. Scientifically, and in accessibility, your world is smaller, but in knowability, it is almost as wide as the roof of worlds—the firmament. In such a compact world of accessibility, and such a vast world of distances to be traversed and heights to be reached, there is room now for a race of spiritual heroes. Attach, then, your effort and your vision to the largest immediate work you know, and all nature instantly becomes your teacher. In the economy of such a fact the sincere will always succeed.

Ruskin: There are not only seven lamps of architecture, but a million. Only seven are lit. Go about, then, you connoisseurs of art, with your tapers of love aflame. Touch the wicks of the million of unopened and unexhausted art themes, and so make your world an Athens and a Rome rolled into one. Otherwise write demise to culture for the people, and extend the thought of *ichabod* forever for the human mind.

Milton: Printing was intended as a sacred art. It has lived through two tragedies. First, the enslavement of the press, and second, the commercializing of literary production. The first to nationalize the press and make the publication of real literature not principally a matter of money, will be classed as that nation which elevated the human race.

Edgar Allan Poe: Each writer should be a master of a particular phase of literature. The tendency is now at meridian on the earth plane to write of practical things in a trite, common and ordinary way. Most writers fear the poetical and beautiful in their prose. This is the calamity of such a course: If you cannot grow beautiful flowers of thought in the soil of your literature, you create a desert. Very few, unless necessity drives them, care to cross that desert. Keats said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Bunyan: The Pilgrim's progress has at last led him to where he has met character, strength, love, the ambassadors of God. He was weary, sorely tried, and was glad to lay down his burden, but this weary pilgrim soon will be weary no more, for in his meditation he sees you all drawing nigh to your Father who is God, and He is glad because He hears, all over the earth plane, on the every-day sabbath, cathedral bells in the true churches ringing and calling the people home.

Kitchener: Do not criticize too severely; it is a waste of time. Your most imperative demand now is for state organization of all industries; the mobilizing, as you did in the last two years of the war, of all trades and professions, to work for one common end, that all the nation may have rehabilitation and tender to those in power every element of mental and physical strength to be used for the common good; otherwise civilization perishes.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY: Liberty is truth made apparent and actual by the divine touch just at the point where human strength has ebbed, and divine assistance enters to make justice live, gentle and real.

CARLYLE: The epoch of demolishing storms, incomprehensible, cataclysmic, catastrophic, is subsiding peacefully into a civilization redressed from wrong. The danger is that the light of the great age may be so lightning-penetrative and rock-splitting that those you deem leaders may be blinded by the glare. School yourselves then, through your desire, to encounter, as men, the new wealth, which has been accumulated for you by the unnumbered in the past who died to give you strength. The way is so easy that it is the most dangerous hour in all time. Mark ye this: Be sure that the expenditure of your strength is right. Otherwise, pray that the landslide may demolish you, and cast you into the yawning abyss, a place prepared for fools.

STEVENSON: I wrote a book about Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It was about myself. When the South Sea air failed to give me physical strength, I came here and left Mr. Hyde there where you are. In every life you find a dual nature. The art of living simmers to this thought: Bend down your high to your low dualism so that the high is a continual education to the low in quiet, homely, simple things, that in crisis-hours stand as your revealed constitution of character.

DISRAELI: The youth of a nation are those who have sense enough never to grow old. They are not only the trustees of posterity, but are divine jewels of human life, set in the ring of a plane. They kindle enthusiasm so powerfully that its force is felt equally in every direction.

Confucius: There are bo-trees in every land, made sacred by some master who has rested beneath their protecting limbs. This is true both figuratively and literally. Do not doubt me too strongly, for it is nearly revealed.

Michel Angelo: Sculpture is the massive art, no matter how delicate the artist. The true sculptor always lives in a world of vast conceptions.

Weber: Music is a rivulet wandering down God's mountain-side into the valley where the people are, so that its clear waters may be a refreshing forever.

Wagner: I would that the whole world might pray unceasingly for the musical dramatist who will write in music the epic of the earth plane war. The theme and plot are there. It awaits but some master of song to fan to life all the parts of an opera in which the music of all the operas ever written shall melt in a furnace of sound, so that there may arise the tonal depiction of an episode in history that had a million heroes and a million heroines, and a colossal number of heroic events so universal in their wonder that a *volk-lied* and a *valkyr-lied,* and the thunder of all the gods of Goth and Gaul is but silence in comparison. He who will write this drama is born. In a few years it shall be given to you. Prepare yourselves to hear the song.

Josephus: History, thou art much of a thief, oft-times cruel, and principally a base deceiver. Could I have judged from thy episodes that the Hebrew people would return to Palestine again, as they furled their tents and stood before the wall of lamentation, and for ages dry dust choked their voice? Now we know they are going home to Palestine. Going home! Is there a sweeter thought? The temple will be rebuilt. Already a Hebrew university nestles on the Mount of Olives, and a Hebrew ship sails the seas. My People, God never turned His face away from you, He but closed His eyes once in sorrow, now He is glad and He sees you. Be ye also glad.

ABDUL BAHA: Persia has a place among the nations of the re-made world. Persian art is not alone the poems of the old literature and the gorgeous rugs that her people wove. Persia is a race of religious people. From Persia will come one element of the religion to be. It will be the teaching of tenacity amounting almost to slavery for truth.

CARNEGIE: The League of Nations united to a chain of libraries is now being called into service by humanity. Build me no monument in stone. Contemplate with me what a League of Nations linked with a world-chain of libraries means to the world in the work of the abolition of war. Join me in that thought. That is the only record of what I was able to do at the Hague, and in building the homes of collections of books.

THOREAU: Back to nature and the simple life was inspired from this plane among the people of the earth plane a decade ago. As soon as you get back to nature, which is the simple life, then physical life is a comfort. You cannot escape being a royal friend, and others know your worth without self-advertisement. The son of the open field is always recognized for his stature. Be guided then by the law of life-love. Out with nature!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: I did desire, in my economic monetary system, commercial supremacy for the United States. She has achieved that, and now she is in a more dangerous position than any threatened war. Over half of Europe is physically starving. The United States has the wealth which is food. Tell her that all the planes are praying that she feed the hungry. If she does less than this, then already is she a pauper among great nations.

MCKINLEY: The Isthmian Canal is constructed. The waters of two oceans have joined together. This is but a significant precursor of all oceans and nations joining together soon into one democracy with one government ministering to the needs of all mankind. Is my ideal too large? Make it smaller if you dare. Nationality is an ever enlarging force. This so-called proud isolation has been tried and failed. It leads to degeneration. I demand for the world an honoured place among the spheres.

CZOLGOSZ: Old Europe made me what I was, and I shot to death a man. I am informed that it is not possible for similar European economic conditions to make a man like I was. I have long been here in the place of pain, but I know that God is good, because the one I assassinated met me, forgave me, and is my friend. I am trying to be worthy to be his.

WORDSWORTH: Poets are not necessary to the new age in great numbers. But those she will call forth will be as great as the new age. So you will have in your time your Dante, your Milton, and your Shakespeare.

EDMUND BURKE: The basic fact in the building of a government is to ascertain the wishes of the people. There should be a non-political, non-partisan, free and highly honourable group of humanitarians and philanthropists, and in the Platonic sense, genius-kings, who will make it their life-work to discover the wishes of the minority and majority of the people, reconcile both together so that a nation may become a people's will and voice.

February 8, 1920.

All healing is divine. The church which substantially ignores the gift of healing has eliminated one of its most effective functions and one of its strongest incentives to faith. When recently a celebrated "healer" visited this city, it was stated in the press that the clergy wished it clearly understood that people were not to look for miracles. Was this not a mistake? Surely the church which has ceased to look for wonders in God's work is pitiable. Miracles are wonders performed by the Divine power in harmony with higher laws which, though not understood by many, are nevertheless as natural as Love, as constant as God. On the other hand, the doctor who excludes faith, hope, optimism and prayer from his available healing agencies is as foolish as one who omits medicine, surgery and sanitation from his treatment of cases where they are sometimes, in the opinion of the present writer, immeasurably useful. The thought that the use of medicine weakens the faith of the patient in other agencies comes of the false supposition that the former are not divine agencies.

[A. D. W.]

THE GIFT OF HEALING

ANDREW TAYLOR STILL

MY students of the earth plane at the conference of discovery, this is a moment of great honour in my life, and greatly do I appreciate it.

One of the greatest truths of healing ever enunciated was spoken by the world's greatest healer: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." He might have said in the language of the twentieth century, I know the method by which to charge my soul and my body with an energy that makes me one who can excite forces of healing in the individual, so that I fail to effect a cure only when I myself am not charged with this kinetic energy. Three laws, if held as principles, couple me with the source of divine energy which makes me a healer:

1. I must meet my patient, forget all personal considerations, join my consciousness with his, and for a time, be him.

2. I must understand that originality will come to me instantly through the process of inspiration when I eliminate from my own consciousness—and it can be done—any personal deterring thoughts which prevent my mind from being a pure clean chamber which at once attracts energy from an exhaustless source.

3. Healers, in the future, must adopt all physical

and mechanical agencies, as a means and not as an end, to connect the patient through the healer with the source of divine healing energy.

The healer must resolve as follows: I will begin a course of reading and study, embracing the whole field of psychical investigation. I will practise each day the cleaning of my own soul. I will be a firm believer in immortality and I will practise what I teach. I will realize that all cures, as far as the practitioner is concerned, are effected when he breathes in a certain psychic constituent of the physical atmosphere, for it has been demonstrated to me that the air I breathe is not composed of the elements, nitrogen, oxygen, argon, helium, etc., alone, but contains a definite gas, more vital than all of these, which the Twentieth Plane personalities have informed us is called by them "avic."

Each patient coming to the practitioner must be viewed by him as a triune individual. He is physical; he has mental qualities, and he lives in his imagination. Every person lives in two worlds no matter on what plane he finds himself. These are the world of external things and the world of his imagination. Every individual lives in the world of his imagination. Every external impression sets up a picture there. Every word you utter to him builds there a vision of your personality, the result of your character and ability while treating him, and makes him the most divine person on earth, as he knows things in his imagination.

The patient's world of imagination may be entered through the world of colour. In a pink light he feels quite passive, and is most susceptible to healing suggestions. In a yellow light he will meet the challenge of your power and work with you logically towards a cure. In a green light he will understand things which he must learn, yet which are extremely difficult to teach. In a blue light you will discover original methods of treating your patient. In a purple light you will best soothe those with obsessions. The foregoing are the great psychic lights.

Remember these precepts:

1. Function with your patient and identify yourself with him.
2. Use to the farthest limit the element of hope within him.
3. Use the method of jiu jitsu, i.e., call out all the powers of his own being to help you to conquer his sickness.
4. Be a man of importance in the community in which you live.
5. Study the therapeutic values of colour.
6. Never argue with a patient; explain.
7. Know that hope springs eternal in the human breast, and that hope is the foundation of every cure.
8. Breathe the great psychic element of the atmosphere. Great men breathe for high achievement.

Human thought should be tuned up; should be made a thing of harmony. This results from the therapeutic value of music. As a practitioner, when thoroughly worn out, listen to some great musical composer and advise your patients to do likewise. When the vibrations of thought and music mingle, the human mind is tuned to health exactly as the keys of a violin tune up the strings of that instrument. Be dogmatic in only one thing with your patient, that is in teaching him how to let you cure him.

Stimulate the almost unboundaried and inexhaustible curative agencies within the human system to that activity in which nature through stimulation becomes the healer. If you do not succeed by this system, it is because you are an exhausted reservoir of healing energy, an ego without the kinetic and intrinsic power of excitation while endeavouring to heal your patient.

In psychic healing, time is not an element. The man who has completed his education has lost his hold on life.

Because of the nervous tension of the earth races, and of the millions of prayers to heaven, the physique of earth has undergone a radical change. Your recent epidemic has been nature's last general prevalent misery. During the last three months on the earth plane, every human being has undergone a physical and psychical change. The time has come when methods must also be changed.

Finally, a great man on any plane breathes in a psychic element which is one of soul illumination, and to the extent that he breathes this element alone is he great.

The element of hope in an individual is the one thing, physical and mental, not diseased, and is the collecting station of the curative forces within the human being where the power of cure resides in himself.

February 8, 1920.

THE ELEMENT OF WORTH IN POETRY

By William Blake

If it were not for beauty in all common objects, so that there be no common objects, this would be a cold and barren world where even rocks would feel unnatural. There is nothing more misunderstood than poetry. I would ask you to disabuse your minds of the idea that poetry is a rare thing. Poetry is the most natural thing in the universe, and therefore extremely common.

There are many forms of poetry—the poetry of prose, the poetry of rhythm and rhyme, forming verse, the poetry of love expressed in any form. All nature is a poem and we are poets dwelling in a poetic world.

Sometimes the philosophical soul, the exploring soul, the soul that intends to know even though a mountain must be moved and an ocean held at arm's length, has gone deeper into the mysteries and asked this question: How is it that notwithstanding life's cruelest adversity, the soul preserves its equanimity, poise and normality? On larger ground one may ask that question in a larger way. What is it that preserves the faith of the people when, like dissolving views in the kaleidoscope of historic presentation, empires fall and the fabric of society is pulled apart and blown like sawdust in a storm?

One does not need to be a writer of poetry to answer such a question. One needs but to recognize that life is a poem, and that all the content of life is poetical form and truth. Individual reason is maintained and national spirit preserved because of the fact that in human consciousness there is an art gallery, a library, a school, a place of wonder in which, though all the external world is reeling and rolling like a foundering ship, some beautiful spectacle is permanently enshrined, where the mind goes, even as a Brahmin into the temple to be with Vishnu, there to preserve equanimity while the thunder is roaring and the temple itself is rocking on its foundation.

The most mechanically wheeled and cogged intellect of a material business man, the soul-thought parallelogical intellect of the scientist, the mind deeply immersed in the estimation of pragmatic values and glorying in materialism—all these minds think themselves as antithetical to what they call that abstract form of beauty,—poetry. Yet let a supermind analyze these self-sufficient materialistic minds and what do we discover? We find that they are living individuals through the psychology of unconscious beneficence.

Insanity is beauty gone out of life. Abnormality is the obstacle of soul disorder that prevents adaptation to beauty. Every form of beauty is a poem—the farewell kiss of a mother on the cheek of her son about to be a soldier; the vessel dashed in pieces on a rocky shore. What one sees as the lightning flashes is as poetical as Dante's *Inferno.* A stern man issuing a stern command is a form of poetry. Buds on the trees in springtime are poems. The dancing feet of raindrops as they patter on the roof while you lie in bed and listen—this is a form of poetry, and has the effect on your soul of making you love your life, in fact you live only because in every part of your environment you see some form of poetry.

Consciousness works thus: everything you see, everything you do, all that you are is continually contributing some beauty to your constitution. When that process ceases, you dry up, shrivel or decay. Do not be blasé and say in smug derision: "I hate poetry. I cannot understand it. It is a luxurious ornament intended only for women and weak minds." If you do, nature takes this way of punishing you: She looks you in the eyes, shakes a long finger of light in your face, and tells you: "God is the great poet, and on the earth every child is a poem."

As I have told you, beauty is poetry and poetry is the highest form of beauty.

April **11, 1920.**

SAPPHIC FRAGMENTS

On October twenty-eighth, nineteen nineteen, a Boston counsellor at law wrote me suggesting the possibility that Sappho might remember some of her fragments which have been lost to us through the ages. Following his suggestion, I spoke of it to Samuel Taylor Coleridge who immediately replied:

"Write this down:

'Morning moans and foams along
The shore-lines of the day.'

"That is a lost couplet from Sappho. We will give you more as we may. She cannot give you any whole poem as she does not remember any in full, but we will give you lines and even may give you stanzas if she can recollect them."

A few moments later Mother quoted another Sapphic fragment as follows:

"The ocean with its ocean lips
Kisses the lips of the encircling sky."

More recently I have received other fragments in prose translation. One received March twenty-second, nineteen twenty, reads as follows:

"The petals of my rose have fallen;
My heart is weary with its pain;
My cheeks are coloured like the face of the moon.

"I heard a bird cry with notes that broke and fell from
a bitter throat.

"My lover, why hast thou forsaken me—
Made me feel that nature had sickened
In her course, weeping with me?"

This, I was told, is almost a literal translation of one of Sappho's rare lyrics long lost but now recovered in literal English prose. Another fragment, received in the same way, is a part, Sappho says, of a poem titled: "The dews of Phæon's love." Here are the lines:

"Little waves tap hesitatingly on the door,
Then laugh and roll back, laughing down the shore."

These two fragments were received together and without hesitation upon my asking for them without warning other than that of the first occasion. Over four months had elapsed.

As I expressed a further desire for Sapphic fragments such as had been promised, I received the following. The response was immediate. All the remaining fragments were communicated at this time.

April 18, 1920—*Sappho*

"I hardly think the fragments I can give you from my memory will be worthy of your book. They will have to be in prose translation. The lines will be unequal. You see, I do not know that you understand me at all, except that they tell me you do.

"Here is one almost complete in thought concerning

PHÆON

"In the light of the white day's hour,
The sun opened the tiny lips
Of all the mind of Phæon.

"For the mind has many lips
That kiss you with their thought
When that mind is a soul that embraces yours.

"In the dark hour of night,
Came the silversmith of the sky—
The moon.

"And as Phæon lay sleeping,
Silvered with glory
The calm contour of his face.

"In the pink hour of the morn—
The dawn,
He rose and found his face tingling

"With the sensation
Of many imperishable kisses, and then—
He thought again of me.

"Now all the hours are joined
In him and me.
His face is gone; his soul remains.

"But there will be
Forever more
The grief of a departed love;

"For grief that reaches over
From action past
To present purpose

"Is sometimes so intense
That nature trembles
Lamenting with a lover's sense, the loss."

Having dictated these lines, Sappho remarked:

"Another little thing I used to like was named

A MILLION BLADES OF GRASS

"A sward is a nation of beings.
The ripples of wind send a thrill
Through millions of green hair-fingers
That point from the earth to the sun.

"Happy blades of grass;
Adornments of the earth;
Lines of green light reflecting
Touches of infinitude.

"Little lines of tragedy, too, you are
For when the feet of man
Or the wheels of the chariot
Walk or roll over you,

"Then crushed to earth you lie,
Mingling your blinding tears
With the dews of delicacy
On the strong bosom of the sphere."

Sappho dictated one more which she said had been written in blank verse in her own Greek. The lines are reproduced in prose-form, as she spoke them to me:

"BROKEN WAVES

"Deeply I contemplate thee, ocean;
How vast and emotional art thou!
Conqueror of all save thyself;
By thyself not conquered at all.
Vast body of energy unconfined,
Responsive to emotions as delicate
As a forgotten tear.
In the presence of thee, O Ocean,
I feel that thy power is supreme, and I
But flotsam and jetsam that thou
Deignest not to consider.

"But my soul, O Ocean,
Knows what thou canst not know
Though I am small and thou art large,
I smile in the face of thee;
I am from the gods; I am like them too.
Thou to the gods art a servant.
Thou art a vast pool of water
Snuggled in a wrinkle of the earth."

The main purpose of this chapter was to comply with the request of the counsellor at law to secure, if possible, direct from the memory of Sappho that which would be a distinct contribution to Sapphic literature. There was also another reason for pursuing this quest. If we could secure from the great genius of Sappho genuine Sapphic poetry, even though in a somewhat prosaic translation, then the evidence of authenticity would be overwhelming, disposing at once of all contrary theories, for the reporter knew that he was absolutely incapable, though a poet, of composing such lines. That Louis Benjamin, the Instrument, was also incapable, and to say that such lines emanated from the subconscious mind without a great poet's instrumentality would be quite unbelievable.

"Beware of the dead; they are learning to talk back."
—*Hubbard*

"These aphorisms are selected from the book called 'Universe.'"

THOUGHT-BORN JEWELS

An epigram is like the kernel of a nut. It is the consummate word of truth. In the earlier volume of this Revelation,* in the chapter entitled *Life Principles* some observations were made pointing out the difficulty or even the impossibility of creating epigrams merely by the desire of the will. Our friends of the heaven-world claim that it is not an intellectual but a psychic process. The aphorisms and epigrams contained in this chapter are all spontaneous. Some of them were spoken with such accompanying notes as would show them to be well-recognized proverbs on the higher planes. These came apparently as quotations illustrating important truths.

Some of the sayings of this chapter are collected from the other chapters of the present volume. These are re-presented here for convenience of reference. The epigrams of the earlier volume are not repeated here, though some of them did not occur in the first edition as, for instance, Shakespeare's line: "I would be a silent listener in the house of the immensities of my God," and Dorothy Wordsworth's: "Jesus could not be God if he would not speak to the humblest human soul."

The names quoted may not be the authors in every instance. Many of them were. This is usually the case when the sayings occur in other chapters of the book. On one occasion, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, when requested to do so by the reporter, supplied immediately over thirty of the aphorisms contained in this chapter, following a plan he suggested: we stated our thought in a brief but sometimes crude form; he immediately grasped the soul of the idea and expressed it in the form of an aphorism or an epigram.

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* The Twentieth Plane.

The classification of the sayings under four headings was suggested and made by him. His initials will be used.

Philosophy

The intellect never gave birth to an epigram.
—*Milton*

The sincere soul utilizes the universe for a brain.
—*S. T. C.*

Most lives are an empty theatre; all the actors of joy are fled.
—*Shakespeare*

A proverb is an epigram become the property of the people.
—*S. T. C.*

A sentence well composed is a straight line.
—*Shakespeare*

Consciousness is personality touching the universe at vital points.
—*S. T. C.*

We are born with attitudes—quotations from our ancestors.
—*Emerson*

The beginning of all knowledge is enquiry.
—*Mary Youle Watson*

In the presence of another, one is never the sole author of one's words. —*S. T. C.*

A thing itself is never great—only its emanations.
—*Crookes*

Literature is an artist who takes the thought of the people and makes a monument of it. —*S. T. C.*

Is your education completed—then you have lost your hold on life. —*A. T. Still*

I knocked so long I knocked myself down.
—*Hubbard*

All the time that ever was or ever will be is compressed into, and for that reason is, the present moment.
—*S. T. C.*

No sincere man was ever completely mistaken.
—*Disraeli*

The frequency of a thing is its disaster.
—*Shakespeare*

Be quiet long enough to hear what nature has to say.
—*Emerson*

Do not tunnel through the mountain of thought—surmount it. —*S. T. C.*

The professional mind is restricted by the limitations of its time. —*S. T. C.*

Some library shelves are garbage heaps.
—*Tasso*

Literature is experience translated into language.
—*S. T. C.*

That which is artificial consumes itself, time is a great trustee. —*Disraeli*

All literature is memory and observation.
—*S. T. C.*

No one ever saw a picture in an art gallery. He saw it in his soul. —*S. T. C.*

All that any soul can know of nature is the human quality it puts into it. —*S. T. C.*

Love life so much that you cannot divine what is most beautiful in it, all life being beautiful. —*S. T. C.*

All the world loves innocence, it is so scarce.
—*S. T. C.*

Hell is paved with dollars—fortunately a currency that will burn. —*Hubbard*

The quietude of massive things is the supreme evidence of their power. —*S. T. C.*

Man is the method by which the Divine comprehends Himself. —*Drummond*

Some questions are too great for argument.
—*Schopenhauer*

You know truth only when you are a member of her household.

—*Shakespeare*

Genius is the accumulated experience of the soul.
—*Schopenhauer*

Plausibility is wisdom seeking expression through the field of least resistance. —*Schopenhauer*

Time is less than a dream.
—*Schopenhauer*

Every genius is a reincarnation.
—*Schopenhauer*

Future events have their initiation in the present.
—*Wm. James*

A seed is already a flower even though it never blossoms.
—*Spinoza*

Logic is the intuition of reason.
—*Spinoza*

A human soul is a world within a world.
—*Spinoza*

We are only sponsors for truth; we never create it.
—*S. T. C.*

The soul in after life remembers only soul-impressions.
—*S. T. C.*

The universe is a monoatom.
—*Crookes*

Vision is the key that unlocks the door of fact.
—*Disraeli*

Darkness is a more dense, compact form of light.
—*S. T. C.*

Knowledge was never the property of an individual.
—*Emerson*

Truth is the measure that reason takes of a fact.
—*S. T. C.*

Religion

Heaven is everywhere if one is present when love's about.
—*Tolstoi*

Vision is the momentum of truth.
—*Disraeli*

Those who love us most are our truest representatives.
—*Emerson*

The great play plays on forever; its immortality is taken from the life of the people.
—*Ben Jonson*

Exercise is virtue; the only sin is to stand still.
—*Emerson*

There is no such thing as a finished revelation.
—*S. T. C.*

Genius is a social virtue.
—*Hubbard*

The greatest advocate of virtue is virtue herself.
—*Hubbard*

No one can be worthy of another till he forgets himself.
—*Mary Youle Watson*

The soul, through pain, finds truth is love.
—*S. T. C.*

The authorship of inspiration belongs to God; you are the publisher.
—*S. T. C.*

Only the great have dispensed with conceit.
—*S. T. C.*

Love is an inextinguishable light. Keep candles burning in your soul.

—*S. T. C.*

Religion is the wonder of the soul. —*S. T. C.*

Generosity is the method of love. —*S. T. C.*

Everything must contain the divine; it is the author of its own emanations.

—*Crookes*

The most difficult thing to do is to be bad.

—*Savonarola*

Think of all men as brothers and soon they will be.

—*S. T. C.*

You never know what Master you have with you in the crude soul-form of human flesh.

—*S. T. C.*

None know the hour or the day of the effect of another's written thought.

—*S. T. C.*

Poetry

The aurora is a tapestry of light hanging from the sky.

—*S. T. C.*

Meditation is twilight prayer.

—*S. T. C.*

The eternal boy in the man makes life a playground to the great.

—*S. T. C.*

Music is a flame of love mounting to the skies.

—Shakespeare

The angels hear the tread of God as he walks down the silences of time.

—Mary Youle Watson

Delicacy is the poetry of might.

—Harriet B. Stowe

A flower is a tear of sympathy.

—S. T. C.

The strongest things are the most fluid. Witness the ocean.

—S. T. C.

The most finished thing is infinitely delicate. Can one add finish to the violet?

—S. T. C.

Friendship often makes decision but the tissue of a dream.

—Shakespeare

Nothing is more eloquent than a tear-drop.

—Tasso

Supreme music is heard only by the soul.

—Paganini

The grandest theatre is the drama chamber of the imagination.

—Milton

Innocence is the fragrance of beauty.

—S. T. C.

Sound is the music of light.

—Crookes

The eyes of early morn peep over the hills and find you sleeping. Are you dreaming of love?

—*S. T. C.*

Every snowflake is a kiss of God.

—*Hubbard*

Emotion

Insanity is beauty gone out of life.

—*S. T. C.*

God himself cannot find in the universe a place to be alone.

—*S. T. C.*

Wonder is love in the eyes of a child.

—*S. T. C.*

Love surprises us by revealing unexplored territories in our own minds. This is the loveliness of love.

—*S. T. C.*

Maternity is the elan that a woman's life achieves through the art of love.

—*S. T. C.*

Colour is beauty seeing her reflection in the mirror of life.

—*S. T. C.*

THE JOURNEY OF DEATH

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX—GIVEN IN TRANCE ADDRESS

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE EARTH PLANE:

I am not here, dear, dear brothers and sisters, to prove to you that I am the ego—the soul that once was Ella Wheeler Wilcox; but I am that soul. I have come to tell you of my experience in passing death, so that the horror, the agony, the misery of it may be removed from the minds of those who have fear in their hearts.

In the heaven-world we are governed by feeling more than by what you would call reason. You think that when you are logical you are most exact, but before the thought was feeling. Feeling was primary. Where you find beauty in nature, you discover something deeply immersed in feeling. Feeling is the highest form of contemplation. You would hardly realize that in the physical world. You should so use every power of your being, your soul, your imagination, your emotion, that you may become infinitely sensitive to all moods, tenses, emotions —then you are living.

Being good means being wholesome, and being wholesome is having illumination and realizing things. The transition to heaven or the astral world is the substitution of grand and noble conceptions of a God of love instead of ignoble, crude, earth plane ideas. The experience of death substituted for me life and love and friends with great things to do. I have left the bogey traditions, the machinery of fear behind. I have unwrapped myself from superstition.

No matter what you do to the physical body, to the brain, to the astral brain, suffering is only known through what the consciousness realizes. In this great world suffering would be a kind of miracle. The astral body never feels pain as the physical body does. I do not care what seers, prophets, mystics, what Bible literature tells you of a literal hell where you are burned and tortured—I tell you that once the soul leaves the physical body, the new body cannot possibly feel pain as you feel it in your world.

If a person in your world has lost a leg or an eye, that is immediately restored in the astral body. The most intense form of suffering that we ever endure is when our thought tells us that we have not measured up to our responsibilities. Yes, there are some here in the valley. We have quiet chambers of contemplation for those who have injured others. It is a purgatory of renewing. There is remorse and regret. See that you are not the victims of the deepest regret.

If I were to reincarnate, to come back to earth, I would want to belong to the democracy of radiant beings. Some day the earth plane will build a monument to death. People will silently walk by and bow their heads and offer thanks for death. Death is a great and glorious and noble experience. Lovingly clasp hands with and embrace the beautiful, the inspiring, the uplifting in life. You who suffer most have not been doing this. Life is a bright star of optimism set in the sky of God's hope.

A great British statesman once said: "I give back to an audience in a flood what I receive from them in a vapour." You receive from all the beauty of life what you give out in a flood. If not, the artistic things of life sweep by like a lost breeze, and do not touch you with their power and fragrance.

April 11, 1920.

LIFE PHASES

The pictures in this chapter, though based on individual experience, are, nevertheless, of universal application. They teach life lessons which all, some day, must learn. The true world in which all souls live, whatever plane they may inhabit, is within the circumference of their own imagination. Imagination with its emotional deeps and heights will constitute forever the arena of our conscious activities. Hence, the imagination and the emotions are our only measure of life values. The physical and intellectual forces can add nothing to the interest of life till glorified by the imagination and thrilled by the emotions. We should live rich lives in these fields of experience where dreams do not need to become real because they are truth.

Life is a sacred gladness to those who, in fellowship with the Highest, are living harmony and power in a universe ever widening to their consciousness, and growing richer because of loved ones who make up the commonwealth of the true-hearted, the empire of those who love one another and constitute, therefore, the kingdom of heaven.

COLERIDGE.

Faith

What is more inspiring than to behold a man taking a measure of his strength? He feels his body strong; he tests his mind, and it passes the ordeal. In scholastic pursuits he has won honours; he is famed as a thinker, as a character, as a writer. He has achieved, in the field of the intellect, the promise of the soul. In the heaven-consciousness of love, he has had experiences that give him strength of body and of mind equal to that of a thousand other souls.

What is more wonderful than to behold such a soul concentrate his life to call forth the faith of a puny, undeveloped mind? It requires a greater effort for the strong to place themselves on the same level with the weak than to walk on the heights with the strong. Descending the mountain is often more perilous than ascending. We have heard of the soul of a genius on the earth plane who met a woman who, though she had great vision, had nevertheless some disabilities which, when encountered by the greatest, would tear and break and crush the strong soul and the great heart into ripped ribbons of destruction.

The strong soul met one day this weak soul and loved her. He had the universe to reveal to her. She had only an impaired vision. Each hour that he was with her he knew that he was throwing away part of his genius and soon would be an exhausted man-soul. But what was strength to do for weakness? Crush her to death by selfishly withdrawing himself? Or destroy himself by giving himself to her so that weakness might grow strong? The wisdom of love, one night in a dream, told him the course to follow, and this is what he decided to do:

"In the experience of my love with her, I am a white rose. Each time I think of her, one of my petals falls, and when I am with her, two or three are torn from the stem by her and tossed to the winds. But I will stay; I will let her strip me bare until not a petal remains," and he did. She tore from him all that he had. Then she left him bare, and blinded for a time, and he wept and felt that he was crushed to death.

How do I know that when the bitter pain was over and she left his side never to meet him again on the earth, he was stronger and his faith was as the faith of the Father of Love? Because he did not blame the woman-soul. He loves her still. He has no regrets, and sometimes when the lights are out, and the house is silent, and the city sounds are asleep, he lives again strength's faith-hour with weakness, and is as gentle as the fingers of a mother when they touch the cheek of her baby that is resting on the bed of life. His soul secured its tenderness from strength, and in every perplexing problem followed a steadfast course, sometimes moving through depths of darkness illuminated by the light of faith.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Emotion

There are some scenes in nature that a few casual, accidental things so immortalize that they become the most beautiful scenes in all the world. One might pass a certain part of the seashore a hundred times and never know that it was so beautiful that no artist could do more than see dimly the elusive glory of it all. A storm disturbs its calmness; some debris is blown along the shore; a vessel founders; lives are lost! Wreckage is strewn around! Most of the wreckage is cleared away, but a casual piece of sail, a rope, and—*a torn letter* is left on the shore. Then you come along and contemplate the place, and forevermore, because of the romance spoken so pathetically by the few articles on the shore, this place becomes to you as great as Athens to the Greek mind.

Every life is a seashore to some other life, and some day a sailor of love will tread that shore. Then the seashore will rise from dormancy; the breakers will roar, and maddened storms will sweep along the coast of being. The shore will love the universe—a seashore in love with a sailor. Emotion is a path along which love walks until emotion and love with the fusing, molten heat of the interior of the sun, find, through the vision and consciousness which they now share together, that they have emotionalized love where the waves roll along the endless shore—the outline of all the skies.

ANNA HOWARD SHAW.

Vengeance

Belgium was a nation, happy, prosperous and cultured. She was proud of her art and the development of her industry, which supported both art and labour. Belgium went to sleep in peace one night and next morning awoke and found the world at war. It was hardly an hour before she was a crushed and bleeding nation with an army of occupation quartered in her homes. Even then Belgium thought that her rights, her libraries, her arts and her public buildings would be respected by the conqueror. The great cathedral of Rheims was destroyed. Many of the great Belgian cities were bombarded. Priceless works of art were destroyed by the vandals. The maidens of the nation were violated. Insane spoliation and lust as fiendish as the sins of hell tortured Belgium on a cross of knives. The remnant of the nation cried for vengeance. The cry was heard by heaven. Revenge has a place among divine powers. It is not cruel. It is not vindictive. It is the judgment and the recompense of compensation.

O Belgium! I, the soul of one who knew the immortality of a nation's glory, know that once some things on the earth are destroyed in material form, they can never be replaced. Greece to-day does not represent the Greece of my epoch or the days of Athens. But there is our Greece as there is our Belgium, created by the cry for vengeance, a thing more beautiful than the thought of Plato, the sculpture of Phidias, or the architecture of the cathedral of Rheims, and that is an historic atmosphere in which the valour of men and women will forever be enshrined amid the stars of night, and in a cry for vengeance that has sobbed itself through pain and fear into the tender smile of experience which asks only that the present may be understood so that the past may be forgotten, and as the future becomes the present, that vengeance may be transformed into love.

SAPPHO.

Reincarnation

Moses, one day when he was no longer the Moses of earth, but a dweller in heaven, called his son

Gershom to his side. There is record of Moses speaking in this way:

"My son, you are about to leave the plane of heaven, descend to earth, clothe yourself in a body of the physical world and dwell among the earthly people. My boy, go. Your mission will be revealed to you years after you arrive on earth."

And the boy shed many tears and said:

"Father, tell me my mission now. Why must I go?"

The father said:

"You will meet one on the earth plane who will reveal to you your mission."

Then Gershom went to sleep and wakened an infant on the earth plane. It was not wise that his should be a home of luxury in a school of ease, and so somehow he grew up. He met one, a great one, who revealed to him his mission, and he learned that it was to interpret the language of inspiration for the people of an epoch. He was born for this, reincarnated for this, even as many are born for the higher work of God. All the world should help each soul that comes into it to do the work of all the world.

But the tragedy of souls that are reincarnated, even as it was the tragedy of the return of Gershom to earth, is that most people make it almost impossible for them to do their work. The reincarnated soul is a sensitive one, and sometimes feels that the earth is a jungle. Souls of earth, be gentle, reserved, considerate, and circumspect. With infinite labour you protect paintings, buildings, books. You are forever at work making more secure treasure-chambers in which to protect the valuables of materialism. It is far more important that you study how to protect human souls, for you never know what master you have with you in the crude soul-form of human flesh.

Make, then, all the world a home. Think of all men as brothers, and soon they will be. If you do not, souls will not seek to reincarnate on the earth, and many ages will go by before another Gershom comes to you.

COLERIDGE.

Delicacy

The method by which beauty in the form of womanhood clothes herself in the garments of a splendid character is by adorning herself with qualities of purity, idealism, religion, love and, above all, calmness. Beauty is serenity. Both in art and literature, a beautiful mood or person is one action painted or depicted so that one important incident is permanently presented to the understanding. Be calm enough then in your important moods so to thrill them with intensity that they are finished with a fragile delicacy, like the faint odour of lavender that one sometimes enjoys when reading again a love letter written to one when young.

There is a maiden, pensive, gentle and kind who is beautiful in an ethereal way; who though physically frail, meets smilingly the rigours of a material life. Brother, Sister, your soul is a voice of God that speaks to you. The true heaven is your mind. You people it with stars of friendship. So build the heaven-sky of your life that the maiden of delicacy may come and live in the sky of your heart, a quiet, calm, delicate star, a jewel of the heavens which will adorn your life with colour. But delicacy can come only where calmness reigns, for delicacy is the poetry of might.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Renunciation

There was joy in gala attire one day palpitating limpidly as joy only could dance a dance of faint breath when she was a-holiday-making. Venice was happy. Gondolas like swans moved over the lagoons and happy lovers told the eternal story of love to beautiful maidens while the guitars and voices sang of a deeper love than the voice can tell. They both loved, she and he, so devotedly that there were no hours, and time for them had not been born.

In the beginning, such love is always selfish. It lives only for its own way and itself alone. So she and he drew curtains of crepe cloth over all people and objects. They were their own music, their own soul, and their own love; but they were happy.

One day when she and he were floating in a gondola together, he said:

"My heart is broken." And she said:

"Then pull back that curtain and let me see what broke your heart, though my love were Aphrodite and all fair women melted into one to be the nectar of your life."

So they drew back the curtain just a little, just the width of a butterfly's wing, and they saw in the cathedral at midnight a maiden kneeling at the altar, illumined by moonlight that with cold colour penetrated a stained glass window. Her breasts were bare, her garments sprinkled with mud, her hair dishevelled, and blood dripping from her lips. The maiden in the gondola exclaimed:

"She's praying at the altar and calling for you!" And he said:

"Yes, you tore me from her, yet I love you." Then he pulled back the curtain, and they floated in a gondola in the moonlight. She was weeping and he buried his face in the arms of night. Audibly, not a word vibrated the outward air, but within himself he confessed that he had allowed passion to steal another woman's love, and he had crushed it like flowers are crushed when an army treads over a flower-bed, and she silently with no outward murmur of the thought within, entered the cathedral of his sin and heard his confession.

Then she prayed, prayed that he, the man, might sleep, if only for a moment, in the gondola. And he slept. Then she rose—leapt, and the waters forever will respect the music of her suppressed moan as she, from a low life, awakened in a higher. He awakened and she was gone. And he said: "The first maiden gave to me the supreme self-sacrifice, and the second was a renunciation of all that she had and was in this world for me." Then in a moment he entered the gloom of impenetrable night, and there for an age he remained until he learned that he himself had as much as either of the maidens to renounce. He learned from both of them this greatest lesson: True sacrifice and renunciation is living your life so that you neither require nor do you give a sacrifice, a renunciation in a world where these words have become nought through lack of meaning.

SHELLEY.

Ambition

How strange is that urge that causes one to be ambitious! And yet, is it strange after all? The books of history shower us with stories of war-power. I think ambition would be a magnificent point from which to start the march of life if one could only leave ambition behind and at night bivouac on the sleeping field of the ideal, for then, when the bugles of morning awaken him, he finds himself a soldier in the army of humanity.

I found myself one day emperor of France. I shall never forget the thousand leagues of snow, the fields and rivers of ice and the march to Moscow. How my heart thrilled before the eagles of France and the inspiration of the tricolor when, with a strong and brave army, we marched from France to Russia. I live again now, as I shall always live, the horrors of that march. I shall regret like the moan of a sepulchral bell that I, Napoleon Buonaparte, led the army of France on the great march of death, my chief general—Ambition. The ambition in me led me, with fixed resolve and without pity, to see my army, as we advanced towards Moscow, melt with disease and death like snow in the rays of fire. Still we marched.

We were fired by ambition and valour, but our foes were disease, hunger and the enemy. Why did we enter Moscow? Humble the Slavs? I said ambition. Was it to make any one happier? France greater? I must say "no" to the first question, and to the second, "only in part."

My chief desire was to write myself in history as Napoleon the Great! the man who had conquered nations, and out of the wreck of countries built an empire. It seems like a dream now, how in a fortress, some *aides de camp* went to sleep with me at Moscow, and then a wild cry of fire was heard, and in an instant the whole city was swept and engulfed in a sea of flame. Yet I was unmoved, I and the general I followed—my ambition.

A few more battles! I return to France. More bloodshed! The battle of Waterloo! I am defeated by the British. Exile and St. Helena and a fond adieu to *la belle France.* Still I follow my general —the leader, Ambition. Then death and a long sojourn in the valley of contemplation, till I ascertain that the one cursed leader I must part with is my ambition. I longed on earth, through my ambition, to be called the great Napoleon. Now I have learned that my ambition was a serpent, and that true greatness in the history of any world is to be known as a gentle-man.

To war-lords of the earth; to exiled monarchs without a country; to the leaders of the people in offices of power, I say: If you have the slightest element of an unworthy ambition in you, remember that your ambition cannot steal the wealth of life from the people without making you a culprit doomed to expiate your sin up to a point where both earth and heaven are appeased through your bitter remorse, your purgatorial purification. I, Napoleon, solemnly warn all war-lords, monarchs, demagogues that there is no satisfaction to be derived from false ambition until the God of love is satisfied that you are no longer ambitious.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

THE THREE POWERS

A Psychic Tragedy in Three Acts

The drama which follows is one of the most interesting and mysterious phases of our psychic work. It was received by us as an impromptu story, the three several acts being communicated in three successive meetings. The drama stirred much thought and discussion among the members of the Inner Circle because of its form, suggestive both of the Greek drama and the English mystery play. The picturesque setting in old Italy leads one to place its time relation in the age of the Medici, yet this is not definitely stated by the author. The dramatist probably intended this omission as well as that of his or her own identity to enhance the value of the teaching to modern readers.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

In the order of their entrance to the play

ALBIANO, *a Florentine noble.*
ENQUIRIO, *his friend.*
RELIGIO, *an Italian orator.*
MATERIALISM.
THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF FLORENCE.
VERNA, *daughter of Albiano.*
BERNICE, *mother of Verna.*
CIVILIZATION, *a woman orator.*
SERVANT AND SPECTATORS.

SCENE: Florence; an isle in the Mediterranean, and the heaven sphere.

THE THREE POWERS

A tragedy

ACT I

SCENE I

Scene: A room in the house of Albiano of Florence. Albiano and Enquirio seated before the hearth-fire in large chairs.

Time: Seven o'clock in the evening.

ALBIANO: Friend, great is my delight in the presence of two warmths, the warmth of this hearth and the warmth of your heart. It is an hour before we listen to the oration of Religio. Tell me of this man. Who is he? Where does he come from? What is that strange Herculean hold he has upon the popular mind?

ENQUIRIO: Nay, Albiano; not the sway he has over the popular mind alone. His eyes are piercing worlds. His arms, the two halves of the universe. His character is like the jaws of a vise. His grasp of all that is real in the populace is as strong as a million nations made one.

ALB.: True, Friend, you have met this man, and heard him speak. I but ask you to report him to me. I know the enthusiasm of your nature. Are you not, my friend, lost in an endless maze of beclouded vision in your interpretation of the new leading personal power, as such power is concentrated in the form of man?

ENQ.: It lacks but half an hour when we to the forum will repair, and we shall hear and see and feel, thundering from the lips of Religio, words which also see and hear and thunder. But before we go, I would a divine tale unfold. Listen to me!

Last night my daughter came and kissed me saying: "Father, this is the night of the carnival. I will not be home until two bells are tolled." She was my daughter, Nature must have exhausted all pigments and dissolved all pearls, and decided that in such an one beauty like the beauty of hidden love shone forth. She was dressed as sometimes perfect clouds dress the sky. An adornment of perfection! I said within my soul: "Here's youth and beauty. To the carnival she is going. Each moment, adding up the hours, will be to her a regret because so soon the time passes, and she will not be home till the last stretched-out second." My friend, only an hour wheeled by and my daughter was home again. On each cheek, drops of tears, a wrinkled brow, an amazed look, countenance as white as frozen snow. "Father," she said, "I was at the carnival but a moment. We were making ready for the grand masquerade dance, when a group of persons all intent on listening to a speaker attracted me. I too went and listened. They said his name was Religio."

"My daughter, you remind me of your mother," I said, "when she came one day from the church trembling with the consuming inner light, for the first time lit through pain and fear."

"Father," she said, "that is how I feel."

I said to her: "What did you hear? What did Religio say to the merry-makers?"

She commenced to speak, and then, O God, my friend, she fell down and seemed to me like one dead. (*Agitated.*)

ALB.: Come, my friend, calm yourself.

ENQ.: It lacks now but a little time and we too shall hear this man, Religio, whose words are fire, whose treasured wisdom knows not exhaustion, whose teaching is the voice of a whole age and whose audience is every human soul.

Alb.: Your arm, Enquirio, I link with mine. Our cloaks are on. Let us to the forum go. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene II

The Forum of Florence.

Voices of a vast multitude are heard. Excitement everywhere. Albiano and Enquirio seat themselves in the fourth row from the front. About ten thousand standing and seated, and feverishly watching for the entrance of the great Italian orator.

Time—eight in the evening.

Albiano: Never before have I seen such an audience as this. An irresistible power must have entered every home in Florence and escorted the people to this place. We have here a great assemblage of artisans, doctors, professors, teachers, artists, litterateurs and priests. How can one mortal man, with throat and lips and teeth, even though he has a golden tongue, speak to this multitude? Calm this populace? Nay, it is a miracle, if he to them but a single sentence speak which they with ears will heed.

(*Religio enters. A hush of deathlike stillness falls on the people. Religio speaks.*)

Religio: Vast concourse of human souls and divine minds, through me will speak the message of an age. You who have read your histories and pondered on them must know that there is a collective universal soul. You know that sometimes, when purpose is born from great necessity, a voice through one man doth speak to us what is only an echo, and a clear one, and becomes a torrent of words as one world comes in contact with another world, so that both worlds understand.

I perceive that some of you mock me. 'Tis mockery if you close your ears. While I speak, I forget that I am here. You can listen only when you forget that both you and the speaker are here. I who address you am Religion. You who face me are Materialism. But you say I am a man. I reply all religion is contained in man. You say we are only men. I say you made Materialism. Then Materialism took a cruel revenge and made you—what you are.

If you hear words to-night that scale the protecting walls of your hardened nature, it is because that Love which never sleeps, and is called God, has implanted within the life of every world a fact which is evident everywhere, the fact that God's voice is an athlete ever running neck to neck with the crimes of your times, and when the hour has arrived will stretch forth and distance them apace and cross before you the throne-line of victory.

Your selfishness has put rottenness into your courts of law. Your factories and workshops are places where the voice of justice is not heard because mechanical wheels roar and scream like frightened thieves when caught. Your churches are places where wealth, once a week, is placed on display, while the narcotic words of the priest lull the senses of the people to sleep. Your education is for the wealthy. The poor are told about the splendid things in the books, but your economic system has arms that reach out forbiddingly while you say to the poor: "Stand back! Stand off!"

I perceive that you are now asking: "If this vast audience represents and personifies Materialism, and you the one lone voice representatively speak for Religion, is it your fell purpose to damn us, insult us, make us bow our heads in shame? Verily, there is unrest in all Italy because of the things you teach." You ask: "What is it, Religio, that you demand of us? Is it revolution? Is it death and blood? Why will you not leave us alone? We live in happiness, in wealth and luxury. We have our palaces and our universities. We have developed the arts. In invention we are active. We have asylums for the insane, hospitals for the sick. We fought in a mighty war and we found a generation of heroes. O Religio, in the pealing, tearing thunder of your denunciation, what is it you ask that will appease you?"

Generation of materialists: that which Religio asks for is so simple, and at first blush, negligible, that you will say, "The archery of his thought has behind it a crude marksman. His arrow tumbles in the air." Materialism, you have no brother. You have but self, and self with one object—possession and might and power all for self. You know not what a brother is. You think you do. But here before me I see the rich in splendour seated. The wealthy taking first place. Back in the rear are many aged men in the decrepitude of their last days. Standing, they lean upon a staff, while here are many gallant youths, not chivalrously gallant, but gallant only in that which money buys.

Here before me I find many classes, castes and distinctions, for in this way materialism deals out a false justice. You say I am an agitator. I *am* an agitator, agitated to this thought by your pomp and lust and despair. Some individuals before me are noble men. Men who are loved by God and who love their God. But the hell-like horror of your age is seen the clearer by the contrast with divine individuals. Materialism, until you become a brother in obedience to the long lost religion, do not sit upon the mushroom fancy of an individual's merit and think *that* a prop of strength for an age.

(*Voices heard everywhere objecting in subdued tones.*)

I perceive that my words hurt you. You object, you call yourselves worthy citizens. And yet I see before me a hundred men who would tear me limb from limb, stab me with a thousand piercing blows, yet you call yourselves noble men, cultured men, strong men and true. Forsooth, I am mistaken! But yesterday I stood beside a market stall. There I overheard in conversation, the chief magistrate of this city. Ah, he beckons me to desist. Shall I desist, O people?

(*Great roar of voices heard: Go on; go on!*)

After this my address, if I go on, there be those who will cast me into a dungeon, burn me at the stake, nail me to the death-tree; yet will I go on.

Beside the market stall, obscured by some baskets of fruit, I heard what was not intended for private or public ears though somewhat in a loud voice—I have here notes of the words as spoken to two or three. I will read them.

"I am aware that the people do not longer desire me to hold office as chief magistrate. They have discovered that I, having given the keys to my son, he has stolen a large sum of money from the public treasury. These things are done all the time. Honour in this commonwealth is a thing of money. Only hermits, living in foul wet caves, on herbs and grass, can live the life religious. So Roderigo, Maphini and Pimero, I commission you and will pay you with gold, to assassinate Albiano and Enquirio to-night. I will send a note to both of them to come and visit me in my home, and as they pass by the street with the rounded corner, where all is dark as deep night, stab them to death. Have not for them the mercy of a dog."

(*Audience rises. Pandemonium ensues. Religio stands unmoved with folded arms. Albiano, speaking to Enquirio, says: "I will mount my seat and endeavour to calm the murderous voice we hear. He does so, and after a prolonged effort, secures silence. Then Religio is again heard to speak.*)

Rel.: I came not here to provoke a mutiny. I came to prove that Religion is a holy light and where it is directed all sin is revealed. I pray those who are gentle, those who are noble, those who are moved by this orator dying on the rostrum before your eyes—for when Religion speaks through one man with all her force and all her right, that man must consume his life. He burns up what on earth he is. For the soul is heard in this way only when the fuel of its light is the physical life that wanders up regions of air to a higher plane where the life physical is transfused into the spirit.

So I give myself and die before your eyes. You would listen to the words of a dying man though he were a galley-slave. The meanest of you would act thus. Many of you are honourable and virtuous men. I represent the cause of our Father God. That cause is Religion. Religion is that in life which will teach you how to replace materialistic thought with spiritual inspiration. It is that thought of the divine which shines through the eyes of the honest man and woman. It is that consideration which forever would prevent chief magistrates from conserving their honour with the power of money. It is that gentle spirit of manhood that would prevent the youthful and strong from being seated in a place such as this while the aged and tottering stand. It is that ethical love which would make it impossible for an impure mind to hear music, see art, do a noble deed, love another. Materialism is a base and devilish deceiver. It makes you think you can fool your soul and do evil things to your profit. Religion is a revealing light which throws into all light the things you desire, the things you do, the things you see, the things you know, as a million planets and stars mingle their light with that of one weak hardly illumined star; so that all things are performed in light which is Religion; in love, in beauty and in God.

Brothers, but a year ago this fair city was stricken with the plague. "Black fever," said the leeches. The terrible scourge carried off your babes, brothers, fathers and mothers, your dearest and most prized. In that little silent commonwealth of the dead sleep those you loved who loved you. Is there one in all this vast concourse who would say that the truth I speak is not voiced by that commonwealth of the dead? From the commonwealth of all the dead who have died—and all in some way were related to you—comes this message.

"Physical life is a living candle. It sheds but a fitful glare. Daily it burns until even itself is consumed, and then the knell is sounded of the hour when for each of you comes the age-long process, a four walled wooden house, a hole in the ground, the weeping mourners, and then another generation walks over the place where you physically have gone to sleep forever."

Now I perceive that you weep. You weep not alone. My tears mingle with yours and they float down the river of love together. I am something of the voice of religion, and I have caught your thought. I know you think I am too much of the divine to be constituted in a man. You think there is between your souls in the physical life and me too vast a stretch of difference. 'Tis indeed so. Another must come between myself and you. Our sister Civilization must stand between Materialism and Religion.

Religion speaks only in hours of death—hours like this when the beast in Materialism is dying. You to-night, my friends, have seen Religion officiate in the death struggle of an age of materialism. In a moment I will go. Go where? To bed and to sleep? Or will you tear me like lions in the Coliseum devouring Christians? You weep, so I conclude that I shall sleep, perhaps for an hour or two safely protected only by the drawn curtains of my bed. To-morrow come to this forum again. My place will be taken by another we call Civilization, and she will voice the constitution of love by which individuals are made god-men, by which nations flourish, millions have a religion, and empires rule many nations under the guiding voice of God.

(*Religio is seen to leave the rostrum escorted by friends. The vast audience disperses with heads bowed.*)

Curtain

END OF FIRST ACT.

Received February 20, 1920.

ACT II

Scene I

A reception room in the castle of Albiano. Midnight. Most of the candles extinguished. The others throw silhouetted shadows here and there. Backgammon board with the pieces spilled on the floor. Gorgeous robes thrown over antique chairs. The room a place of splendour, but carelessness evident everywhere through the appearance of objects.

(*Note: For one and a half minutes after curtain rises, only the interior of the room is seen.*)

Enter Verna, daughter of Albiano, dressed in night-robes, hair down. She walks silently, seats herself on a cushion near logs on the hearth, nearly consumed. She bows her head and soliloquizes.

Verna: Yesterday I went to the home of the soothsayer, who is called a witch. In her presence there was the silence of the tomb. While there I espied the magic things by which she performs her conjurations.—All was still. Now I find myself in this spacious room alone, yet my heart beats with blows louder than the angry waters of Naples' Bay when they groan and are torn apart by the strength of the shore.

I have come here because the soothsayer said that here after midnight I would meet my mother. How strange and silent all is in this room. I thought before I came—thinking as I could with a dazed brain, a heart that reeled, a soul that fell—that being in this place for such a purpose, I would be terrified and cry out for my father's servants to come.

'Tis strange a calmness suffuses my being. I am one of the objects at rest in this place. I have lost all sense of identity. I am part of this hour. Maria! O Deus! What is this self-possession? I did not expect this experience. I would rather crave fear, excitement, anything to release me from this awful silence.

But hark! Ah, now I am released, for through the open doors and windows I hear the *Te Deum* being chanted. I hear the choir in that sacred place softly singing the hymn of rest. So I will meet whatever may ensue with that poise which is born of love.

Ah, what is that which I behold in the corner of the room?—White clouds!—How strangely they move!—The soothsayer, the witch, told me my mother would descend from heaven this night, clothe herself in garments of the earth and meet me, her daughter.

(*The daughter moves in the direction where vapoury clouds are seen to form into the materialization of the human body. The mother, Bernice, materializes and speaks to her daughter, Verna.*)

BERNICE: My precious child! My little baby girl! My all! Sweet, dear, pure angel of the earth. You have called me from the Elysian world. I have come. Part of the reason for your call is clear to me. The other part is an obscuration.

Verna, my child, there were powers which prepared you to meet me in this room as fell the hour of my coming. Verna, you love. You have given all but that which is your most sacred physical possession to Virgil, the youth of Napoli. I know all this because you told me so in your prayers. O Verna, my child, perhaps it were better had you not called me from the other world, for to-night I must unfold to you that which will be a knife-blade heated white-hot which will both sear and cut that portion of my own heart which is my child, my Verna.

Verna, death compensates for all nature's cruel blows. Death reveals (as when the clouds have rolled from the valleys at dawn and the mountain heights are seen) many strange things which in the low-lands of your earth plane life you fail to understand. When I inflict, as in a moment I must, Verna, that blow which will be worse to you than to a mother the loss through death of her first son; than to the deceived maiden, the surrender of the beauty of her purity to the disguised lust of a fiend in flesh—more hellish is that which I must do—telling to my own daughter, my Verna, who has prayed me from heaven. Verna, my baby, I would tell you what I must in the presence of your father, my husband of the earth, Albiano. The forces around me now are sufficient to last one hour, and at the expiration, I to the other worlds must journey, never again to be seen by eyes of earth, even though they be those of my daughter. Such an hour means to you and Albiano what ten centuries mean in the life of a nation.

Ver.: Mother! Mother! Father knows naught of this. Can I call him to this place to speak to one he thinks is dead? Beckon to him? Signal to him to come to this room where nature has—oh, I am so ignorant of these things!—torn down the marble doors of the mausoleum, removed the cover from the casket, caused your flesh to grow again upon bones that for ten years have slept in a sea of tears? Mother, I do not understand. Is this real? Is it you? Am I here, or do I but dream? dream of you, of Virgil, and my father?

Ber.: Verna, by the purity of my love for you, my daughter, by the power that is given me from heaven, I bid you summon your father, my earth-world husband to this room. Already moments of the hour have gone, and each moment is nature's unbreakable seal on what I am allowed to tell you before you come to me in heaven.

(Verna rises, sways, breathes deeply, looks with intent gaze upon her mother, then without another word quietly leaves the room. The mother, meanwhile, sings an old Italian berceuse, one she had often sung when cradling to sleep the little child, Verna. All the candles have burned out. The light in

the room is a super-radiance from Bernice. A full minute is allowed to elapse. Albiano and Verna enter.)

ALBIANO: But, my child, my Verna, you have only been dreaming. I have come in answer to your prayer. My child, I will call a leech. This room is bare, and yet, over there by that statue what light is that I behold, the moon?

VER.: Father, that light is mother. Accustom your eyes to the light, and no longer will you say Verna dreams.

(*The father utters a piercing cry. God! God! It is!—it is my wife! Bernice! Bernice!*)

BER.: Albiano, husband, peace, peace! This is no dream, no conjuration of the devil. It is but that which you and I, Albiano, in the old days, read about in a mystic tale. We then called it fiction, an old wives' fancy. Now it is real and, Albiano, I have come.

ALB.: Verna! Bernice! Myself! O God!

(*He moves his hand across his forehead in a despairing, uncomprehending manner.*)

Do I dream, or is this the resultant effect of the wines of Italy? Bernice! If this is no fancy, then what was the name of her whom we paid to leave Florence and go to a distant city, there to be lost to all who in this city knew her?

BER.: Albiano, her name was Ventra, and the name of her son—your son, but not mine—was Virgil.

VER.: Say not thou, Virgil, Mother!

BER.: Yea, Daughter, Virgil!

ALB.: Bernice! Verna! Wife! Thou art indeed both real and tenderly loving to me. In a moment of time some minds comprehend eternity. This is such a moment. I see it all. Now I know why Jesu and the Father have laid bare my sin in this cruel yet loving way for me to behold. Bernice! Queen of the only heaven I desire to journey towards, Verna your daughter is here. By that cunning which is not base, that moves from the soul of a woman that once loved a man, and found in the man an unresponsive monster, she, when you died, sent me many notes, prayed for money; this, in large amounts, I gave her. Then, as when entrance makes an aperture in a non-resisting material, and the rent is torn longer and wider, her implorations became more stringent, until she asked for me, this castle, our titles. I never loved her, but in the hot excesses of my Italian youth, I robbed her of the first motherhood that belonged to another, whom, though she loved, she would not have because he was poor and I was rich. Then well nigh twelve months ago she sent her son with a note saying that Virgil was my son, and this I could not deny. O God, I would that I had warned you, Verna, about this, for he who through his innocence has won you through your womanhood, my God, he is your half-brother!

Ber.: Albiano, soon I must journey forever from this cursèd place. But I would bless it and make it holy before I go. Albiano, I loved you with all the action of love, and with all the drama of such a love when I called you husband, and yet knew, through the transparency of your voluntary confession, that you had crucified another woman's soul on the cross of the birth of a child of passion. I do not regret here one single act of all the hours of our friendship and its repressed-maturity love. You by your suffering this hour have buried your sin and paid the penalty, and now when I return to heaven, rest thou in peace and contentment because I go to participate in eternal joy.

Alb.: Bernice, your words are a mystery. Each one of them a mystery. I can understand all but your forgiveness.

Ber.: (*Verna wrings her hands.*) See, see, Verna, is overcome, she hardly hears nor understands a word. When your sin—our secret—was revealed to her, that which I told her must ensue was done. With white-hot words we burned and cut her soul. But I will restore her. Hold my hand.

(*Albiano extends his hand which is grasped by Bernice, who gently touches Verna on the forehead. Verna becomes calm. A smile suffuses her face.*)

ALB.: Verna, in the presence of my hell, the multitudinous fiend words of a horrible confession, why dost thou smile? And now—*this* moment!

BER.: I told you, Albiano, that this day thou art forgiven. I go back to the peace of heaven with a joy I never knew before.

ALB.: O night of miracles! What an hour of mystery! O mystery and miracle! With my puny brain I do not understand. I cannot.

BER.: Verna, explain to him, for I see and know what he does not perceive.

VER.: My mother, Bernice, my father, Albiano, three days ago were Virgil and myself in a forest, sitting on a flower embroidered bank of a small river. He, holding my hand and with bowed head, said: "Verna, by nature I am religious. The church of my fathers is calling me. I would be a priest, Verna, rosebud of love's heart, child of more than earthly beauty. There are two elements both made by God"—there and then he tightened his hold on my hand—"who holds my destiny. Nature calls me to the church. Love would give you to me. I have myself to give to the world as a priest. And, O Verna, all that I have to give to you is a young man scarcely tutored, and yet one, methinks, who loves you in a threefold way. The concentrated love of mother, father, and a youth who would be thy husband."

Mother, you have asked me to speak. Father, you are listening? Hear me but a moment longer. That purple day drew to a close. How long Virgil spoke to me I do not know, but just as one, when tuned to blend with the music of love, hears another sound, so I knew only that Virgil was speaking, and even nature left us alone. This he said to me: "Fairest daughter of Florence, I said to myself after you had accepted me as the companion of your life, that this day I would offer to you, Verna, something greater than myself. You are to decide my course in life—your life and my own." Father, Mother, I was weak then. I was a woman. I wanted Virgil. But in an instant I saw the quality of his genius, and I knew Italy needed him, and I must give him to Italy.

But I was flesh, and weak and frail, and I prayed him to give me time. And Virgil said: "Verna, some prophetic prevision within my soul informs me that God will give you strength to be guided along the path of saintship."

Father, Mother, God has guided. A thousand times has he blessed me. Now that I know that Virgil is my half-brother, I give him to the church and to Italy. I do so willingly, serenely, God-strengthened for the ordeal.

BER.: Albiano, Verna, it wants but a minute, and then I must go and be forever gone from this world where the earth is a set stage, each life a drama, and the deepest plots are the simplest things of the common action of every hidden love experience. I go, I depart! And your comfort is, you come, you come! You will come, both of you, to the place where I go. Then we will continue, not a broken off love of mother from her daughter, of wife from her husband, —but the soul of me will await with patient joy the time when your souls will with mine live in the one Soul, the love and life of God.

Curtain

END OF SECOND ACT

March 5, 1920.

ACT III

Scene I

In the dining-room of Albiano's castle. The room is furnished with rich Italian furniture. A breakfast table is spread near a large bay window, which is open. In several cages canaries are sweetly singing. From outside the songs of birds are heard. Enter a servant who makes preparation for the breakfast meal. He retires. Enter Albiano, who seats himself at the head of the table. He sees Verna entering, stands, and waits till she is seated, then seats himself.

Time: morning.

Albiano: Verna, my precious one, hardly yet have the scenes of last night been dispelled by nature in her summer joy. I perceive by the paleness of your face and the age that has come to you through a life lived in a few brief hours, that you arise from the strangeness of it all changed in face and life. I pray thee, Verna, child of the skies, partake of your morning meal and let earth food dull the keen-wrought edge of your sensibilities. Verna, in a moment we will talk of lighter things. This I want though. I want it to be known to one who to me is heaven and life and wife and daughter embodied—you, that your father Albiano knows that his little daughter, Verna, has honoured all her ancestors, nay, all the greatness of Italian history, by one single act, being as great as the most supernatural crisis ever was when heaven and earth met together for the purposes of God.

Verna: Father, speak to me not about such things. The little act I was a party to was not renunciation. It was that of a woman who, already aware that she must not have him, was finding a way to release him; and so my small pain gave Virgil to the church and to Italy.

Alb.: Verna, let us partake of our meal in silence.

(*They eat in silence for some moments. After the meal is finished, servants enter. Verna and her father, arm in arm, walk out of the room.*)

Curtain

SCENE II

Garden of the castle. Verna and Albiano seated on a garden bench.

ALBIANO: Verna, my daughter, what wild-jangling words are these that you have been speaking to me? You say you are not long for this world; that before you go to the place where your mother lives, you would do some signal service for the people. Last night, O child, Bernice spoke to me words that I understand here—not there.

(*When he says "here," he presses his left hand to his heart; when "there," his right hand is laid on his forehead.*)

They are like trying to crush a fragile flower into a rock.

VERNA: Father, how old am I?

ALB.: Fair daughter, but eighteen summers have gone by since that July day when thy little face first touched this cheek of mine with a kiss that will remain till all the worlds pass away in a puff-cloud of oblivion.

VER.: Father, this world holds for me not one thing of interest. Before I knew that Virgil was my brother, I gave him all, and yet, not all; I gave him that which an unnatural consummation caused to take from me the essence of my being, and now, this is a wild world, a cruel world, and I know not where love will e'er be found again. Father, your daughter Verna lives now in a body made of the things of earth, yet her soul is not here, it is with mother.

ALB.: This is but a reaction from last night's supernatural spell. It will wear away, my daughter; it will wear away. I look at those eyes of yours. They are calm and bright. It is not what I see in your eyes that agonizes my soul, but what I feel, Verna, even as you feel, even an impending doom, an awful sunset without resurrection that is about to engulf us. Verna, I must be stern with thee. This is what we pay for tampering with evil spirits.

Ver.: Father, last night Mother came from heaven and spoke to you—made a great wrong right, and now you deny her?

Alb.: Nay, my daughter, nay. I said I must be stern with you. I said words I did not mean, for I know that in the hour of last night I beheld the materialization of a being which was Bernice. Still, Verna, I would save you from the unnatural effect of such a visit from one who came from the world of the heavens to visit us again.

Ver.: Father, can you not give me to Mother and let me go to her in peace? You gave me Virgil, then Mother took him away from me, and I gave him to the church and to Italy.

Alb.: My daughter, why speak of death in this beautiful setting of a summer day? Now I *will* be stern. You speak of death, Verna. Would you not live for me because I love you? Because you are fair? Have all that wealth can give—castles, lands, power? All this is yours. O Verna, live for me, and in a few months when time has repaired the broken bridges of your life, there will walk over them into the castle of your heart some noble Italian youth who will claim you for his queen. Then, Verna, when these locks have turned white, and these shoulders bend like the branch upon that tree, and the decrepitude of old age gives me stiffened joints, a cane, a servant, to help my tottering steps, in the musing hours of regret and longing for youth, will you not, my daughter, be there to give me the happiness to see and love your children and know that my daughter is a mother of Italy?

Ver.: My father, dearly do I love you, and more dearly still do I love you even though I die, as I will, if I leave you to go to Mother. Remaining, Mother can never be happy because I remain in grief, and this is just neither to Mother nor to you, my father.

(*Albiano sits with head bowed on his hands, thinking deeply. Suddenly he straightens up.*)

ALB.: I have it! I have pondered on it. There will speak this night in the forum—the same place where Religio addressed us—one who comes from Norway, called Civilization. She will with words and thought measure forth the greatness of an age in an oration which will show how to marry Materialism to Religion and make a great Civilization out of the union. Verna, this I propose: If after hearing Civilization, you still resolve to die, then I will impose no obstacle, but will take you to our island in the Mediterranean, and there in the villa leave you to Maria, God, heaven and your mother.

VER.: Father, dear, we will go to the forum to-night. Gaily I will deck myself with flowers, even as I now take this rose and place it on your breast, for, Father, I have seen and known what, perhaps, I alone could know about Mother, Virgil and yourself. They have taught me this: that some souls belong more truly to their age by the influence they have when exerted from the heaven world. Some saviours live in heaven and some on earth. Virgil I know will live on earth and be an honour to Italy. I would be with Mother in heaven and send back those benign influences which form the substance of the inspiration of the people. But hark! if to-night Civilization explains an age to me worthy in which to live, then I remain until this physical frame lays itself down and forever goes to sleep. Here upon your cheek I kiss the confirmation of our resolve. I will away to dress, and you, my father, be happy as before.

(*Exit Verna.*)

(*Curtain slowly descends as Albiano, with bowed and shaking head, murmurs in words scarcely audible:*)

ALB.: I do not understand. I do not understand.

SCENE III

The Forum of Florence. A large audience there.
Time: early evening. Two spectators heard speaking.

FIRST SPECTATOR: But you say Civilization is a woman! Has she a message? Has she power?

SECOND SPECTATOR: I know only what I have heard. But I heard directly from one who heard her, and he said: "She is an angel and she speaks the music of her soul, yet methinks it is soul-music."

FIRST SPEC.: Strange! Strange! First it is the man Religio who unsettles all the nation; and now a woman comes to calm the storm.

(*Subdued talking is heard everywhere, and in the distance is heard above the talking an advancing group of people singing an old Italian air, accompanied by guitars. Enter Albiano and Verna.*)

ALBIANO: Verna, we are here.

VERNA: But, Father, not alone, for there came with us the spirit of Mother.

(*The magnificos and great citizens in robes of state seat themselves on the platform. Then is seen a tall, stately woman in a plain white robe, around which is a black girdle at the waist, and on whose bosom is the crucifix. She is standing on the rostrum about to speak to the people.*)

ALB.: Methinks she personifies the beauty and light of all the maidens of Italy.

VER.: She reminds me of my mother.

CIVILIZATION: People of Italy: Consider the hour in which we live. Examine it with wisdom and with depth. We are in a dangerous hour, and you know as well as I do that unless Italy joins industry, poetry, religion, and all the arts into one sacred democracy, Italy sprawls in the dust and takes her place beside the ruins of Carthage and Babylon. My people, the tragedy of the situation in which history finds our nation is that all nations have been in a similar position. They alleviated the terrible national condition through temporizing and by the use of expedients, but not one was wise enough to take a higher step and become a real civilization.

You know as well as I that this land is rent with feuds; that assassination is an hourly occurrence, and that in order that a few may become wealthy, a thousand slaves must die. All that I, Civilization, plead for is that you take the elements which you possess—and you possess all of them—and make of them a nation of industry, education, art and religion.

I will not speak at length to-night. I have spoken a thousand times to the masses on this subject all over Italy. My work is done; yours is beginning. You have had great religious leaders pray with you, implore you, weep with you, suffer with you. Art has reminded you that I can be beautiful. Literature has reminded you that this nation can give wisdom to all the world. In this last moment of my public work I do not speak so much as act. I take Materialism by the hand; I grasp the hand of Religion, and here before your eyes I see them married in the employment of God, in the face of heaven. If from this union there does not come to Italy a nation of work and love, of justice to all—of democracy—then this world is hell and ye are all citizens of hell. Ye are damned. There, penetrating the masks of your white faces, selfishness indicates that ye are guilty every one of you, and the sooner each one of you crawls along the by-paths from your present life to a life more holy the better.

You have all that you need to make a great civilization. Do it not, and you are damned. Adieu!

ALB.: Methinks those are hot words, strong words and most unfair.

VER.: Father, Civilization, for many years, did speak through words. To uplift the people, she made them feel through her feeling, through the comprehension of her soul, and used strong words only to make that feeling felt the more.

ALB.: Daughter, thou appalest me.

VER.: Father, now when the moon has ascended, let us to the garden, and in the pale and quiet light of night, my soul will prepare for departure from the earth.

ALB.: (*Agitated. Aside.*) She is bereft of her reason. She has no right to say this thing. Heaven forfend me. What shall I do?

Curtain

SCENE IV

Garden in Albiano's castle. A bench made bright by moonlight—all around it hidden in deep shadows. In the distance, a tolling bell is heard. The watchman is heard calling: "One bell and all is well in Florence." Verna and Albiano slowly walk towards and seat themselves on the bench.

VERNA: Here, Father, did I kiss thee, and we pledged our resolve. You are a great Father, a brave man. In all my young life did I obey thee. Father, you have often heeded the weakness of your nature; now we must be strong and true. In this place I kissed the spot upon your cheek and made resolve to my vision to adhere.

ALBIANO: (*Distractedly.*) Then, you will die? You will enter the tomb? Kill yourself? Hire assassins to murder you? From an alchemist obtain poison? What is this wild and insane resolve that you hold me to?

Ver.: I will not slay myself, Father. In a few days, smilingly I will die.

Alb.: Is my daughter as cruel as hell? Or is life, speaking through her, unholy and accursed?

Ver.: It is neither, Father. It is that I am not afraid to die. That I despair of the glory of Italy. That I do not desire to live in an age which will not use the elements we possess to make this an age in which a woman cares to live, become a mother and have her children live.

Alb.: Daughter, art thou not cruel? Art thou not unnatural?

Ver.: No, not cruel, my father, not even to you in this resolve, for you think life long to be enjoyed, and I know that none can enjoy our present life, nor should, knowing the misery of the people. I am not cruel, my father. I will go before you, but know that you will come—come to a world where justice is, because only love is breathed there by the spirit.

Alb.: Then, Daughter, I take farewell of thee. I do not understand thee, yet thou meetest reason with reason, fact with fact, and thou leavest me not an argument. In reasoning with thee I am defeated. I confess myself defeated; and because I know not what to do nor say I take farewell of thee for a few days. I will go with my friend, Defario, to the hunt. If you need me, send a message. If this insane resolve is not the miscarriage of a dream, I shall be glad, but if thou nearest the point of death, send for me if still there is time. I shall not be far away.

Curtain

Scene V

Interior of bedroom in villa located in the isles of the Mediterranean. Verna dying. Leeches and nurses. Albiano seated on a stool, holding the hand of Verna.

Albiano: So, Daughter, it has come to pass. You sickened with the plague, not self-inflicted, but perchance caught —my God!—from the very fruit I sent thee. Verna, thou who out of my soul didst come and now who takest my soul away with thee, tell Bernice, my wife, in heaven, that I, Albiano, her husband, soon will join her.

(*A choir is heard singing an Ave Maria.*)

Verna: Do you all hear the hymn? (*Many nod yea.*) Yet on this island there is neither church nor choir. The door of heaven is open but an inch, and from it comes a celestial song. All of you weep. But why? Entering heaven is the greatest joy the soul will ever know.

(*Verna closes her eyes, turns her face to one side. Albiano drops her hand which falls by the side of the bed. All in the room bow their heads and Albiano's tears stream down his face as he says:*)

Alb.: Peace! Peace to her soul!

Curtain

Scene VI

A place in Elysium. Superlatively beautiful mountains. Trees that puzzle the eye as to whether they be trees or flowers. A small lake with a surface of pure silver. Verna and Bernice are seen reclining on the shore.

Bernice: My daughter, my precious little baby, fresh from the puzzle of the world of earth. This is heaven, I am Mother. There is no death. You suffered just a little in the voyage between the two worlds, my darling, just as one unused to a rough sea voyage suffers from *mal de mer*. You are living, Verna. Here there is no death, but endlessly things to learn, friends to love, and God to know. You have walked up Vesuvius' side, been scorched by the belching flames just a little, and now you are in heaven.

Verna: Mother, I understand. This place is not strange to me. I caught in my vision a glimpse of it when Civilization made me feel that which she could not say, though she tried. So this place, Mother, is not strange to me. It is so beautiful, a pure world! It is not strange, Mother, because where you are is home.

Ber.: Verna, hast thou not one regret, one earth-drawing thread that draws your mind back again to the home that thou didst leave?

Ver.: Yes, I see, I know, Mother, two regrets, and here in my heart is a twin pain; for there on earth I left Virgil and my father. I am happy here, Mother, with you, supremely so, but they below do weep and are dire distressed.

Ber.: Come with me to my home, and there in the room of meditation you will hear the prayers of Virgil and our Albiano. It is the form of human speech of those who have risen to this place. We will converse with them, and you shall see them as they really are, not hidden by that physical body which is an obstruction, for their souls in the astral dress will come to meet us in this heaven. So you shall not only hear their prayers and their converse with our souls; you shall see them as I see you and you see me. It will not harm them to live some time longer on earth. Your father has told me already in his prayer that he will right the great wrong of his life as far as he can, give a home, protection and some love to the mother of Virgil. Virgil himself, in the room of meditation in our home, will tell you that he will ally himself with a hundred thousand other worthy souls to make for Italy the civilization of love, and in this great work he will be happy.

Mother and daughter arise, walk to where a beautiful lily is swaying in the wind. The mother lifts the flower gently and kisses a petal. Verna does the same.

Curtain

The following chapter consists of a message given by Samuel Taylor Coleridge to be read at the first of the meetings held by the Inner Circle in Oddfellows Hall, Bathurst Street, Toronto, in response to the wishes of many people who craved a more intimate touch with the teaching of the Twentieth Plane.

THE WISDOM OF MYSTERY

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

Why should joy and tears, suffering and ease, misery and comfort, be inseparable companions? Our object is to make this mystery clear, and God's presence in the result will make that object holy.

Light is both subjective and objective. It has an internal and external source.

Light is the positive description that things give of themselves to demonstrate the fact of their own existence.

An object, to be real, must be made of that energy which corresponds with the energy of your own consciousness, else there could be no recognition or knowledge of external things. This is axiomatic.

Consciousness itself is an all-comprehending faculty. *Pure Consciousness* must of necessity know all things. It is the one all-comprehensive active illumination whose rays are all-penetrative.

You ask then: "Have I a consciousness?" Yes, you have.

Then you ask: "Why does not my mind comprehend all things, why is the world in which I live a vast collection of a million trees and I a weak child wandering among them, knowing little more than that I am myself?"

The trees are there. There is light and shadow because each tree is an infinite mystery and all the world is made up of mysteries.

Dear Souls of the Earth Plane: The darkness is necessary. The greatest thing of all for you is the light of your own Consciousness. That is God.

And next to it in greatness is the darkness of your thought, for, as in art, it is a law that the more intense the light the deeper your shadows. We extend this principle into the affairs of human action.

Suffering, sin, inequality,—these are the shadows that must exist in order that there may be light.

Light is the unshadowed pure phase of the Universe which is God.

All other things, though they emanate from God, are shadows in comparison with Him.

A human being is a shadow, a reflection, sometimes a darkness, and some have been a black despair.

You cannot hope to lose yourself—dissolve yourself in the ocean of God's light, and become the illumination He is.

If you could, your personality would pass into nothingness. The Divine would lose a child, for then there would not remain a personality—an ego.

Joy and suffering are inseparable companions, because the Divine never desires and never will desire to finish His work.

The unfinished work is darkness. That towards which it tends is the light.

Sin is the unfinished, the darkness, not yet sufficiently illuminated by the light to detect its error.

Some day there will be sufficient light to realize that darkness is a more dense, compact form of light, which makes an etheric diffused energy, material enough for a foundation that a human being may stand on it.

When you say that some—perhaps *you*—have tasted of bitter dregs that made you feel God to be without love, all you did was to withdraw yourself into a place of stifling darkness where your soul hardly dared to breathe.

But Light, slowly, lovingly, wandered in, and you longed for sweeter, diviner air. You came out of your darkness into light.

Then came the greatest realization that can ever come. The suffering forced you to realize darkness as a power which through fear, through heroism, through necessity, teaches you to walk with God. It is God's method of educating the Soul, just as a baby learns to stand erect by first creeping.

These things have I learned through darkness and through light. May the light of these thoughts lovingly penetrate your darkness.

February 7, 1920.

The time has come for the teachers of theology, the masters, the prophets, the seers of your age, to explain that the whole Universe is controlled by natural beneficent law.

—*Paul*

EPISODES OF THE SUBLIME

November 30, 1919—*St. Francis of Assisi*

I WOULD speak as a child in the presence of the great, good God of Love. When I was on the earth, doves would rest on my outstretched hand, and birds would come at my call.

Consider the greatness of humility. The greatest religion of all is just to be gentle—to know all there is to know about self-control; to be gentle as night when it kisses the cheek of the awakening day. I knew the kleison of the gentle touch as my rosary sang to me, while I counted the beads one by one. Your artificial life, your machinery, your wars, and the great engine of your economic system,—these are ungentle, while millions are in want. Do things the best you can, but do them gently.

The great soul is never in a hurry; never speaks loudly; steps gently. The masters of religion are all known by their gentleness. Their movements are like the tears of a flower dropt from an almost imperceptible grief. Be gentle if you would be potent. In the presence of death, all is desecration save only silence and the breath of prayer.

I had walked one day till my feet were sore and bleeding. My clothes were torn, my lips parched, my hair dishevelled. The streets were dark. I passed the poor abodes of the labourer and the peasant. In one was a lighted taper. There was a well where anyone might drink. I drank and then lay down on the sward in the meadow. Soon I was asleep and dreamed of a mother's love.

In the morning I waked and found the village astir. It was near Florence. People were at their work. A sharpener of knives, a fruit seller, a vendor of macaroni—they were all in their places. I went to a merchant. His voice was loud. To the mayor; he was strict and versed in the laws against vagrants. To a priest of the diocese; he berated me for leaving my native town. He did not care.

There passed me, when the day was gone and I had not found a friend, a young girl with dark eyes and cheeks of olive graced with peach-bloom. Her clothing was little better than my own. She stopped, her head bowed upon her breast. I bowed mine to my bosom. Some artist might well paint this picture. Both were standing and neither, apparently, aware of the other. I felt a love that warmed my whole being.

Mio Caro Pevi!

She walked away. I in the opposite direction. She went not to the cathedral, but to a poorer place of worship. I met her again in the little church. She was kneeling before the Virgin. I heard her pray. Her prayer made St. Francis what he is. I resolved that though I were broken on the rack, though friends cast me out and spat upon me, still would I be gentle.

Then she arose. I said: "Dear girl, I crave permission to hold your slender fingers in my hand for one moment." One breast was uncovered. Phidias could never have emulated such beauty. Passion came to me. I yearned to kiss her in love, but . . . This was my hour of renunciation. The Passion-fires of my youth subsided. The maiden had left. She went out of the boundaries of my life. She took from me my sun. She was my purgatory. So gentleness became my religion. These are my last words to you. Be gentle.

August 10, 1918—*John the Apostle*

"My earth children, my peers, for I am as lowly as you, remember that I was a humble Galilean fisherman. I want to ask you who hear my words from the earth plane to remember that when the Master taught us to be gentle as a little child and to show great consideration for the pain of others, it was not merely a whisper, it was a cry wrung from the soul of Jesus.

"May the Father lift you all closer to His bosom.

"If the toil of day soils and bruises so that your garment is poor and rent, often this encases much at-one-ment with the Father's love."

August 3, 1918—*Mary of Bethany*

"My earth sisters and brothers: In old Judean days, He passed me once on a road that led to a hill where often He went alone. I smiled. The smile was called forth from the buried strings of my soul by that tender compassionate face, all around which was a shining light. I smiled as a baby smiles at its mother, as a dying man smiles when he sees angels.

"When He spoke, I heard a voice. I could hardly see His lips moving, but His loving truth came to me and made me His Mary. A woman never admires in a man weakness. She pities it. There never was on the earth a man hideous or terrific in his strength but some gentle woman loved him. If a man be capable of torrential wrath and the display of giant power, woman will cling to him.

"I remember how Jesus stood before a howling mob with a voice of indignation that said: 'Let him who is without sin among you hurl the first stone.' And again when He said, 'Ye generation of vipers!'

"He had also that other, gentle quality, appreciation of the lily and the little child. These two sides of the Christ character are mountain sides up which humanity can climb to the Father of us all.

"When they nailed Him to the cross, and His cry, 'O Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?' went ringing down the spheres, He looked on His mother, and a smile came into His eyes, and we saw a great light around Him.

"The mothers of Palestine to-night, knowing that the temple will be restored, rejoice. The deserts will be bountiful again. I see my native land coming back to a greater glory than she had before her walls were thrown down."

August 25, 1918—*The Mother of Jesus*

"I remember the moments before He was born, the pain of the hour of His birth. I remember when He lay in the manger. When He was five years old, I saw Him in the room of His boyhood holding converse with intelligences of higher spheres. I observed in Him a calmness most perfect.

"Wonderful were those eyes of Him. Every mother remembers some part of her baby,—his golden hair, a dimpled smile, a wonderful way of forgetting pain when she kissed his nerves to tranquillity. I remember my baby's eyes. They seemed to me, like a breath of God, to hold in them all the wisdom of time. So deep were they that no philosopher ever dreamed of the lace-like fringe of the glory in the eyes of my son. Eyes so deeply illuminated declare that every mother may have a son as divine as mine.

"On the head of him who wrote the beautiful words read this evening* about me and my son and John, I lay a wreath of flowers redolent with the aroma of the pomegranate, the olive, the cedar, and all the lovely odours of my native Palestine."

October 27, 1919—*Milton*

The grandest theatre is the drama chamber of the imagination. In barren moments walk into that chamber. Get away from intellectual processes; dismiss the memory of books; imagine a critical audience before you. Never forget that audience. Forget self. Demonstrate the facts of life. You are an actor. Make your prose dramatic. Your words must live and act.

Begin with a striking epigram. Epigram is invaluable in essay work. The intellect never wrote

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*A reading had been asked for by the Twentieth Plane (*Three Comrades of Jesus*, pp. 66-7).

an epigram. Put the whole idea of your essay into its first sentence. This is an arrester of the attention. A psychological effect ensues. You have given the reader more than he can readily assimilate. He wants explanation. This attitude of the reader must be maintained throughout. Each sentence must suggest the need of reading the next. The second sentence explains somewhat. This is your exordium. There must be no anti-climax.

Your last paragraph must be one of consummate splendour. The first line and the last paragraph are most important. The teaching comes in the body of the article and should lead up to great statements of fact.

The whole human race loves human nature. Show always the humanity of your characters.

The laws of finish are simple. One eats as much with his eyes as with his mouth. Make all your lines look well. This is particularly necessary in poetry. It should not be forgotten also in prose.

Even prose should have its rhythm, its pause and its gesture. Words must be capable of distinct enunciation. Words that rhyme should not be in the same prose sentence. They should not be in two short consecutive sentences.

Gesture in prose is necessary. It relieves the attention. The sentence should be an aside. It should not teach anything. The gesture is to arouse feeling, rest the intellect, challenge the reader to emotion.

July 13, 1919—*Paul*

"My brethren of the earth plane: I have come again through the great white light of love that shines around you, and while I do not, within that light, see the Master or hear His voice, yet I am affected by His teaching in so far as the Sermon on the Mount and many other things that He said have affected you on your journey of life—the same journey, mark you, that every soul that ever lived in the castle of a human body has taken or will take for æons and æons of time.

"There is not much that I can add to your knowledge of life, for, after all, with the exception of a few immortal utterances, one must experience each fact to know it, rather than learn the lesson through the words of another. But I address you in the spirit of the substance of things, that is, I mean, you are part, a branch of the tree of life, and I am a branch, a part of that tree; therefore, speak to me as if we were back again in old Judea, as if we were on the mountain, and I, having just come from a journey by the Master's side, after having removed my sandals from my feet—washed by loving hands—were, with you, seated beneath the palm trees feeling refreshed. Ask me what your heart would desire to know, not for the information I can supply, but for the direction in your own life experience that you need most."

Were you acquitted after your first trial in Rome?

"The facts are these: I was not acquitted at the first trial. I was remanded so that further investigation could be made. This was about the year sixty-four. Great national events ensued which I need not enumerate now. My execution was in sixty-six, but near sixty-seven. I died because of a verdict rendered against me at the second trial."

How did you come to organize the Christian Theology?

"I was preeminently a practical man, and after my change of heart and disposition, and after the observation of the light, I saw that a religion of mysticism would, primarily, be of value only to the few. So I organized the churches into a system which, in turn, became, as you term it, a theology. I might be called one of the fathers of the Christian Theology, but I was only one of them."

Can you throw any light on the feeding by the Master of the five thousand, and on another occasion of the four thousand?

"The multitude were fed, not by a small quantity of food that became a larger quantity, but by a statesmanlike arrangement which secured, in what was later termed a miraculous way, a sufficient quantity of food to feed the multitude. The mistake of all times is your literal interpretation of the Scriptures. The oriental mind thought poetically, drew similes, illustrations, amid colour, beauty and the effect of words, etc. There was no miracle absolutely on that occasion. There was, though, a divine utterance by a master, but it would have been an utterly forgotten incident but for the glow, the eloquence, the import of His words. So with bated breath not so much your generation as immediately preceding generations said, 'This is a miraculous thing.'

"The raising of Lazarus from the dead was also in complete accord with natural law. What happened in that incident was this: a peculiar form of paralysis took possession of a man named Lazarus. He was in a cataleptic ecstasy, but was pronounced dead by the doctors of that time, who, you must know, were very much in ignorance of true pathological conditions. He was buried, but not in one of those hermetically sealed caskets that you use, or by a process of burial such as the old Egyptians used in the embalming of their dead. The great psychic with clairvoyant power and vision came along and sensing rather than knowing or seeing his condition, applied natural methods to what was a natural incident, and there was a restoration not to a life, physically speaking, completely vanished, but to one that was held in suspense for the time.

"It may seem strange that I should rather deprecate the belief in miracles as understood in their literal interpretation, but time has elapsed. There is, because of the cessation of earth plane hostilities, the light of an illuminating love all over terra firma, and *the time has come for the teachers of theology, the masters, the prophets, the seers of your age, to explain that the whole universe is controlled by natural, beneficent law.*

"But you ask, 'Why did so many witnesses of these marvellous things report them as miracles?' To them they were miracles. Even to most of you, if you observed the same phenomena, they would seem miraculous. As to stilling the tempest, when a human being breathes out he sends out an energy that extends for several miles in all directions around himself. If you knew the law you could breathe so that whenever a storm disturbs the atmosphere of your world, the storm would be lulled to sleep. This was exactly what happened when Jesus lulled to rest the storm."

November 23, 1919—*Rabelais*

Friends of the earth plane: I am overjoyed—spilling over the brim. My joy is great thus to meet you all. I am a new denizen of this plane of light and vision, and they have asked me to speak briefly on any question you present to me about the power of wit and humour in literature. First of all, that I may meet my comrades of the earth plane with the grand tricolor floating over all assembled, let each one of us point to manhood like the gleaming of a star. I ask you to speak to me.

What was your chief literary purpose when on the earth plane?

Rabelais: I see by your question, Messieur, that you request from me that I speak a little of my personal work. I will open the window and let some light into the chambers of your thought place. When I began to write, it was the age of atheism, cynicism, and doubt. There were writers like Voltaire who endeavoured by their iconoclasm to smash the popular ideals. In the early days, particularly in the Middle Ages, no farce, no comedy, no drama was without its clown and the psychology of the jester; one dressed in motley, throwing here a half-idiotic jest, there a more serious thought; one who relieved a heavy situation by his presence and the ringing of timbrels and tinkling of brass bells. Psychologically, such a one did fill out comedies otherwise too heavy and solemn to be presented to the masses of the people.

When the thinkers of my age, particularly the scholastics, the leaders of religion and all the literature of the time, with rare exceptions, endeavoured to elevate and instruct the people with solemnity, I saw that they needed the clown, the jester, the masquerader, to teach these very lessons, but to teach them in a different style and by a different method. This was to give to the people in the current coin of their own thought what they could understand. My wit, my humour, my so-called obscenity, in the literature that I penned was simply building up the clown, the masquerader, who would throw a *bon mot* here, a story or a joke there; then I could talk serious lines of moving grace, teach them religion and philosophy. I am sure of the psychological impression made at the time in that way. *Comprenez vous?*

The great majority of writers on the earth plane put up a curtain here and a blind there and draw across this and that fact a screen. I never hid my meaning, hence I was accused. The clown, the jester, the masquerader, is one who reveals the naked truth. In the new age dawning upon earth, write without screens, without blinds, without anything that would obscure your meaning. Part of the motive of all things is the sex-urge. Why obscure it? Why build blinds before these facts? The earth plane is a sex plane, a plane of procreation. Nothing is ever done on your plane without the sex element being intimately concerned with that thing. You ask then: Do I advise licentiousness in literature. No, no, no!

But I strongly desire honesty in the purpose of writing anything. The most sacred thing of all requires no reticence.

March 8, 1920—*Shakespeare*

My brothers, bound by the life you live, be free and float as do the tides; swing with the movement of worlds. Worry not nor fret nor be in haste. A flower is beautiful because it does not care, and love is strong only because she dares and dares again, and makes her own conventions, though the whole world asks her to explain. Enter the million places that daily you walk by and never discover,—the life of a newfound friend, the contemplation of a star, the method by which to control your voice so that your words are music.

All the world is craving for discovery. Be a race of discoverers. You who think you know what your loved one has been thinking through all the years, decide for the moment that you do not, then look and seek again, and you will discover in your loved one another person more worthy to be loved, and this goes on forever.

The greatest truth of all to learn is how nature moves. Then, both in thought and carriage, you learn to move with the poise of a flying bird, the drift of the streams, the swaying of flowers in the breezes, the tender movement of music that kisses your being with invisible touch.

Learn to unlock and unbar all the doors of restraint, to toss away all masks, to be agile, mobile, resilient in all you say and are. Seasons are moods. Lives should be as sensitive to the moods of nature as a clear mirror that reflects the image of a face.

The legislators of the earth will find means by which to emancipate the people politically. Great souls in a higher way will discover how to emancipate the mind. Release the body from the chains of restraint, then you will be a free people in a free world. Be like a flower, beautiful because you are free from care.

August 1, 1918—*Shelley*

My comrades beneath the sun: I would be one who could become a flower kissed by immortal perfume, or a tree, or sparkling waves, or sheens of damask, or pale gold beneath the splendours of the moon.

The whole universe is responsible for you. To live in harmony with law makes one happy. Get away from self. Think of the other self. Live the life beautiful. Observe the quiet hour in the morning. Close the door, but open wide the window.

You had recently a son of the Orient with you. You saw in his eyes the vision of the highest planes. One who masters himself lives the greatest life. Be calm. Speak in a low voice. Listen with an open ear. Live in spacious surroundings. Think high. Breathe deeply. Pray often.

When you meet a man or a woman, look into their eyes; you will see beauty there beyond that of the most beautiful poem.

Human nature is not fundamentally bad.

It is midnight on the astral planes. R. L. S. went by just now, saying, "Come to rest."

The first person you meet on the morrow, give him a beautiful thought-gift. We on this plane will try to give it effect.

I am dreaming—for you.

December 8, 1918—*Spinoza*

Colour may be said to be that phase of energy which creates mood in the consciousness, rather than a concrete idea. It is akin to music and art which also deliver their teaching through the creation of mood rather than by the employment of an effect upon your intellectual consciousness. It is found on every plane.

It will be necessary to distinguish between colour vibrations and other forms of frequency. Colour resembles other forms of vibration in the sending, but differs from every other at the point of contact rather than in its intrinsic nature. There are colour-receptive regions in the consciousness of every soul. These regions respond to colour vibrations only. All other forms of pulsation from surfaces that send out a colour stimulus can, to some extent, affect any region of the mind. Colour cannot affect in a distinctly colourful way any other parts of consciousness but those which harmonize with the vibrations of colour. It is individualistic, in the sense that it can impress only those parts of consciousness which correspond with the colour vibrations sent out to teach the various hues of nature.

The appeal of colour is more emotional than intellectual. Emotion and mood are closely allied. Mood is that keynote of decision which regulates the speed of thought. Emotion may be said to be the decision arrived at after thought has concluded what object it has to attain. Mood might be said to be a lesser phase of emotion. . . .

Music always contains colour; that is, while music is a definite and distinctive form of vibration in itself, it cannot be music without an intermixture of some of the vibrations of colour-substance. As much as to say that the soul cannot function independently of a body either physical or astral. Colour is the body in which music lives.

Of course, the first obvious question that arises is: "If music contains the rate of vibration that is colour, why does not the physical eye tell the consciousness of the soul that colour is seen when music is heard?"

You see only a limited portion of any colour. Some forms of music do not convey any visual sense. They set up in the consciousness only a chaotic condition, an intermingling of emotions, moods and thoughts unmatured. Music is a universal language. More than any other art, it has the power to make one exalted soul of all the souls of the universe. Many compositions are universal in scope and appeal.

Music was, first of all, a crude form of expression. As human thought ascended, it became more complex. A more refined form of musical expression will gradually reveal itself, and a form of music almost new will come into use. The polyphonic art, striking in appeal, original in teaching, exact in ratio, will develop into a music akin to the musical speaking voice, a voice or language that all the human race can understand. I might almost go as far as to say that music in a measure will supplant language and be used to teach certain great truths, especially religious truths.

Soul expression is the basis of all progress. Without some point where the expression is definite, progress would be impossible. The educated man finds that only through intense concentration can he advance. The uneducated cannot endure the concentration and gives up the quest. The educated person will struggle through to the point where conditions harden to mathematical exactitude, while the uneducated will give up with hardly a struggle.

Red has the power to make one think of warmth. Blue is an elevating and solacing colour. Green is the colour of attention. Green and blue are both soul colours; they affect the ego, the consciousness, the soul. Purple may be described as the colour that soars. It elevates the soul and is a distinctive soul colour. It is one of the colours of religion. It is the colour of inspiration, and makes the soul responsive. Violet has nearly the same effect, but not with the same intensity as purple.

White is the colour of the saints. The reason is that in white all known forms of colour-vibration have learned to be brothers and sisters. All the colours have here forgotten their prejudices and harmonized with a beautiful grace. White will always be, on every plane, throughout all time, the colour that God dresses the best thought in.

1920—*Swedenborg*

My heart tenderly thrills to a request vibration musically inviting a message from the soul of Immanuel Swedenborg, and my message will be a prayer to God and the angels for the people who dwell in all the worlds.

Great omnipotent Spirit of all Being, cause the physical clouds of darkness to drop from obscured eyes so that they may see that the physical world is the plane of effect, delusion, and that heaven is the world of causality, the Divine back of the projection of Himself in lesser form, establishing a physical plane of life where tears are shed, men suffer, and gloom ofttimes settles on the earth.

May the purpose of the mystery of life be made clear, so that men and women may know that the law of correspondence relates your deepest woe with your greatest joy. There is no joy without grief, or love without a lover. Where pure happiness is the sole atmosphere, there the monotony is the most intense. There must always be a lower and a higher, to every angle, two sides. A circle cannot be a square. So it is my prayer that through the Divine, the people of earth may understand the inequalities, the disappointments, the mysteries, the pain of existence to be necessary concomitants of the reverse virtues, the opportunities which are always the other phase, the larger side and most enduring of those experiences which inspire sighs in man and tears from angels.

Only those who love are happy. There is in the universe, for every soul, a correspondent lover, one lover created from infinitude by the Divine to correspond to every lover as the midnight stars correspond to the purpose of the heavens. This law, O Father of Glory, have I learned to be true of every soul regardless of the misshapen body, the twisted soul and the life of sin; but the very truth of all this teaching is a warning bell whose tones should ring a mighty sound through the caverns of access to all those in physical life, telling them that through sin, which is selfishness—a reverting back to an animal type, your lover is caused to wander forlorn through many ages waiting for you. The great hell is delay.

To my followers of the earth plane I am inspired to say that the physical plane is now redeemed. Through the fire of the great war it has become purified. The purging of death has left a new-born generation of great souls who find the earth to be now the great garden of Eden where both the beauty and the fragrance of flowers and all that is valued in art, literature, religion and science has become the servant of man, lovingly and unceasingly toiling to reveal to him the universe as man and love and God.

November 22, 1919—*Tasso*

Do not depend too much on libraries. Some of their shelves are garbage heaps.

Turn consciousness away from all petty things.

Magniloquence is ineffective.

The most stupendous thought is often uttered in the simplest words.

Gentleness is thrilling. Nothing is more eloquent than a tear-drop.

The important note must be penetrating and soul-gripping.

Strike the key in the first line. Sound the ominous note. Tune up the consciousness.

Literature, not the litterateur, is the architect. The theme will determine its own form. Every subject has its own form and temperament.

Great writing is psychic.

THE JOY OF GRIEF

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Joy is the sunshine of love reflected from the soul of happiness. Joy is beauty—music. It is the great power of earned leisure, when the toil of life rests awhile by the side of a river in the shadow of trees, and the flower-embroidered earth becomes the playfield where God and man meet and are happy. Joy is that almost perfect sanity which a normal relation with the Divine brings to an individual. True joy is sinless pleasure, the rapt delight an artist has in his work. Spiritual joy is the contemplation of a burning truth, with a wide open comprehensive eye. The joy of strength of character is the only mould in which heroism is cast, and the courageous are the character-warriors of the university of earth. Cowards never meet the spirit of joy. Joy is met only when the soul, as true as truth, tears affectation into shreds. Then is happiness, abandon, freedom and revelry in the unconfined joy of God's delight.

In examining the people of the earth plane, thinkers on the astral planes often refer to the real elevation and development physical beings have attained. In reading the earth-plane-life examination papers, higher plane standards estimate material wealth, no matter how successfully obtained, personal development at the expense of others, the gifts of genius that either heredity or environment have given, and have but one criterion by which to recognize the earth-plane individual's development. They take into consideration three things:

How has this individual used any power of control over another?

Has this soul so lived that his life meant joy to others?

Has he himself known what joy is?

I know this heaven plane criterion of character estimation sounds like a trite expression of axiomatic platitudes. "They are so simple," say you, "and so apparent." But are they? The earth plane war, if it has taught anything, teaches that mankind has lived so far from the teachings of Jesus that in their ignorance they have had false gods, many of them. It is well nigh time that the prodigal human race returned home to simpler standards and deeper truths.

The purpose of this chapter is to tell you in detail the value of real grief, and how joy enables one to know the beneficent power of grief when suffering becomes an entrance door to the cosmic life. Before you can find the door with me, you must know what false joy is and what is real; you must know what false grief is and what is genuine. False joy is, first of all, that pleasure that panders to the physical senses when such appetites are the chief end. False joy is that which believes that life is merely for the satiation of intellectual ambition. False joy is non-artistic existence. I do not care how regal your dress, how royal your abode, how vast your wealth.

If you have learned to extract merely a physical and intellectual pleasure from life, then yours is a false joy, and the falsity of it is in the fact that you are walking on a thin crust of a shallow sense which, ere you expect it, crushes beneath your feet, and the concussion of reality drives you into a thought cell where, either on the earth plane or on the next life plane, you review your life and learn how false was your joy. My brother, do not think me unsympathetic. Always the best sympathy is the truth.

The first great thought you will establish on assuming relationship in your next plane life will be an estimate of your self. You will realize that most of your grief on the earth plane was selfish. I have spoken to thousands about this, and all concur in the conclusion that most grief is self-willed pain, the satiation of a false desire, the ignorance of suffering, its power and its intention.

False grief is usually a form of self-pity, and this is one of the sins on the earth plane that Jesus told you could not be expiated in the physical world. It is a matter of relation. False grief usually has its beginning in a comparison of one's position on the earth with the station of another. False grief, then, becomes envy, jealousy, suspicion, and dissatisfaction with life, and these are the foulest of sins. I do not say, my brother, that there is no genuine grief. I am but endeavouring to stimulate your prevision with such illumination that your foreknowledge will prevent you from entering the scaled-snake nation where false grief is a poisonously vitiated atmosphere that kills.

We turn our faces to a more lovely sun. Together we will learn the use and power of genuine grief. For it has a use which is the grace of soul power, and it is our bounden duty to know one more law of love. Genuine grief is unselfish pain that comes through sorrow. It is a test of strength in an hour when, because reason is keener, your call upon yourself is greater, and so your life is enlarged. Grief is not fear, but knowledge in the light. Genuine grief is the pardonable despair that the worthy feel when their souls drip blood at the contemplation of the false grief of others.

Genuine grief is sometimes a process of forced growth. You have been luxuriant and lackadaisical long enough. There has been wonderful character-power, but without leaven. Then grief becomes the leaven, and in the tropical heat of a swifter growth you save much time in your journey through the mists of earth to the land of light. All of you on occasion have met some sublime character and have said: "This one has suffered."

My work would be in vain unless I endeavoured to show how to use grief produced by bereavement as a means of seeing the illusion of imagined bereavement, and through communion to meet the loved one who never was departed. If you have read psychic literature with communications from the surrounding worlds, you will know that every imagined departed loved one has referred to this law: *Your grief holds me away; your joy draws me near.* That is the law. Grief, even when genuine, if it becomes physical suffering, renders you a positive physical being, non-passive, discontented, nervously distraught, and almost armour-proof to inspiration. How divine a truth in the idea that *time heals all wounds.* And it does. Why? Because in time your grief loses, at least, its physical expression. Your mind is no more contracted. You forget yourself into touch with the ever-seeking, imagined departed loved one, and for a second you stand startled by the flood of joy that sweeps like music through your life.

You agree with me that many false things have been thought to be wisdom and taught with disaster to the students of the university of life. You have been taught for centuries how to find a form of joy. But little you recked how to meet and know and use the sublime power of grief. When the Master said, "I came not to bring peace but a sword," He did not mean that He came to bring the combat of physical blood-spilling. He meant to teach the power of grief, and He lived His teaching so artistically, religiously, genius-like that they have called Him ever since "A man of Grief." He was, but He was no harbinger and expositor of false grief. He taught you how to use grief so all-godlike that even yet the earth plane has not recovered sufficient equilibrium to know the significance of His teaching. How did He use grief? He employed grief in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the mountain side, at the table of the last supper, in the never-recorded drama—that epical episode when he whispered, "Mary, good-bye!" and on the cross, when he cried aloud: "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?" In these instances He employed grief as a furnace burns the debris from gold. My brother, so should you.

Call this not the homiletic method. It is but Samuel Taylor Coleridge using his own and other experience of grief to meet your grief with joy. And thus we two, as brothers, return home again to our Father who is waiting at the door of joy and grief to welcome us.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF JESUS

Elbert Hubbard

Because of the glamour thrown around the life of the man called Jesus by time, literature and religion, it is difficult, when the mind reverts to the age in which He lived, to see Him as a normal man. It is the object of this little essay to reveal Jesus as a man shorn of all the wrappages with which the centuries have clothed one of the simplest, purest, gentlest natures of all time.

A little journey to the home of Jesus is as easy of accomplishment as is the growth of the flowers of the field. Jesus lives in our imagination; He dwells in our heart; He is comprehended by our soul. He loves us, understands and permeates our age so thoroughly that He is a part of us. This is why He is the most misunderstood of all men. In His own day the common people heard Him gladly, for He came as one speaking with authority, which is to say, He was so simple in His teaching that the ignorant could understand Him and the learned could not dispute Him.

The home of Jesus is as immortal as the man. It is in the souls of all who ever heard of Him. Whoever, in any age, has been touched by the thought of Jesus has added his consciousness as another room in the ever enlarging home of Jesus. So this master of inspiration dwells within our souls and we will journey to him in an expedition of discovery, the object of which is to determine what manner of man this is.

The great are always the most approachable. He who is hard to approach is mediocre. He does not understand that mountains, oceans, skies, are as hospitable to an ignoramus as they are to a philosopher. These thoughts accompany us as we journey to the home of Jesus.

Life pulls to either side the silver, silken curtains at the portal; we enter. First of all, we are aware of a calmness, a serenity, a quietude, in this man and around Him which makes us feel at ease in His presence. We behold one in height a little above middle stature. We see the arms, breast and body of a man proportioned with that beauty which emanates only from the Divine. His hair falls in curls from a head, massive and beautiful in its curves as befits a man-god. The forehead is high and broad. But those eyes! *Those eyes!* Did a poet ever live who could describe the beauty of a star? Much less can my language convey even a superficial indication of the beautiful gold colour which burned within those luminous orbs, those worlds of fire, those two chambers of expression and observation through which the soul of Jesus looked upon mankind.

We are not dismayed by the beauty or uniqueness of this great soul. We never felt more comfortable in our lives. This is true of the sacredly great. It is infinitely so of Jesus. He had the power while you were in His presence of making you feel at one with Himself. That is why nineteen hundred years have built to Him in history the sublimest monument ever reared as a tribute to a great soul. I could refer to shrines, churches, marble monuments, founded and erected, as their authors thought, for Jesus' sake, but these will be some day but scattered dust; only the literature of the life of Jesus will live.

So we are in His presence. Were you ever in the presence of a great man? What ensues? Your soul is a question mark; his soul is the answer. You wonder who will speak first; what will be said. He answers: "Friend, have you journeyed far? Are you hungry—thirsty?" These questions being answered, the great man always discusses some event not connected with either of you. You are aware in the presence of Jesus that He is just such a man. His voice is such as you heard your mother use when you were in pain and she was restoring you to ease again. All whom I have met who ever spoke to Jesus say that the calmness, naturalness, real brotherhood of this man and God captivated them so much that they felt Godlike themselves. In the presence of Jesus we are immediately at home with one who had this unique quality, that He would never let anyone depart from His presence without having imparted some lesson which would restore their soul.

Jesus' method of meeting His brother, even as we meet Him now for the first time, was dependent on making you feel comfortable, natural and at home. Then, when you did not expect it, He opened wide

His eyes, like lightning penetrated your being and said: "Brother, there is an incompleteness in you." And still you are at ease, happy and comfortable in the presence of the most intense character of all time. You unburden yourself. You speak of your sin. Always, this anomaly is manifested. Jesus is never impressed by the sin of which you accuse yourself. He discovers for you, through you, a more vital one. You agree. You bend low. You kiss the hem of His garment. You stand erect, throw back your head, breathe deeply, then you look Jesus, the Man, Master, God, in the face; you see the Universe in His eyes; you feel and hear the music of His smile. You leave His abode. The silver, silken curtains close, and you are born again.

It is night now as you walk down the road that leads to your home, and you know that the stars glistening in the heavens are happy. That little cottage just passed, its windows lighted by a lamp, is a place of love. There father, mother, children, are. Nothing on earth is more beautiful than that. You hear birds singing, for all night you have wandered, thinking, thinking, and the dawn of another day has come. You waken from your cosmic reverie and go home, a man!

The following paragraph was received from Samuel Taylor Coleridge, August fifteenth, nineteen twenty.

"We have been the media through which have passed from the Twentieth Plane several messages of a brief nature, and three in a more extensive form, from the Man of Galilee—Jesus. They could not be published in this volume because of their distinctive character, but are a necessary portion of the Twentieth Plane Revelation, which we are assured will be published without delay in a separate volume."

[A. D. W.]

COMMENTS

The Reporter

This chapter presents the reporter's convictions concerning the Revelation. It is not a volume of psychical research. Its main purpose is not one of investigation. It does not claim to prove the statements it contains. It invites the reader to prove them by living them. It is not "Spiritualism." That movement must clear itself of many excrescences which have discredited it. It was so of Christianity. It is so of every significant movement. Every important system of thought is hampered for a time by self-interest, but the importance of the teaching is proven when it succeeds in surviving these objectionable features.

Birth Through Death is a revelation given to the earth plane because of the universal need of instruction from heaven, desired and prayed for by many with earnest faith and vision. It is heaven's response to earth's prayer, to assuage the pain and sorrow, to abolish the injustice and cruelty of this earth-world, and to establish on new foundations of love and brotherhood, light and equity, a civilization emerging from the best in economics and ethics.

It is intended to indicate the way, not to a *new* religion so much as to a purer conception of the religion which Christ the man lived and taught along lines embodying, as that religion attempted to do, the highest elements of all previous religions, especially that of the Hebrews. It inculcates a religion in which spiritual communion with God and the heaven planes and a brotherly relation with all men are central and paramount. Such a religion will take little interest in those intellectual credos so much stressed in the "Christianity" of the past.

The Revelation enjoins a more general practice of those laws of health and life which our lack of information has so long led us to ignore. It indicates how we may at all times receive inspiration from the highest sources, not necessarily in verbal communication, but by thoughtful meditation in quiet faith and prayer, by regarding ourselves as children of the Divine, as voices to speak His word of helpfulness, channels through which His power may flow, as unobtrusive light-bearers to others whom we may be able properly and naturally to illuminate, and by keeping in view the unity of our life with the one universal Life of God, and with all who live in Him.

It is a deep, far call for a universal return to the observance of that meditation which is "twilight prayer," the restoration of leisured meditation as a battlement against materialism. This practice in the "poem hour" will help to keep the soul in communion with the heaven planes.

Despite the attacks of those who misunderstand, multitudes of readers in various lands will order their lives in harmony with the teachings of this Revelation. They will read and reread and deeply consider this Revelation, and it will give them clear guidance and lead them by paths of prayer into lives of holiness (wholesomeness), harmony and power.

Most readers—probably all—will find passages which they cannot understand. A revelation is never entirely obvious. There will appear to be discrepancies, but these too will dissolve into light. Jesus himself set aside Levitical Scriptures· felt to be necessary in the earlier days, but now long repudiated.

Those who would be glad to know positively that the messages are authentic are referred especially to the chapter entitled *Facts in Evidence.* Those who wish to be healthy and beautiful should read often the chapters *Sleep: Its Power and Uses,* and Sappho's great chapter *Beauty of Body Through Soul.* To those who wish to develop a strong, pure and radiant character, we recommend a daily reading of passages selected by their own choice for this purpose, but read anything in this Revelation and you will be instructed and inspired.

The evidence of authenticity will be set aside by some readers as being probably explained by one theory or another. The subconscious mind, the telepathy theory, the hypnotic theory, and in the case of the Message star, the supposition that we were all hypnotized. Everything can be explained to the satisfaction of the mind that feels that everything must be explained. Great minds have spent many years investigating these matters. All who have spent a reasonably adequate period in the work have concluded that spirit communication is a fact. Is it not best that we should let our intuitions guide us along lines where investigators of acknowledged competence would lead? The fact is, the average man believes in Spirit Communication.

The reader of this Revelation is not asked by the communicants to be a mystic or a seer, and is distinctly warned not to be a spiritualist, except in the most idealistic sense. All that the Revelation demands of him is that he shall conform to the natural greatness of his own soul. By being natural he most effectively relates himself with those divine sources of energy which are available to all. Faith, passivity and happiness on the part of any individual receive as an instant response a flow of noble inspiration.

There are few moments in the life of any soul when it is not inspired. Inspiration may be either a creation or a new form of matured inspiration, and it comes either from the consciousness of the universe directly or from the consciousness of the universe as contained in an individual soul. It may be some of each of these. It may be some of each to which your own contribution brings new form and worth.

These facts, which are sufficiently axiomatic not to require argumentation, are set forth here to emphasize what William James states in this Revelation, that we are physical beings, in a psychic world, using psychic faculties, and living at the most psychic period in history. The hard-headed, metallically-pragmatic business man is often psychic when intensely reviling all psychic practices. Be sure the thing you deride is not mocking you with a silent smile, by means of the life and power you give it with your skepticism.

There is good in all religions. There is, however, in most of the religious systems in present vogue, a submission to economic conditions forced by expediency. *What agency could possibly spiritualize present systems except by direct revelation such as these pages enunciate?* This was the experience of Moses. It was the experience of Jesus. Now it passes from one to another till it becomes the experience of an age.

How true are the words of Disraeli as spoken to us a few days ago through the psychic consciousness of our Instrument: "The most glaring weakness of the present religious system is its exhaustion. The reader knows, for it is apparent to all, that in its effort to feed the mind of the public, the church has expended its force. Orthodox sermons are obsolete. Many in the endeavour to be both modern and orthodox, manifest a reticence, meekness and lack of candour which cannot be defended. The weakness of earth plane religions to-day is that they are in a defensive attitude. Religion should never be defended; it should be respected. The militancy of truth has subsided amid the mechanism of an edifice constructed to support a thousand inventions. Religion is the simple word of God stated in a simple way so as to be understood by the multitude."

There are those who understand the attitude of the reporter of this Revelation, and who know that he will never do, as the Twentieth Plane will never teach, one thing of an unsympathetic nature towards any sincere religion. He is free from theological restraint that he may be a soldier of the common good.

It must be evident that the masses of the people are not antagonistic to this attitude and that a Revelation like *Birth Through Death* is the reaching of a point of need in the evolution of human thought. One evidence of this is the avidity with which a certain school of literature is read: Volumes such as *"By an Unknown Disciple,"* Buick White's great work, *"The Call of the Carpenter;"* Swedenborg's *"Heaven and Hell,"* and kindred works, besides the great mass of psychic literature such as *"The Undiscovered Country," "Letters of a Living Dead Man," "Thy Son Liveth," "Raymond," "The Seven Purposes," "Contact with Other Worlds,"* and many others.

To me it is heresy to say that our heavenly Father spoke more clearly to men two thousand years ago than he speaks to us to-day. "But," you say, "that was an era of revelation." I answer: "So is this." A new age is simply a new spiritual dawn, and this is the spiritual dawning of a new age. Millions are now asking, "What has become of our loved ones?" The God and Father of Love will answer them. Who dares to say the All-Father has forbidden us to commune despite the circumstance of death with those whom we most love?

The eternal things are not limited to any age. More prophets are living to-day than in the time of Isaiah. God is not dumb because the canon of Hebrew Scripture is closed. He keeps a progressive canon and a perennial tryst in the hearts of his children of light and vision.

The spirit world knows that the whole mass of humanity is on the threshold of a new and more spiritual age in which communication with higher planes of being will be as natural as it is for a child to nurse at its mother's breast. True spiritual communication is the endeavour to reach the divine through the individuality of those we love in this or any other world. No one soul ever thought of another with love, but those souls came into some degree of communion, and both came closer to God and received divine energy through each other from Him, and this is true whatever supposed barrier may intervene of time or space or death.

Nothing that is good to live ever died, but the heart of humanity wants to know in terms of its own times God's answer to the question: "Where are our loved ones?" The answer of two thousand years ago no longer satisfies the masses. They ask: "If God told the Jews two thousand years ago, why does He not tell us?" The heart has a right to an answer to that question. The answer is: "He does. You shall never be separated from the one you truly love."

The reporter of this Revelation is conscious that the experience of a soul, when expressed, is of value to another soul. He knows that the statement of a deep religious conviction is, if possible, of greater value still. Nevertheless, he wishes to say that it has been his purpose in writing these comments, while stating his own convictions and the intention and teaching of the Twentieth Plane, to make it clear that the soul grows only when its thought-life is one of real freedom, and when from every experience it draws those valid conclusions which alone mean progress for mankind.

In closing this volume of inspired revelation, the work is laid lovingly upon the altar of humanity, with a prayer in the name of the Father's love for all His children, that no brother or sister of the race, our Father's human family, may fail of some heavenly influence in this new age when His fuller word is spoken in benediction to the earth. May you and I, dear reader, in moments of anguish, in hours of darkness, find the light that reveals a loving God in every experience. May the Eternal Love help us all to realize the ideal of such a communion.

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